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UP GIBRALTAR—TO TANGIER—INTO SPAIN.

BY LILLY RYDER GRACEY.

TO find oneself the first evening off the steamer after leaving New York, in the Alameda Gardens of Gibraltar, was a bewitching transition, and the fairylike picture in the forestlike place was bewildering and pleasing. Shady paths wind through the labyrinths of flowering shrubs, the rocks and their crevices are wreathed with vines and blossoming plants, and altogether "the Alameda affords a resort indeed for the gentle whispering of lovers." Pretty Spanish women in crimson, pink, and yellow dresses, their beautiful black hair only partially concealed by the black lace scarfs placed fantastically over their heads, smiling and carrying the requisite fan as we had read only Spanish women can carry fans, were mingling with British "redcoats," or had the arm of some Spanish señor. The rhythm of gentle voices blended with music, and the strains of a martial band enlivened the scene.

A place unique in the world, "throned on two seas and two continents," Gibraltar is not easily surpassed for picturesqueness or position, and few places have seen more history. Only a few years ago Dr. Field wrote, "It is known as a place which is at once difficult to get to and get away from; nor is it on the great lines of travel." That cannot longer be its record, for since two of our prominent steamship lines have opened up the charming journey advertised as an "Ideal Trip," many have already taken the tour with its varied and historic delights, and given some time to sightseeing on the rocky retreat. Of the interesting intermingling of different nations upon the streets, guidebooks give but a hint; of the odd, crooked lanes, the mount and its mammoth fortifications, photographers

produce only faint impressions. The abrupt slopes of the mountain are thickly covered with houses built tier above tier, and at the top stands the Moorish castle which bears witness by its battered walls to the assaults of famous sieges. Though simply thought of as a fortified rock, the town at the foot has a population of over twenty thousand, and added to this are six thousand military men, whose presence lends a constant animation to the streets. One meets with sailors of every nation, solemn-looking Moors and Jews, Turks, Maltese, and pitch-black Africans, and hears a babel of languages as these jostle each other in the curious streets. So narrow are the streets, that we frequently gathered ourselves together against the walls of a house, that a small donkey heavily packed might have space to pass.

Everywhere there are soldiers and everywhere guns are to be seen, and every available spot is protected by most formidable works; guns of three hundred tons carry a ball fifteen miles; in fact, the whole mount is lined with gigantic batteries from the sea to the summit, from the land-gate to Europa Point. The panorama from the old castle height is superb, and one musing upon it has written, "To the east stretches the blue Mediterranean, across the straits are the rugged hills of Africa. There lies Morocco; westward are Tarifa and the coast line of the Atlantic, on the north lie the mountains and valleys of Spain. The sunny heights of the distant Sierra Nevada are seen. To the right stretches glorious Spain, asleep yet, and a *Plus* that must come back again; to our left, Africa, an emaciated giant, whose veins must be quickened to new life, and there lies veiled

the *Future*; and at Gibraltar the stronghold of the throne and power of England we feel the mighty *Present*."

A singular feature of the daily life is the firing of the sunset gun, after which none can get within or without the gates of the city without special permit. With a novel experience we took our departure at ten o'clock, a bright, starlight night. At the gates and dock all was quiet. Our approaching footsteps brought an officer from his post, who inspected his books to see that permits had been granted. They had been provided for and we passed on, and into a little boat with our trunks, satchels, and umbrellas we too were

By crossing the straits and enjoying an excursion full of surprises and magic contrasts we found ourselves on another continent, and how far away from Tangier the rest of the world and its civilization seemed! Suddenly we had dropped into heathendom and were witnessing strange sights and customs. The distance across is thirteen miles only, but the many currents prevent great speed and it had taken four hours to cover it. No sooner had the steamer cast anchor than it was assailed by boats and half-naked oarsmen clamorous for passengers to take ashore, and amid confusion of unknown tongues, savage quarreling, din and discord, we disembarked.



Houses in Tangier.

dropped and the oarsman began his work of rowing us to the French steamer farther out in the bay. As we silently passed the fortifications, a sentinel from a high tower above called out in the stillness to know who we were. Our boatman answered in Spanish, then only the splash of his oars was heard, as he took us from a scene beautiful and never to be forgotten.

Instead of the rivalry that was once felt between the two sides of the Straits of Gibraltar, there is friendliness, and to-day. "Spain looks love to Barbary and Barbary to Spain."

When our little boat neared the rudely constructed dock, natives like so many sea-serpents appeared in the water ready with a grunt and a jerk to pull the boat to the landing. Upon the wharf a new set of men, jabbering, wishing to act as guides, surrounded the party and were the cause of collecting about it a motley crowd of stragglers. Heavily veiled, with only one eye uncovered, balancing water-jars on their heads, the women stopped to make hurried surveys of the foreigners, then passed on. Mounting funny little donkeys that wobbled all over the un-

even stones, we traveled up unclean narrow lanes, meeting with Moors in flowing robes, beggars, mules, snake-charmers, hearing the weird cry of the water-carrier above all the noises; in fact, seeing everything but what we had ever seen before, for Tangier is thoroughly oriental and is said to be the most

various rooms. Shut in, in their apartments were the women, pretty and graceful in white gauzy veils and bright dresses, but with no bright outside life—nothing to talk about, nothing to think about! They greeted us with delight, they examined our wearing apparel, and were interested in our little toilet



Snake Charmers of Tangier.

"eastern" of any of the north-coast cities of Africa.

In the houses were the various wives and children of a man, while probably he was by a fruit stand outside making what living he could. The men boasting of a higher grade of prosperity were sitting on the floors of their boxlike shops, smoking in tranquil stupidity. The entrance, which leads into an inner court around which the houses are built, is the only opening on the front side, and the windowless white houses look like grim impenetrable walls. Behind these specter walls in dreary seclusion live the women. Concealed from head to foot in their curious woolen garment they look like shrouded ghosts as they noiselessly dart for an occasional visit into each other's houses.

A visit to the governor's harem being granted, we were ushered into a cheery court with mosaic floors, around which were the

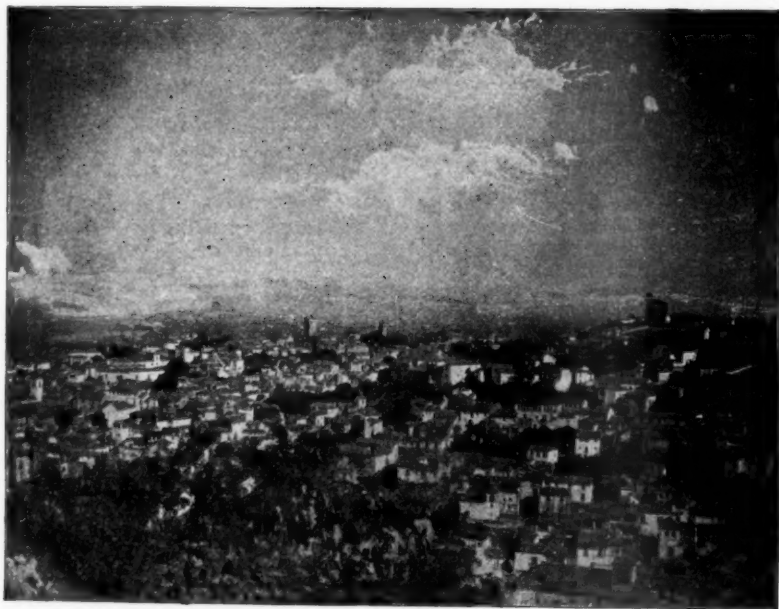
accessories. Their loneliness was pitiful and the solitude of the last favorite upstairs was oppressive.

Education in Morocco means learning by heart the Koran, and from the minaret in Tangier the voice of the *muezzin* is heard daily calling the faithful to prayer. As we met little black-eyed fellows tumbling out from their lessons we stopped one group and snapped a kodak. Outcries followed, and a commotion was created that we could not understand until after someone had run to the hotel for an interpreter, who told us that it was forbidden by the religion of the Mohammedans to take pictures and we had been making them sin!

The fashions of a thousand years ago still exist and the infamies of ancient days are yet the customs of the hour. Crimes and the horrors of the prisons are indescribable. Human beings sadly repugnant are incarcerated

within something like mud stalls with earthen floors. Many of the people have neither house nor tent to call their own but live in the street and beg. "Nobody unacquainted with the East," the hand-book reads, "should fail at cost of time or discomfort to visit Tan-

through some of the finest mountain scenery in Spain, at times crossing frightful ravines, then making bold sweeps round the mountains and coming suddenly out in the midst of a smiling valley. The Sierra Nevadas with their diadem of snow rise nearly twelve thou-



Granada.

gier." As the shores of the heated city receded, a professor in one of our colleges remarked, "I would give a hundred dollars to see Tangier once, but a thousand rather than to see it again!"

At the time the Moors held magnificent sway in Spain, there was an Arabian proverb, "To him whom God loves, He gives his bread to eat in Spain." We proceeded to Malaga. Prettily it sweeps around a bay of the Mediterranean, and rich in flowers it is redolent with their perfume. In the country round about, the villages hide in woods of olives, pomegranates, and figs, and the houses are garlanded in jasmine and myrtle. In daily use there is still the exact plow which is sculptured on Egyptian monuments, while the method of threshing by the treading out by oxen, and the mode of winnowing by the wind are precisely those used in the days of the patriarchs.

From Malaga to Granada the railroad goes

sand feet above the sea-level. The Alpine range of the Alpujarras grand beyond description is the Switzerland of Spain and is of interest to the geologist, botanist, and artist. "Justly did the ancients place their Elysian fields amidst the golden orange groves of this province," says one, "whose history has had a magic charm about it, and has been the theme of poets from remotest ages." Guidebooks, usually prosy (Murray's is an exception), write almost tenderly of Andalusia, and say of the river Genil, "Its waters descend through a bosom of beauty, jealously detained at every step by some garden which woos its embrace and drains off its affection."

Between the Genil and the river Darro, in a perfect paradise of fertility, is situated beautiful Granada. Traces of the power and taste of the oriental, centuries of neglect have not effaced and the melancholy relics of two once noble nations increase interest in that chosen

land of romance. We reached it about twilight a day in June, and driving up a hilly road where dashing waters only broke the stillness, came to Hotel *Los Siete Suelos* and were offered hospitality in what the author of "Spanish Cities" is pleased to write, "the most romantic place in the world—the Alhambra of the Moors in Spain." It was dark; a forest of trees only was discernible; it was quiet; nothing could be heard but the trickling of a stream down the roadside, the singing of crickets, and a good-night rustling among the birds. Close by our window seemed to rise the walls of an old Moorish castle. We put out our candle, impatient for the morning sun to reveal the enchanted ground.

Life in the woods was peaceful and we did not waken till late in the forenoon. The dark walls daylight proved to be the Tower of the Seven Vaults—the tower about which Irving tells so many blood-curdling legends, sup-

shade was delightful. Gleams of sunshine darted through the trees and capered round the tables. From the roadway beneath, sprightly gypsy maidens called up in sweetest Spanish, to know if they might tell us our fortunes. The king of the gypsies sometimes sauntered by. Tall lamps at night illuminated tables where flowers lent their fragrance and fruit added beauty; from behind a screen of shrubbery came the sweet music of harps; and thus we banqueted in the Gardens of the Alhambra.

With its silent courts and lonely towers, its traditions true and fabulous, its associations replete with war and romance, the Alhambra held us spellbound, and we visited it in the mornings, to linger long; we returned in the afternoons to tarry until sunset; and through the wooded slopes tenanted by nightingales we strolled again to loiter by moonlight. The fascinating porticoes from which are seen the Sierra Nevadas and their snow-capped tops,



View in the Alhambra.

posed to be infested by hobgoblin sentinels guarding a Moor's legacy. A stone wall secluded the hotel gardens from a roadway beneath, and there amid picturesque surroundings unusual, with birds making melody, breakfasts and dinners were served. The

the exquisite arabesques, the gems of rooms, the beauty and poetry of them all cannot be told. A panorama of beauty is seen from turrets and towers; below pants the city with the noontide heat, beyond expands the Vega, and the delicate airs from the Nevadas play

through the halls, bringing with them the sweetness of the surrounding gardens. "Every field of the Vega has had its battle, every rivulet its ballad." Within, the walls and ceilings glitter with gold; silver, purple, and blue are intertwined in the lower decorations and texts from the Koran shine out on every side. Above and below, on pillar and pedestal, on arch and niche, is carved the inscription in Arabic, "God alone is Conqueror." The transparent pillars supporting the walls

and the gold casket said to have held the historic jewels given to Columbus.

Granada's gypsy quarter is not without its interest; four thousand gypsies dwell in one locality, mostly in caves and dug-outs along the mountain roads. They rush from these dens by scores to follow carriages and beg. We noticed that Spanish women had always a flower about them, and even the begging gypsies were not without theirs. The dancing, elfish little señoritas wore a rose in



Little Gypsies of Granada.

of the courts are so sculptured that the sky can be seen through them, and exquisite is this filigree work in marble in this choicest specimen of arabesque architecture in Spain.

Up another hill we went to the Generalife. We trod its forsaken courts and passed on out through the gardens. Stately, sentinel-like cypresses guard the approach, the ancient trees that are said to have witnessed the love scenes of Zoraya and the Abencerage.

In the town below, in the cathedral, is the tomb of Ferdinand and beside it that of Isabella, "one of the purest sovereigns to grace a throne, one of the most faultless characters in history." There, too, are the crown and scepter of Isabella, the sword of Ferdinand,

their hair or inhaled its perfume with enviable grace.

Seville! the home of Murillo and Cano—the Correggio and Michael Angelo of Spain. Nearly three centuries ago, Domenichino, it is said, gave way to tumultuous grief when he heard that one of Titian's finest pictures had been sent to Madrid; and Sir David Wilkie in the early part of this century, called Spain "the Timbuctoo of artists." When the sun of Raphael's genius was setting in Italy, painting in Spain arose in a new form in the Velasquez, Murillo, Zurbaran, and Cano schools, and Seville was one of the great world centers of art, related to Spain as Florence had been to Italy, or as Antwerp afterwards was to the Low Coun-

tries. Rich in historical associations, blessed with a mild climate and a superb location in a rich plain on a navigable river, the followers of the Crescent made Seville a veritable paradise on the Guadalquivir. Thoroughly Spanish the city shows forth the most typical life of the country, but to the tourist the center and soul of her attractions is her relation to her most famous art-master, the really wonderful Murillo. It is impossible to praise too highly the beauty of his works, the grace of the figures, the charm of coloring. After each visit one goes away haunted with the unfathomed power of his paintings, and no descriptions can convey to others their worth. His gentle and amiable spirit reflected itself in his paintings, giving an unwonted tenderness and sweetness to the religious art of Spain. It has been said of the Immaculate Conception "that those who did not know that it had been painted by the great artist of Seville, would suppose that it had its birth in Heaven." In his paintings of the Virgin and Child, the faces of the Virgin resemble each other, and show deepest tenderness and intense motherliness; the Child preserves similarly his identity even at different ages. Tradition affirms that the wife of Murillo was the model of his Madonnas and that he first saw her while painting an altar piece in a church and won her love while portraying her as an angel; and that his own boys were models for the infants of his canvas.

Many pictures from his easel show the youthful Jesus or St. John with lambs by their sides, commemorating the custom which is still prevalent at Seville of each family's buying a lamb for its Easter feast. Still in those streets travelers at times meet the types of Murillo's St. Johns, dark-eyed and sun-browned urchins, playing in the sunshine with their Paschal lambs. During his later years the piety of Murillo became even more pronounced, and his biographer says he would remain in church often from midday until twilight forgetful of the world and its toiling activities. He lived as he painted, between saints and beggars, and transferred the riches which he received on account of the one to the aid of the other.

The mammoth Cathedral of Seville with its stately aisles and wealth of Gothic tracery was finished a century before Murillo's birth. "Let us build a church so large and beautiful that coming ages shall call us mad for having undertaken it," said Sevillians. How

immense it is! Arches are so high that the keystones are invisible, and pillars have the circumference of towers. The five naves are each large enough to hold a town, and the center is a marble plain. A candle at the chief altar is made of a ton of wax and is as tall as the masts of some ships.

By the cathedral stands La Giralda, "richer in history and legend than any campanile of Giotto or of St. Mark, jeweled with Saracenic ornaments and lifting its lacelike stone work three hundred and forty feet into the blue sky. On occasions it is lighted at night and then it seems to hang like a brilliant chandelier from the dark vault of heaven." A weather vane crowns the pinnacle and weighs twenty-five hundred-weight, but turns with the slightest breeze. It is a female figure in bronze representing Faith—"a somewhat strange choice for a *vane*, to be blown about by every wind," notes a writer, "seeing that both sex and character adopted should never vary nor be fickle."

A few rods distant from the Giralda is the royal palace of the Alcazar, built and adorned by Moslem architects to rival the Alhambra. It is something of the same style in the arrangement of rooms, and arches and walls are covered with fanciful arabesques, but many of the decorations are more brilliant than beautiful. Not a poetic ruin like the Alhambra, it is a palace intact ready to receive kings and queens. The room is shown where Don Pedro put to death a Moorish ruler to seize his jewels, among which was the immense ruby given afterwards by Pedro to the Black Prince of England, and is the identical gem that we saw later in the royal crown of Queen Victoria. The gardens of the Alcazar are enriched with surprising fountains that are hidden in the walks and are seeming works of magic, as one cannot see when nor how the guide springs them into play.

Along the banks of the Guadalquivir are Las Delicias, a series of avenues planted with majestic trees whose fruits sweetly scent the air. Truly delightful were our evening drives as we rode along under the arching trees looking upon the beauty and fashion of Seville. Most of the streets are narrow. Open-work iron gates lead to the interior of the houses which are built around the usual courtyard. Within there are palms and playing fountains. The windows all have iron balconies, from which, according to the

romances, the bar-imprisoned señoritas listen to the guitars of their lovers.

Our last day in Seville was the Fourth of July. The noisy firecracker, the jumping grasshopper, the spinning pin-wheel and whizzing rocket we did not hear, but the first demand of the courier after breakfast was to take us to buy ribbons,—some of red, some of white, and some of blue. A call upon the United States consul, from whose office window hung the Stars and Stripes, made an incident of the day. When the American party at noon entered the dining-room of the hotel, the bits of badge ribbon were noticed at once, and the Spanish guests in the room touched glasses and drank to the health of those whose fair land their country helped the Genoese discover!

How weird the sensation of whirling by gaslight through the streets of a strange city, peering from bus windows to get impressions of the world we were entering! When we stepped out upon the station platform at Cordova, it was midnight, and the city was asleep.

At midday we found it was not much more awake. The city we had come to was as deserted and inert as the one we had left was busy and thriving. Few places have been more intertwined with history, ancient and modern, than Cordova. Once it boasted of three hundred thousand inhabitants, and when Frankish kings of Europe traveled in state in rude carts drawn by oxen, Saracen emirs rode through classic Cordova on prancing chargers richly caparisoned with hangings of Cordova leather. In full view of the slopes of the Sierra Morena range of mountains it is choice in its location. The streets are narrow and tortuous. In and out, round and about, followed by dirty barefoot children through the dusty byways we sought the chief place of interest, one of the most remarkable edifices in the world, the wonderful Mosque Cathedral. In sanctity it ranked second only to the one at Mecca, and a pilgrimage to it was accepted as a substitute for one to the Holy City. Through the forest of architectural columns one might wander for days, for nearly a thousand pillars support horseshoe arches and form vistas and aisles. These columns are of red granite, of twisted Byzantine porphyry, of yellow French marble, of jasper and verd-antique. The mammoth proportions of the building can be imagined, for it will hold forty thousand peo-

ple—about the entire population of Cordova to-day. The little Holy of Holies is unique with a roof carved from a single piece of marble to look like a beautiful shell. Spain was famous for wood-carving and in this mosque later transformed into a cathedral, is found the highest achievement of the art. In matchless workmanship are carved in relief in large mahogany panels one hundred and twenty studies, scenes from the Old and New Testament. Before the high altar hangs a silver, jeweled lamp.

Leaving the "marble grove" we passed the heat of the day in our rooms, cool, with their stone-mosaic floors, the only other guests of the hotel being Mr. Strakosch and family of opera fame, at home in Cordova, who courteously advised the routes best to be taken as we left that hot, sleepy city for the more animated and flourishing city of Madrid, the Paris of Spain.

There is much of the same active life in the streets of the Spanish capital as in Paris, and fashions are received direct from the French capital. The cafés with their marble tables, marble floors, large mirrors, dazzling gaslight, clatter of glasses and tinkle of coin, resemble the cafés on the Avenue de l'Opéra. The Prado and Champs-Élysées are not unlike. The Royal Gardens are pleasing with woods and a rural aspect. In a short afternoon ride in them which was granted through permits, we chanced to meet the Queen Regent out driving, accompanied by four outriders and her carriage drawn by four prancing horses. She looked sedate and gentle and was becomingly and most modestly attired in black. We heard the story that she had learned the art of mosaic work, and had given practical evidence of her ability in a mosaic factory that she visited, when the Queen Regent asked one of the workmen to let her take his place, and skillfully finished the mosaic which he had commenced. The Royal Palace, built to eclipse Versailles, covers many acres and is the home of a little seven-year-old king. The Royal Museum contains a vast and absolutely unrivaled collection of the works of the old masters. "If there were nothing else in the city worth seeing," says Dr. Stoddard, "it would well repay a journey from Paris to study and enjoy the great gallery of pictures of Madrid. No wonder that it is often considered the finest in the world." Two immense galleries are given to Spanish painters and others contain

the different Italian, French, Flemish, and Dutch schools. Some idea of the riches of the museum can be formed from the fact that it contains works by Murillo, Zurbaran, Ribera, Velasquez, Teniers, Rubens, Raphael, Van Dyck, Claude Lorraine, Guido Reni, Titian, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese.

The chief amusement of Spain, the bullfight, is found in its glory in Madrid. In the springtime men enter the contest and, as intrepid toradors are carried wounded, bleeding, oftentimes dead from the arena, the excitement grows intense and more hideous and the crowd becomes hoarse from applause. "Would not our entire company go to the bullfight? No? Why not?" said the astonished courier, assuring us that "it would not be much of anything, only horses would be the victims, it wasn't the time of the year for the *best* exhibits." The gentlemen of the party went. At times they had been heard to wish for their fond saddle-horses at home,

and beholding in the bull-ring noble horses, unwitting prey to cruelty, lying pierced and prostrate, they departed vehement against the torture, the silliness, and the sin of the arena.

The effect of the architecture in Madrid is not pleasing compared with the wonderful richness of decoration to which the eye has become accustomed in southern Spain, and indeed northern treeless Spain is very different from balmy, fruitful Andalusia. Situated in the midst of a stern landscape we left Madrid, and journeying northward through that part of the country which Irving says is "melancholy with rugged mountains and long sweeping plains, destitute of trees and invariably silent and lonesome," we passed out of the land of the Phœnician, the Roman, the Moor, and the modern Spaniard, and it will be long before the dreamy charm will be broken which was woven about us in Spain. It deepens and delights even as it settles more and more into a memory.

THE INDIAN SPRING.

BY HARRY ROMAINE.

DOWN in the nook where bobolinks sing,
Under the elm where the cow-path stops,
Trickles the cool old Indian spring,
Giving forever its brilliant drops.

Well known in the country, far and wide;
Summer and drouth may do their worst,
But robins drink at its mossy side,
And find it eager to quench their thirst.

When the fierce sun casts his scorching heat,
And other fountains are dry and dead,
The Indian spring keeps cool and sweet,
And bubbles dance from its silver bed.

He is a man, who can face each ray
Of life's hot passion with strong control;—
With delicate wit and humor gay,
Bubbling up from his crystal soul.

THE END OF THE FURROW.

BY THEODORE L. FLOOD AND CHARLES BARNARD.

CHAPTER I.

MRS. SILENCE ALLEN finished her noon-day dinner, rose from her simple table and went out into the buttery. The old copper pump in the sink creaked nervously as she filled a black cast-iron kettle with water and took it to the kitchen and placed it on the stove.

"Somehow I'm getting forgetful. Suppose if I'd put the water on before dinner, I shouldn't have to wait for it to boil now. Don't know 's I ever forgot it before in my life. Must come of my being alone to-day."

She gathered the two slices of bread and one tinyslice of coldmeat that remained upon the table and put them carefully away. It was not in Mrs. Allen's nature to waste anything. The bread would make toast for supper and the bit of meat would go to the chopping bowl for to-morrow's spicy and fragrant hash. Presently the kettle hummed its purring little tune and Silence Allen poured the steaming water into the ancient wooden dish tub and carefully washed the plates and dishes. She worked on without a word, as was her manner, only once in a while looking out of the south window down the white road as if expecting company.

"Strange he should be so late to-day, and then again 'taint as strange as it might be seeing father took the white horse, and that horse is slower'n cold molasses."

The tall clock seemed to have a fit, for it whirled and gurgled, and then it struck twice in a dignified way. The sunlight streamed in at the south window and shone on the bare white floor. Everything about the room was old and well worn and deliciously comfortable and homelike,—a homely room, sweet with the suggestions of plain, human lives. There was nothing in the room less than twenty-five years old and nothing in the room out of repair or out of place. Silence Allen had entered that room a bride forty years ago and had lived in it ever since. One of the doors opened into the sweet and fragrant buttery, another opened into the wide hall that ran directly through the house and another, now closed, led into the "parlor," or best room.

Into that closed and darkened room no one entered. Its stiff horsehair furniture, its antique pictures and mass of dried grasses on the white mantle, even the photograph album on the center table suggested the dead and gone past. There had been three weddings in that room and one funeral, but that was long, long ago, and the only reminder of it was a tiny mound surrounded by a white fence on the bleak hill back of the house.

"Thought I wasn't mistaken, and then again I didn't know but I might be. It's Deliverance Snow. Suppose she'll stop here and rest a minute. She looks all tired out. Cutting and fitting for the Clifford girls, I suppose."

The dusty white road that ran past the house wandered in a wavering fashion down the long hill and any one coming up the road from the village could be seen approaching while yet a long way off. The queer slender figure drew nearer and Mrs. Allen went to the door to welcome her.

"Come right in, Deliverance, and rest yourself. You look wore out."

"I be. It's a fact I be mos' wore to a shadder. Car'line Clifford's too mortal particular to live. Suppose I've altered her waist more'n a dozen times and 'taint right yet."

"Will you come in the parlor, Deliverance?"

"Well, no, Silence, dunno 's I will. I can sit in the kitchen just as well as not."

This was the regular formula with all visitors. Mrs. Allen invariably asked her visitors into the parlor and they as invariably declined and sought the homely comforts of the kitchen. People lived in the kitchen. Only on "occasions," weddings and christenings and funerals, did folks enter the solemn parlor.

The little dressmaker was glad enough to escape from the heat of the stony road and rest in the old wooden rocker in the Allen kitchen. Mrs. Allen, too, dropped into a rocker, and as they gently rocked they talked, talked of the things that had been.

"How 's Maria, Mrs. Allen?"

"She 's tolerable, considering. 'Nother

baby and her husband trying to sell their place."

"Sell their home!"

"Yes. He wants to move west, tho' it does seem as if Maria was considerable west now. It takes three days to hear from her. Her last boy was five days old when I got a letter saying it had come. Sorter gave me a shock to hear about it."

"They doing well?"

"Tolerable well. Maria writ land ris in vally so fast they couldn't farm it with any sort of comfort. They don't mor'n get a crop in, than somebody wants to buy their farm. It must be dreadful unsettling."

"And John. He doing well?"

"Yes, considering. John always was peculiar and a great reader. He writ to father last summer 'bout the intr'st on his mortgage and I guess father helped him some. It's 'bout time we heard from John again."

"And Edward. He settled down to anything yet?"

"Well, no. Edward's the only one of my boys that hasn't settled down to anything in particular."

"You ought to be proud of your children, Mrs. Allen."

"Mebby I had, then again, perhaps I hadn't orter be. Every one of my boys were brought up on this farm and all of em 'cept Samuel is farming somewhere or going to, and my two girls married farmers, and seven of 'em are in seven different states. There's Em'ly. She and her husband are truck farming near Boston, and John's in Kansas, and Maria's husband settled in Illinois, and Edward's looking for a place in California, and Josiah, he's in Texas, and Timothy's got a fruit farm in Delaware, and Tobias is raising wheat in Dakota."

"They're considerable scattered about."

"Yes, and if it wasn't for Samuel, me and father would go round and see how they are getting on."

"Don't suppose Samuel will ever leave the farm?"

"I don't know. Sam is the baby and he's peculiar. He's always reading and talking 'bout New York or Boston."

"Was Samuel ever to the city?"

"Yes. Last Fourth of July he went to Boston to see his sister Em'ly, but it didn't do him any good. He was forgetful as a minister for mor'n a month afterwards and always talking about the city till, at last,

father got tired of it all and Samuel's never mentioned the city since."

The mother-heart was always turning to her children and for some minutes she ran on in a purling stream of talk about her boys and girls and the little dressmaker listened to it for the hundredth time. She knew it pleased her friend and neighbor to tell of the doings of the children. She knew that it was her dream to some day visit them all in their homes. She knew, also, that the money for the trip had been saved year by year from the scanty profits of the hen yard and fruit garden.

"Don't suppose," said Mrs. Allen at last, "that you've heard anything more about your father's 'ffairs?"

"There's nothing to tell, M's Allen. Father put all his savings into the New West Trust and Loan Company. 'Twas just like dropping it into the well. For a little while the intr'st came in regular and then it sorter petered out."

"And you never got anything back?"

"No. I think it sorter broke father's heart. He gave up farming and was depending on the intr'st money, but it never came. Folks do say the company will never pay a cent. Mother tried to keep up after it failed, but she soon followed father to the cem't'ry."

"Seems dreadful folks should act so. Borrowing money and nothing to show for it afterwards. And you and your sisters had to go to work?"

"Yes, M's Allen. Me and Rachel and Mehitabe never was raised to work. Rachel she's 'most wore out working in a factory at Lowell—and having a real mise'ble time seeing there's so many of those Canadians there and she never could abide foreigners anyway. Rachel's getting wore all out 'fore her time. She don't say so, but I can see it's so from her letters."

"Don't suppose you hear from Hitty 'tall?"

It was a deeply painful question. The one young sister brought up in old-fashioned New England homely comfort found herself at early womanhood forced to earn a living. She knew no trade and when what seemed to be a true love was offered her she took it for the home it promised.

Deliverance with the divine patience of the silent poor knew it was best to tell once again the dreadful story. The retelling to sympathetic ears seemed to ease the ache in her heart.

"Hitty was too young to understand it all. I never liked him, but she thought he was splendid. He could talk real well for a man who wasn't exactly—well not exactly good—and she just married him. It was a long time ago. First I heard from her in New York regular, and then, after her baby girl was born, she didn't write much. And, at last, he died and I never knew what Hitty did for a living or how she's getting on. She said I couldn't help her, and that she couldn't come home—and so —"

There was a pause and not a sound in the room. Each was busy in her own heart with the wrongs of the absent one and of the ill-doings of strangers and the dead.

At last Mrs. Allen ventured a remark.

"And it all come of those people never paying their just debts."

"Yes. It all come from that. If the intr'st had been paid to me and sisters regular things would have been different. Mebby Mehitable would have waited or married some of the neighbors' boys, and Rachel wouldn't be grinding her life out in the factory."

Then the conversation drifted away to matters of merely local interest, and, at last, the little dressmaker ventured to put the one question that was in her heart. She had asked the same question many times before. Edward, the wanderer, the one unmarried boy, had been her playmate and school-mate and seatmate in the choir of the little white meetinghouse. She looked old and bent and yet she was only thirty-one. Poverty and hard work and disappointment had given her the appearance of age and yet she was young in heart as well as years.

"Suppose Edward 's well?"

"Yes. He writ he was real well."

"Don't suppose he'll come home?"

"I don't know, Deliverance. Mebby he will, and then again you can't tell what he'll do."

Deliverance rose as if to go.

"What 's your hurry, Deliverance?"

"Seems as tho' I orter be going. I've got to alter Car'line Clifford's waist."

She always went away after her question had been answered. The two women knew all about it and neither said a word. It was enough—they understood. The little dressmaker closed the gate softly and went on up the road over the crest of the hill. Mrs. Allen stood by the door looking after her.

"She can't forget him—never. If she wasn't so mortal poor she'd follow him to the ends of the earth—if she thought he needed her."

Then she turned and looked the other way toward the village. Far down the road she saw the white horse and the familiar wagon.

"There's father coming. I do hope he's got letters from the children."

Then she closed the door and went into the house.

"Father always wants a bite of pie or something soon 's he gets home."

Just then the clock had another fit, and after a rattling struggle it struck four.

Deliverance Snow walked on with head bent down. She knew every foot of the way or she would have strayed from the narrow footpath that wound along beside the road through the short grass. Presently she reached the very top of the hill and paused and looked around. It seemed as if she stood on top of the world. A vast tract of field, wood, and pasture lay spread before her. Small white dots marked distant houses. Far, far away to the south there was a faint blue line. It was the sea. Above all, the immense dome of pale blue sky. A magnificent expanse of country fringed by the ocean, to Deliverance standing by the gray stone wall it all seemed inexpressibly lonely and empty. The blue horizon seemed to be tremulous and quivering. Was it the heat that stirred the air to a phantasy of mirage—or tears? She tried not to think, and could not help it. It was here they had parted. Here, by this very wall, in the vast solitude of this glorious prospect he had said—no, he meant to say it—she knew he meant to say it, and her pride—would all the tears she had shed here alone ever wipe her pride away?—her pride had ruined everything.

Just then a boy came across the next field whistling and half running along as if happy and intent in pursuit of something.

"Why, Sam! where are you going?"

"Hello, Deliverance. Going home?"

She managed to brush away a tear or two without attracting notice, and said cheerfully,

"Yes. I've got a half holiday, so to speak, and I stopped—to look at the prospect. Everything looks beautiful to-day."

"Oh. I don't set no great store by the prospect. It's too all fired lonely anyway. I hate living up here on the roof of the world."

Tell you, Deliverance, some day I'm going to live in Boston or New York or somewhere where there's folks."

By this time the young fellow, half boy, half man, had climbed over the stone wall into the road and now crossed the road and began to climb the opposite wall.

"Where in the name o' nature are you going, Samuel Allen? That isn't the way home."

"Guess I know that. I'm going down to the railroad to see the 'ghost train' go by. I can sit on a rock in the cutting and look right into the windows of the dining car. They always slow up there on account of the steep grade, and you can see all the city folks eating dinner in the cars. Tell you it's great."

"Suppose you'll be going to the city some day, Sam?"

"If I can. No farming for me. I've seen enough of it."

"Why, Sam. What could you do in the city?"

"Work. Guess I've been to school. Oh, I'll get along first rate. I must go now or I'll miss the train. It's due here at four seventeen from Boston."

With that he disappeared over the wall and ran on down the sloping pasture toward the railroad cutting about a quarter of a mile beyond.

"Poor Mrs. Allen," said Deliverance to herself. "He's her last baby and some day he too will go away—just as all the others did. Dear me! I must hurry and get at Car'line Clifford's waist or she'll have a fit before it's fitted."

Samuel Allen was the baby of the family, the son of his mother's middle age when the eldest child was already married. He, of all the children, had remained at home. It was thought he would inherit the sixty acres of rocky hillside that made the home place. He would marry some farmer's daughter and settle down to farming just as his father and grandfather had done before him. This was the life planned for him. The boy knew it and rebelled. From his earliest boyhood he had worked on the farm—for his board and clothes and his scanty pocket money. It was not the work. He was a strong, healthy young fellow who rather enjoyed work—that is, he knew he could and did enjoy interesting work. The monotonous round of farm work he simply endured—for his mother's

sake. He knew perfectly well that his father owned the farm outright, that, by prudence and the most narrow economy, and at a terrible cost of labor, his father had saved a little money. He knew also that the farm itself would be his some day and he hated the very idea of such a possession.

Even now he was walking over a field that might some day be his. He looked about over the thin rocky soil of the pasture and he recalled the fact that it was not worth twenty dollars an acre. It had never produced anything, never would, and its whole value lay in the fact that it was near the railroad. He paused a moment and looked far off over the magnificent prospect, little thinking that it was this that gave it its real commercial value.

"It's a sightly place, but it's too all fired lonely. I'll sell the whole thing some day—and—"

He had reached the edge of the cutting. Below him lay the single track of the New York and New England Railroad. Along this line the fast express whose white cars had given it the name of the "ghost train" daily passed. This quiet farmer's boy longing for something different from the everlasting sameness of his life came here once or twice a week for the sole purpose of catching a momentary glimpse of the great stirring, active world beyond his farm horizon. He liked to see people who were well dressed and seemed prosperous and happy—and interested.

As he expressed it,

"They looked like folks who are doing something worth while."

He looked off to the east over the wide country and saw a white wreath of steam floating over the trees.

"She's coming. I'll go down and see her pass."

He began at once to climb down the steep slope of gravel that formed the side of the cutting, setting a tiny avalanche of loose sand and pebbles adrift at every footstep. Some of the stones bounded far down to the track and struck the rails with a ringing sound. Suddenly the boy stopped half way down the slope.

"Oh! It's gone. It's fallen down—on the track."

There had been a huge boulder, such as may be seen anywhere in southern Connecticut, grim relic of the ancient winter of the

Ice Age, projecting from the loose drift that formed the hill. It had made a convenient seat overhanging the track, and on this he had sat many a time to see the great outside world go by. Now it had slipped and fallen and lay upon the track. And the train was near.

Into every life comes the Great Opportunity. It is not in all to see it when it comes. He who sees and acts, wins! An apparently useless dream had led this boy here. He had left his father's plow, literally, in its furrow to run down here to see a train of cars go by. It seemed like idle curiosity. It was, in truth, a groping after a higher life—and perhaps it was providential. For an instant something in the young man's heart gave him this very impression. Son and grandson of Puritans he, in some passing thought, recognized it as a call to duty.

He was upon the track in an instant. How he knew not. He found himself springing from tie to tie toward the train—trying to think. He must stop it—somehow. He saw the cloud of steam again—nearer. He heard the four peculiar notes of warning given for the crossing just at the entrance of the cut. He had a red silk handkerchief—at home.

"Just the way things go. When I want it, mother had to iron it for Sunday. Oh! She's coming!"

He could do nothing but stand between the rails and wave his arms just as he had seen the switchmen do when they wished to signal a train to stop. Nearer and nearer came the train. He would stand there till the last second. The western sun shone directly on the windows of the cab and he could not tell whether his signal was seen or not. Just as the engine was upon him he sprang aside and the train swept by in a cloud of steam and dust.

He stood panting and trembling by the track looking after the retreating train.

"I don't know 's I care to see 'em pull out the dead folks. I've heard all about smash-ups and—oh! she's stopped. Guess they saw me, after all."

The train had stopped in the cutting and in an instant a number of people had swarmed out upon the road. Sam Allen at once decided to go on and see what had happened.

"I don't believe anybody's hurt much and I'd like to see how they'll get the stone off the track."

So many things happened in the next few minutes that the young man had no very vivid impression as to what did really take place. He only remembered a very great crowd of people and a deal of talking and handshaking. The engineer began it, a big fat man with greasy gloves. He pulled one off and nearly dislocated Sam's arm.

"Tell you, gentlemen, the young feller just saved her from a smashup. Saw him just in time, and only broke her nose on the stone and no harm done."

Everybody wanted to shake hands, and a big man in a silk hat insisted that Sam should get into the dining car and "have something."

He could not tell exactly how it happened, but found himself on a soft leather-covered seat with a table before him covered with glass and silver and a colored man asking "what he would have." He couldn't tell. He didn't know what it all meant. Then there were glasses and a decanter of beautifully colored liquid put before him and some one poured out a glass of the fragrant wine.

"Well, I guess if you don't mind I won't take any, thank you."

"Then you'll have something to eat?"

"Yes. If you say so. I might take a sandwich."

"Dinner, waiter."

He could not refuse. Everybody—and total strangers at that, seemed bound to do something for him. It was all so new, so comfortable. He had never experienced anything quite like it. He could only shake hands and blush a little and wonder what it was all about.

And the dinner! He had never seen anything like it before. He was astonished to find how hungry he was. The horse could wait in the furrow a little longer. He could explain it all when he got home. And everything was so good and everybody so kind.

Suddenly as he was raising a glass of water to his lips the water spilled slightly. He glanced in alarm out of the plate glass window. The train was in rapid motion. New scenes, strange fields, houses and farms were drifting swiftly away toward the east.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. SILENCE ALLEN stood by the side door as her husband Silas drove his antique covered wagon into the yard.

"Here we be, Silence, and more letters

than we've had any one day for quite a spell."

"I do hope all the children are well."

"Guess they be, Silence. Tain't no use thinking they're sick till we hear what they say. Where's Sam?"

"He's plowing over on the hill. I'll take the letters, Silas."

She took the five letters in her thin hands and went into the house, while her husband drove on toward the barn. Silence Allen lived upon her letters. They made the one bond between herself and her children. She sat down in the kitchen and looked at the letters one after the other.

"That's from Tobias, because it's post-marked 'Dak.' And that's from Maria and that's from Josiah and there's one from John—and heavy—guess it's newspaper clippings, and one from Timothy—and drestle light. And nothing from Emily or Edward. Well, I do hope they are not too busy nursing the sick to write—or Edward's sick himself. Mebby they are too busy to write or something. I'll open Maria's first seeing she's got the most children."

"Mother!"

Mrs. Allen looked up to see who spoke.

"Em'ly! Why, Em'ly! When did you come?"

"We were in the back seat of the wagon. Father wanted to surprise you. He nearly let it all out when he said, 'Here we be.' And here we be, husband, baby, and all—come to make you a visit over Sunday."

The letters slid to the floor and mother and daughter were in each other's arms. How tell the cheerful tale, the hearty, homely welcome home, the meeting of father and son-in-law, father and grandson—the first grandson ever in the old home! How describe the wealth of talk and laughter, the sweet human delight in the ever growing wonder of the first grandbaby in the house! The letters were, for the time, forgotten.

"We'll read 'em aloud at supper," said Emily. "Oh! it's so good to get back to homemade bread—we're 'most tired of baker's—Oh! and where is Sam? I haven't seen Sam since his famous visit to Boston."

"Sam! Sam! Oh! He will be home soon. He must be here soon to bring in the horse and help about the milking. The farm could not go on without Sam."

The sun, westering toward the immense horizon, blushed to think folks could be so silly over that baby and then modestly re-

tired behind the shoulder of the world. And Sam came not. The dusk began to creep out of the corners of the old barn. Farmer Allen had himself gone for the cows with perhaps a fatherly wish his boy were not so careless. And these cows needed milking—and no Sam. When the cows were bestowed the old man came to the house door.

"I don't know what to make of Sam. He's getting dreadful forgetful lately."

"Come, father. Supper's all ready. Suppose you'd better come in and sit down to it while things are hot. I can set something in the oven for Sam after he's done the chores. Sam's putting in little extra time to finish his plowing or he's busy 'bout something or other. He'll be 'long in a few moments or little later. Come. Supper's getting cold."

Silas Allen reluctantly entered the house and sat down at the plain, homely supper. Em'ly and her husband were there. It was good to see her again and after supper he would have a good talk with his son-in-law about farming and the state of the country. Hardly had they all been seated when the sound of a horse's footsteps was heard in the gravelly yard. Silas pushed back his chair and looked out of the window.

"Now, father, don't scold the boy for being late."

"It isn't that, Silence. It's that horse. Something's the matter by the way he walks."

The two men-folks went out into the dusky yard.

"Don't you say a word to scare mother," said the elder. "Something's gone wrong—with the boy. Here's the horse come home alone—with the traces broke."

Within the house the two women sat with the blinding kerosene lamp between them and the supper untouched. What did it mean? What were father and husband talking about in the yard? Presently the younger man came into the house.

"Get me a couple of lanterns, mother."

"What is the matter? Is Sam there?"

"Nothing, mother. Father wants the lantern in the barn—you go on with your supper. We'll be right back—in a minute."

Still she insisted on knowing what had happened.

"It's nothing serious. The horse came home alone. Father wants a light in the barn."

"It does not take two lanterns to care for

the horse. Something has happened to my boy. Sam never staid out after dark before, 'cep' when we knew where he was. Perhaps he's had a turn or broken his leg or something. I'm going to find my boy."

She pulled a calico sunbonnet from a hook in the buttery and with trembling fingers lighted two old-fashioned oil-lanterns. The son and daughter prepared to go with her in silence.

They made a strange, tragic procession. The mother pushed on in front not caring for the lantern carried by her son-in-law and the boy's sister followed behind dreading she knew not what. The elder woman led the way through the wet grass, heavy with dew, straight up the hill toward the potato patch. Presently they found the plow overturned at the beginning of a new furrow. They stood for a moment in silence in the little ring of light about the lantern among the wet and sprawling potato vines. Beyond the ring of light, all seemed vast, black, silent, and empty. Over all was the immense arch of star-lit sky. The silence was oppressive, the darkness appalling. The young man turned the plow over as if expecting to find something. There was nothing.

Then they called and called again and again. There was no sound in reply—not even an echo.

"It isn't any use," said the mother with a tremulous voice. "It isn't a mite of use to look for him."

"He may be hurt, mother."

"No. It isn't that. I know what it means. Take me home."

The young man held up the lantern for a moment. The woman's face seemed to have grown old and worn in a moment. She trembled slightly and the daughter took her arm and between the young people she went slowly home. She spoke at intervals in a broken way.

"I've seen it coming—ever so long. Sam always hated the farm. He was always hankering after the city."

Just as they reached the house a wagon drove up to the gate and the young man went down with the lantern to see what was wanted.

"Telegram for M's Allen. Quarter, please."

The mother's ear caught the word telegram.

"Oh! It's from Sam. It's from Sam. Give it to me. He's dead or—something's the matter. Oh! I can't open it. I can't open it. I have n't had a telegram since the

time John's boy was born. Telegrams are always 'bout births and deaths."

The boy was dismissed and Mr. Allen was called from the barn. Then, in the old kitchen, they slowly opened the telegram. The daughter insisted that she read it first.

"No, no. If Sam's dead I want to know it now."

It was from a total stranger.

"Your son saved train from wreck. Have taken him to New York. Letter to-morrow."

It was dated at New Haven and signed by some person wholly unknown to them all.

The revulsion of feeling in learning that the boy was not dead was too much for Mrs. Allen. She sank into the old wooden rocking chair, white and trembling. Her gray hair seemed to have suddenly taken on a whiter shade. There were new lines about her eyes and her mouth quivered with unaccustomed emotion.

"There, there, mother. Don't cry. Sam's not dead. He'll write to-morrow and we'll know all about it."

"He'll never come back. He's got his wish at last. It's always the city—the city. It takes 'em all. There's Eliza Barker's two boys gone there and Sarah Green's oldest girl married a city man. They all go to the city, sooner or later. I've known it all along. The city takes them all. Oh! my boy! my boy!"

"Mother, dear," said the daughter, "try and bear it patiently. It is so much better than it might be. Sam is not dead or hurt. He has evidently done something that has won this man's regard or he would not be paying Sam's fare to New York. Depend on it; Sam is all right and will come home to-morrow."

"He won't come home," said Mr. Allen. "He has n't any money and I shall go right down and bring him back as soon's we hear where he's stopping. I've got to have Sam to help me 'bout the farm or I've got to hire help and we can't afford that."

"Come, mother. Let me make some fresh tea. You'll feel better soon 's you've had supper. And here are the letters, too, you have n't opened them yet."

"I could n't read 'em to-night, Em'ly, for fear they've got more bad news from the children."

With gentle comfortings the son and daughter at last calmed their mother into something like her old serenity. The supper was

eaten almost in silence and then they took her away to her own room where she lay for long hours, thinking of her boy. Mr. Allen took it very differently. He seemed to resent the boy's conduct bitterly and, while he said nothing, it was plain he felt Sam's disappearance deeply.

Em'ly cleared away the table and then the old farmer and his daughter and her husband sat down about the table.

"I tell you," said the old man, "it isn't a mite o' use fighting against this thing any more. The boys won't stay on the farms and the girls won't marry farmers any more."

"I did, father, and so 'd sister Maria."

"So you did, Em'ly, and, same time, I don't know 's I exactly call your work farming."

"We work hard enough, father, both of us and, if we haven't as much land as you have, I think we make more money."

"Guess you do. There 's no money in the kind of farming that 's followed in this part of Connecticut. I'm not a bit surprised Sam 's run away, though. I don't see how I'm going to get along without him. Sam 's an uncommon handy boy for his age. Wonder what it was he did made the man take him to New York."

This was quite beyond their grasp. They could only guess in their New England fashion that the boy had in some manner warned a train of some obstruction on the track and the people on the train had taken up a collection for the boy and he had used the money to run away or the people had invited him to go away on the train. For a few moments nothing was said and then the son-in-law said to the elder man,

"You said just now, sir, that you did not call my work farming. Well, it is not exactly farming and yet we, like you, are producers. I've only got ten acres, and a half of one acre is under glass. We crop pretty close all the time and I send a wagon load of stuff into Boston almost every day. We work pretty hard all the year round, but I've never felt any great call to run away to the city."

"I don't see what that 's got to do with Sam."

"I'm telling you this to show you the difference between our farming and yours. I guess Sam 's a good deal of a human being after all."

"Yes. Sam 's good deal like boys generally."

"Of course he is and that 's what you fail to notice. What does Sam do up here?"

"Well, he helps me 'bout the farm—doing chores."

"And goes to meeting Sundays?"

"Yes, Sam 's regular 'bout that."

"Of course he is. He 's glad to go to meeting, because he meets folks. The only trouble is he meets the same folks all the time. Besides Sundays, I don't believe he ever has a holiday."

"Mother never did like to have Sam go with the village boys. Besides, Sam always took *The Youth's Companion* and *The Independent* and all the books he wanted from the town library."

"Well, the society of the village boys was no great loss and the books and newspapers actually made him more restless than if he never read anything, because they always told him about the world and about folks who work in cities. They are a good deal like the picture of a ship at sea the farmer hung in his sitting room. His boy saw it every day and at last he ran away to sea."

"You may be right," said the old man.

"I've never thought much about such things."

"I'm sure I'm right and if Sam had been with me he would not have run away."

"Why not?"

"Because we keep a farm in a town and it 's only thirty minutes to Boston and there are lectures and concerts and picture galleries and theaters in Boston. Boys—"

"And girls too," put in Emily.

"Yes, and men and women need these things. It 's a part of life to see people and things and to go to these places."

"And many a boy goes to the bad in cities going to these places you speak of."

"Sam is a boy of sense. He would select the good in towns and reject the bad. Here on this farm he had nothing at all and the books and papers made him think and think all alone by himself and that 's bad for boys and girls, too."

"He 's right," said the daughter. "It 's no use trying to stop the young people from leaving the farms. You know well enough that it 's very lonely here."

"It will be lonely enough now Sam 's gone and I don't see how mother will bear it. Why, when me and mother were married mor'n forty years ago, we knew 'most everybody round here. Every family had a household of children and now there 's not enough

boys and girls to make a respectable Sunday-school picnic. Our meeting house isn't half full Sundays and we haven't had a settled minister for three years—can't afford it. Tell you, I did my best to make good farmers of my boys and all but one's settled somewhere—and now Sam's gone. It does seem as if the cities just drained the farms. I'm the only farmer round here whose boys are farmers and if things go on this way much longer, the country will be just ruined."

Then for a little space the old man sat thinking and not a word was said in the house. The tall clock ticked in loud, monotonous regularity. Outside the vast empty country lay silent and dark. In an upper room the mother lay thinking—thinking of her boy.

Then through the silence of the night came the faint vanishing note of a belated train speeding away toward the east—toward the city. She heard it and the tears fell one by one upon her pillow.

In the white house on the hill the little dressmaker stitched and stitched in dreary silence. She, too, heard the train and dropped her work for a moment to think of the might have been.

CHAPTER III.

"THE next day there came another telegram. It had the usual dreadful conciseness of such messages and told more than its mere words intended. It was from Sam and arrived at breakfast time. It showed that the boy, though he had never sent a telegram before, had learned the little knack of condensation the telegraph inspires.

"It sounds so dreadful short," said Mrs. Allen.

"It sounds to me," said the daughter, "as if Sam knew how to save—save words to save cents."

In a measure the boy's father and mother had recovered from the sense of loss that had followed his disappearance. Now they knew he was well and safe and very soon a letter would explain everything or the evening train would bring the wanderer home. The sister viewed the matter in quite another light and said to her husband,

"The boy's right. It may be the making of his character to stay in New York a little while."

"That's what a city is for," said her husband. "It makes character. It's all

very well to say that God made the country and man made the town, but the fact is, man has made a very good thing out of his end of the job."

There, too, were the letters. They had been completely forgotten in the trouble of the night before. Mrs. Allen read every one of the five long letters through to herself and then at the breakfast table gave out the family news in her own peculiar style.

"Timothy writes he's just starting up his drying machine—for drying peaches, besides shipping half a car load of fresh peaches to Baltimore every day. Timothy must be doing real well, though I don't know 's he's doing any better 'n he should, considering."

"How 's John, mother? He got into the legislature yet?"

"Oh, there 's ever so much about John in the papers. He's sent a whole lot of his speeches all in print. I haven't had time to read them all, but they do sound real well for John, considering he is busy farming."

"How 's his farm work get on? That 's what I want to know."

"Now, father," said Mrs. Allen to her husband. "You're too hard on the boy. He's had trouble with the railroad 'bout taking his crops to market and John's peculiar 'bout some things."

"Well, has he been elected?"

"Why, yes. He's elected to the legislature and he says it's been very expensive, and he had to let the interest on his mortgage go—just for a little while, father, just for a little while, till he can turn round."

The daughter Em'ly, knowing well that any family discussion over her brother's affairs would be unhappy, quietly took up one of the loose newspaper slips that had fallen from John's letter and began to read it aloud.

"Our distinguished fellow-citizen, Farmer John Allen, has been triumphantly elected to the legislature. Farmer Allen is now in a position to speak in thunder tones against the gold bugs, the railroad kings, and monopolists. His vote will be on the side of the people and he will be an able champion of the farmer's subtreasury system."

"John seems to have bit off considerable. I hope he can see his way to chew it."

The daughter laughed nervously at her father's homely remark.

"I'm sure, father, you ought to be proud of Brother John. He's the first of the family to reach any distinction in public life."

"I'm sure, if John's trees are troubled with gold bugs, he might spray 'em."

Em'ly and her husband laughed heartily at this.

"Why, mother dear, the gold bugs are not insects that you can kill with a spraying pump. He means the bulls and bears of Wall Street."

"Gracious! You don't tell me that bears have got into his pastures?"

"No, dear. The gold bugs are the money lenders who want to be paid in gold dollars and John thinks they should be paid in silver dollars."

"Oh! Is that all? I shouldn't think it would make any difference, though for my part, I think bills would be more convenient. A silver dollar tears your pocket so."

"I don't see," said Mr. Allen, "how John is to pay any kind of dollars, if he lets his farm work go and runs off to the legislature. Seems to me a man's first duty is to his family and his creditors and not to be running after any new-fangled notions 'bout treasuries and things for getting something out of nothing. The only road that I know to independence is work."

"Well, sir," said the son-in-law, "some one must take up these great public questions. If every man staid at home and attended to his own affairs there wouldn't be much progress in the world. I've never met Brother John, but he seems to me to be a man very much in earnest."

"Oh, John's terrible earnest when he gets going. The trouble is he don't stop to read the guide posts and he's apt to take the wrong road or git lost in the woods."

"And is that all the news, mother?" said Em'ly.

"No, Maria writes that they've sold their farm and are going to move out west."

"Move west! Why, they're in Illinois now. I don't see how Maria's husband ever expects to get on, if he pulls up stakes and begins all new. Why, it's worse than a fire. Maria's husband's too much of a rolling stone to get much moss."

"Well, you must admit, sir, that 'a rolling stone gets a fine polish' and perhaps polish is better than moss."

"And Edward, mother. Is there nothing from Edward?"

"Well, Edward writes that he hasn't settled on anything in particular yet. He's helping a man 'bout some business in San Francisco."

Farmer Allen pushed back his chair nervously and sat staring out the window. The cattle were waiting in the barn. Soon it would be time to harness up and drive over to the meetinghouse. It was a day of rest and yet there were certain things to be done on the farm—and the boy away.

"I'll help you about the chores, sir."

"Wish you would. I'm terrible short-handed now Sam's away and I don't see what I shall do, if he don't come home soon. And Edward, too, he's unsettled and living in a city. I don't know what farming is coming to if things go on in this way."

Farmer Allen went out to his barn to attend to the creatures that depended upon him. He loved his horses, his cattle, and his dog. Even the poultry came in for a share of his affection. He loved his sixty acres of land. All the tall trees about the house he had planted with his own hands. They had grown up with his life. They were mere slips of trees when he married and came to live on the place. Now they stood tall and mature, still sheltering the spot where his children had played. It was all his own and it was home. And now every child had gone and things were as when he and Silence came—and yet not the same. With this feeling of ownership, this sense of home, there was mingled an honest pride in his work. He had been a farmer—a producer—all his life. He had worked to feed the people, to subdue the earth and compel it to yield its increase. He felt himself a part of the country and had been glad all these years that he had an interest in the greatest industry of the nation. He was glad to be a farmer.

And now with his declining years had come a sense of loneliness. His farmer neighbors about him had nearly all died or moved away. There were many strange faces in the village and new families in the pews at the meetinghouse. More serious than all, there seemed to be very few young people. There were children indeed, though not so many as years ago, but there were very few young men; too many young girls who were not exactly young. Other men's sons, like his own, had left the farms never to return and the country seemed to be less populous than years ago.

In addition to all this he had a feeling of disappointment in the gradual change that had come over his work. His crops had changed. Once in his early manhood he had taken great pride in a field of wheat. He had

not planted wheat for years. At one time he had fattened cattle for the Boston market. Now he had only dairy cows and sold milk to the creamery. At one time his wife derived an income from the sale of butter. Now she made only enough for their own use. His land produced more than years ago and yet the actual profit was less. It cost more to run the farm and the prices for all the things he sold were lower. It seemed as if the honorable business in which he had spent his life had, in a sense, failed.

Pondering much upon these things as he attended to his duties about the barn, Farmer Allen had almost forgotten that it was the Sabbath. Presently his wife called him from the house and urged him to hurry with the horse for she wanted to get to meeting early to hear a new candidate for the vacant pulpit.

The Allens were late. The meetinghouse was already half full and the venerable organ had murmured in a soft fluty way to itself about nothing in particular. The people in their Sunday best were scattered about in the stiff, white pews, and in the gallery an old man or two, some young girls, and an assortment of restless boys had settled down to join in the hymns and listen to the new preacher fresh from the Divinity School. Just as the organ ended its vacant murmurings the family came in at the middle door and marched solemnly up the broad red-carpeted aisle. Farmer Allen and his wife had sat in the same pew for forty years. Perhaps one or two of the old people could recall the time when they had come alone to the meetinghouse. Once more they had come alone.

For the moment the interest in the new candidate, whose brown head could be seen above the edge of the pulpit, was suspended. Why had the Allens come alone? Where was Sam? Some guessed he must be sick at home. Others guessed he'd gone fishing and gave that up as utterly impossible. Sam was always at meeting. Deliverance Snow from her seat in the gallery remarked the absence of the boy and wondered greatly.

"Can't be he's run away after all? M's Allen seems sorter easy about it, though, I must say, Mr. Allen looks 'most wore out. Never noticed how old he does look lately."

This unspoken comment passed perhaps in several minds among the little congregation, but there was no time for much consideration of it for the young man in the pulpit rose and

with a confident air gave out the first hymn. Hymn and psalm and prayer followed in a rather drowsy fashion and the congregation made itself comfortable to hear what the young student had to say and feeling quite sure they knew just what he ought to say, perhaps what he would say.

To Farmer Allen the sermon seemed a curious experience. He thought it addressed to him personally. It was not very profound, for the preacher was very young. It was not at all doctrinal as the people had expected it would be. As an effort to please a rather critical audience it was not a success. And yet to one it was the word fitly spoken.

And this was the word:

Men and methods change. Things change because it is better so, because people move ever on and upward. There are drifts and currents in the nations as in the seas. Nothing is blind chance. Everything moves to some end, to some purpose. Character is more than lands or riches or anything that is upon the earth.

The moment the benediction was pronounced a murmur of talk filled the meetinghouse that not even the mild bellowsings of the organ could extinguish. If the comments and opinions could be resolved into a word or two it would be, "He never would please our folks." Perhaps he never did. It does not matter much, for our concern is with the one man in the congregation to whom the sermon seemed an inspiration.

The Allens came out among the last and lingered as was their wont to speak to friends and neighbors in the church porch. One of the pillars of the church, Deacon Brady, asked Mr. Allen's opinion of the sermon and ventured to remark that it was "rather flowery, considering, and not very strong on doctrine. Some folks may like it, but it wouldn't suit our folks. Suppose you'll be over to the Fair next week?"

Farmer Allen hesitated a moment as to which of these questions he would answer. He did not care to express an opinion upon a discourse that, in spite of himself, had made a profound impression upon him. He chose to answer only the last question.

"No. Mother is always wanting to see the children and we're—we're going out west."

"You ain't going to sell the farm?"

"No. It's my home. Mother and I are going to see the boys and sorter get 'quainted with things."

CHAPTER IV.

THE next morning the daughter Em'ly and her husband and the grandson were duly bestowed in the old covered wagon ready to start for the train. Farmer Allen would himself drive them down to the village. Mrs. Allen had come to the door to see them off.

"Seems strange, father, to think of you and mother going off west and leaving everything."

"We can go now 'bout 's well 's any time. Josiah Jenkins is to look after the farm till we get back—and there 's no great crop that needs particular 'tention for a few weeks. I declare I haven't seen mother so pleased over anything for years."

Mrs. Allen stood in the full sunshine by the side of the old wagon. There was a new light in her eyes. She seemed to have grown young in a night.

"I haven't seen some of the children for five years, though, of course, they have written regular every week. And Sam being away it seems lonesomer than ever. Mebbe it will do us both good to go round 'mong our folks."

"And the first place you visit must be our place."

"So it shall be. Guess we can fix it to get off last of the week, and we'll come to Boston first and go out and see the glass farming you tell about."

And then the staid old horse jogged away and left Mrs. Allen alone in the farmhouse. Somehow all things had changed over night. There was a new sky, a new day, a new life begun. She went about her work singing—the first time she had sung a note for years. In about an hour there was a knock at the door.

"Why, it 's Deliverance Snow! What can she want at this time o' day?"

She opened the door and the little dress-maker came in.

"Why, Deliverance! What 's happened? You look 's if you'd just experienced religion. Won't you come into the parlor?"

"Thank you, M's Allen. I can't stop but a minute seeing I'm on the way to the Clif-fords with Car'line Clifford's waist and she's dreadful particular 'bout the fit seeing her spine 's crooked and she don't want folks to know it."

"Better set down and rest a minute and have a glass of milk and a doughnut."

"Well, seeing you 're so pressing I guess I will. Your doughnuts is particularly tasty with milk. What is all this I heard this morning 'bout Sam's running away and you going out west to find him? What'd Sam do? They do say Sam is—Well! Sam's peculiar, and I don't believe half I hear about folks."

"Samuel has gone to New York on a visit. We had a telegram from him."

"Yes. I heard you did. And you're going to find him?"

"No. We are going out west to visit the children."

"You don't mean to sell the farm?"

"Oh, no. We couldn't do that."

"Suppose you'll see—Edward?"

Mrs. Allen knew perfectly well that this was the one question that the little woman had come to ask. For a moment 'she said nothing and sat looking at the dressmaker with a smile. Something of her own motherly happiness drew her heart toward this woman who loved her boy.

Then she said slowly,

"Do you think you could fix it, Deliverance, to go with us?"

"Me. Go to—"

"Yes. Why not? You've got some money in the savings bank—same 's I have."

"I've been keeping that, M's Allen—'case it should rain. I'm not so young as —"

For a few moments neither spoke and the milk and doughnuts stood untouched. The elder woman spoke first.

"I know what you're thinking 'bout, Deliverance. I used to think so 'bout money, but I've got to think there 's some things as money can't—Well. Dunno 's it 's my affair anyway, and then again I'd love to have you go with us."

Deliverance blushed slightly and said,

"It wasn't that."

"You see Edward 's way off to California, but perhaps if we went west he could sorter meet us half way and there 's no knowing what might happen if you was with us."

The little woman flushed and began to eat the doughnut nervously.

"Does seem, M's Allen, 's if you make the best doughnuts of anybody I visit, and I've boarded round considerable."

Then the talk drifted away to matters of less interest and soon after Deliverance went on her way about her daily business. Mrs. Allen stood at the door watching the little

figure as it slipped away down the white road.

"Wish she could fix it—somehow. Cur'us she never said she'd go or wouldn't go."

Meanwhile the wagon rattled on toward the village. The son and daughter and grandson were set down at the station and then Farmer Allen drove over to the village store and post office. Here was the local forum and though it was ten o'clock of an August morning half a dozen farmers' horses were hitched about the door. Within, their owners were discussing the affairs of the nation. While every one of them was a man whose chief capital was time, every one of them appeared quite willing to surrender a portion of this capital to settle in his own mind just what ought to be done to save the chief industry of the country. Farmer Allen, though short-handed at home, was quite willing to turn an empty nail keg over and assist at the symposium.

The man on the soap box had just remarked that the railroads had ruined farming.

"Why, just look at the stuff in this store. There 's canned tomatoes from Maine and canned pears from California, and evaporated apples from Delaware and pickles put up in New York, and flour and Indian meal from way out west, and hams from Cincinnati and dressed beef from Chicago, and all sort of things from everywhere."

"And fresh vegetables, too," remarked another worker, who was supporting the cracker barrel. "I guess, in these season, there 's lettuce from Boston and onions from Bermudy. Isn't that so, Joel?"

Joel Sanders, who had tended store for nearly fifty years, was entirely willing to quit work and add to the general sum of useful knowledge.

"Yes, siree. Since the city folks began to come here summers I have to keep everything they want. I get fresh lettuce every day from Boston, and there 's potatoes from Bermudy, and actually cauliflowers from France and cabbage from Holland and celery from Kilamazoo and melons from Georgy, water cress from New York, and I have had chickens from Philadelphy and fowls from Canady. Fact is, I have to get stuff all round and the railroad will deliver stuff here in the afternoon I telegraph for it from Boston in the morning. It 's the city folks do it. They will have first-class stuff and I've got to get it where I can. I uster buy everything right

round here, and I do considerable now, but these city folks ain't satisfied without I give 'em the best that can be bought anywhere."

"It 's these city folks that have ruined the farming business," remarked the man on the soap box.

"Yes, sir. They bought your farm for twice what you give for it and it 's got more boulders to the acre than any place in this country. I tell you, the city folks who come up here and build houses out of the very stones in the fields are the saving of this deestric. It 's their French cooks that 's ruined farming."

This was greeted with laughter. French cooks and agricultural depression "didn't jibe," as one man expressed it.

"I tell you it 's so. People used to be satisfied with corn beef and a little garden sass —"

"Yes. Just as they uster be satisfied with cold rooms, but lots of 'em died of it."

"Nobody died of good farm-living and it 's this fancy cooking, this using fruits and vegetables out of their natural season, that ruined the farming of Connecticut."

"Nobody died of farm living that growed up, but the babies died pretty regular couple of generations back. Tell you, it was a tough baby that could grow big enough to eat pie and salt pork and saleratus bread."

The old fellow who had sold out to a Boston banker and who now lived on his interest account still stuck to his idea.

"It 's the French cooking. These city folks ain't satisfied with the stuff we raise, and so Sanders, here, just rakes all creation to get the things the cooks says they wants. The idea of lettuce in winter and all this canned truck and beans in bottles and 'vaporated apple pies."

Farmer Allen had heard all this before. To rail at the city people and their wants was a local amusement. It was an amusement tinged with a certain bitterness. There was a feeling that somehow a great deal of money was spent in the town that did not stay there. It went off by mail and express to every part of the country and to foreign parts for food that was once and could be now produced upon the farms in the neighborhood, and by the very men who blamed the French cook for the smallness of their own bank accounts. This time Farmer Allen thought he saw a new light on the subject.

"I tell you it isn't the French cooks or

high living or anything like that. These United States is too terrible rich. There's lots of folks got money and they can pay for pretty good eating, cucumbers in March and that sort of living, just as you and I would, if we could afford it. Fact is, a variety of vittles is good for folks. Must be so for there isn't any such hearty looking children on the farms as you see atennissing and abicycling round these city folks' places."

"Then why don't they buy our stuff?"

"I tell you," said Sanders, "you are all wrong. It's the railroads that's ruined Connecticut farming. It's too terrible easy to fetch things from places where land is cheap and plowing easy. 'Sides all that, I can get a barrel of fresh vegetables from Boston quicker'n easier than I can send a boy three miles up to Allen's place and wait for him to hitch up and drive down with it. If it wasn't for the roads being so bad mebbly things would be different."

Here the discussion reached a point where there was always a disagreement. The older and more conservative men were opposed to any increase in the road tax. The cost of "working out" the tax every year was a fruitful source of complaint. The roads were good enough. The younger men thought they might be better, but at the annual town meeting they were always outvoted and thus the roads remained as they were year after year.

Sanders had not the wit to see the wisdom of his own remark, and the others knowing that it was useless to discuss roads kept silent for a few moments. After awhile Farmer Allen spoke up,

"Well, now, Sanders. You may be right. The roads are pretty bad any time and some days, spring and fall, I declare if it don't seem more trouble and bother to drive down here with stuff than the whole stuff is worth."

The others looked on in surprise. Farmer Allen had never been known before to admit that anybody was right, except himself, least of all, Joel Sanders, who kept store and therefore couldn't be expected to know anything about farming.

"Tell you, all of you, it's so. If you could skip down here, twelve or fourteen miles an hour, in a light one-horse team, you'd beat the railroad and give the stuff I could sell. That is, if you raised stuff I wanted, which you generally don't do. My folks want home strawberries and there isn't any, and D-Aug.

then you haul in winter cabbages after all the city folks have gone to town. 'Sides they don't want cabbage at any price and they'd give twenty cents a quart for berries, if they wasn't all shook to pieces on the stones in the road while you're fetching 'em to the store."

"I declare it's nigh to twelve o'clock. I orter be going 'long home. It's washing day and I don't believe Sam split any wood for mother."

"Where's Sam gone, Mr. Allen?"

"Sam's making a visit to New York. He went off kinder suddent Saturday."

"Back soon?"

"I guess so. I'm considerable drove 'bout my work and he'll have to come home and lend me a hand with my potatoes."

"Heard you thought of going west."

"Yes. Me and mother just going to visit our folks. Mother hasn't seen some of the children since they were married."

"You won't settle west?"

"No. I'm going to sorter look round. I've heard tell considerable of the farms that's been the ruin of our farming and I'm going out to see how they do it."

Farmer Allen drove slowly back to his home revolving these things in his mind. He passed on his way two farms that had once been the homes of friends. Now both the farmers, who were middle-aged men when he was young, were dead and their sons and daughters had gone away to the cities, where they had all prospered. He remembered hearing one man say that he didn't see how he could divide his sixty-acre farm among his ten children. They would each starve on six acres—and not one owned a single acre to-day. The farm was practically abandoned. The orchards were falling into the pasture stage. The old white house sheltered only summer boarders and the once well filled barns were empty—one had burned down. The present owner was not a farmer at all and sold all the grass at auction. The other place had been closed up, empty and for sale for the past three years. He also passed two farms that had been purchased by some city man who had torn down all the stone walls and made lawns and drives where once had been crops. It had once produced food, now it seemed to produce only a passing pleasure to the eye.

With all this he knew that there was a large transient population that spent a great deal of

money for food in a food-producing country, and one half of all the food came from other states. Eight miles to the west lay a large manufacturing village where houses were always in demand, where in a year more people arrived than departed, where new houses were constantly being built, new streets laid out, and where a very great sum must be spent for food. This money, also, all drifted away to other places.

"Sanders may be right. There isn't 'nuf Indian corn raised in this county to give the people much more than one johnnycake a year. I dare say my whole crop of potatoes wouldn't last the folks in that town mor'n two dinners and a breakfast. It's the railroads that keep people from starving to death. And yet there is the soil, and one time the soil of this state fed the people in the state. It does not do it to-day, for there are more folks to be fed than farmers to feed them. Curious, anyway. Guess if me and mother travel far enough we can find out what's the matter."

The old horse stopped before the door of his own accord for his master was thinking deeply on many things. Mrs. Allen came out to the door.

"Any letter from Sam, father?"

"Not a letter, Silence. Now don't you worry, Silence. Sam's a good boy and perfectly able to take care of himself. He will come home to-morrow, because he knows the potatoes need tending to."

CHAPTER V.

Two men came out of the door of Faneuil Hall and stood for a moment looking toward the long stone market opposite and the wide street on either side.

"As you say, it does a man good to go in there and see the relics of those days when folks believed in the country 'nuf to fight for it."

Farmer Allen had been in Boston before and yet had never visited the "Cradle of Liberty." His son-in-law, Humphrey Wood, had met him on South Market Street wandering with evident curiosity among the market wagons and along the sidewalks encumbered with farm products. The old man had just come to town, had sent his wife out to his son-in-law's home, and had then wandered down to the "big market." He had seen it before, had even sold his crops on the same broad, sunny street, and yet, in a sense, it was all

new to him. In his wanderings he had met Wood and the young man had invited him to visit the old hall. Here in the quaint half classic, half colonial architecture of the Cradle he found a suggestion of the long-dead past. The pictures and the silence disturbed only by the faint murmur from the streets, had both affected him strongly. He had not said much. Somehow in such places silence seems always best. Now they were again in the noise of the street his natural readiness of speech returned.

"They were all farmers in those days, 'cept those who were fishermen. They had no competition with the West or South nor railroads to bother them and they must have been prosperous to have carried on a seven years' war."

"Things were simple in those days," replied the son. "Our questions are more complex. You talk about competition. Come out to my place and see how we manage it. First let's go through the market and then I'll find the team and we will drive home."

To Farmer Allen the market seemed discouraging. The enormous quantities of farm produce he had observed before. Then he seemed to regard it simply as a mass. Now he studied it in detail and asked many questions. It was only the village store repeated on a gigantic scale. Here were products of the soil from every quarter of the country. The railroad and steamship made it possible to assemble in one market all products. What must be the effect of this? Could the agriculture of one place compete with that of other places? The farms around Boston could produce nearly all these things in their season. Then, why bring the same products from such a distance?

"You'll see," said the younger man, "when we get home. Massachusetts does not grow enough food of some kinds in one year to give a decent breakfast to Massachusetts people once a year and yet every express-freight train that rolls out of the Boston stations carries food to other states. Here's Hans my driver, and we'll get aboard and skip along home."

The big two-horse wagon was quite empty save for a few baskets nested together and the three men were comfortably bestowed and the journey began. First the business streets, then the shopping streets with their tangle of electric cars, then the railroad district among the big stations, and then the short

bridge over the river and they caught glimpses of the gray shaft of Bunker Hill. Presently the streets opened into smooth, hard suburban roads. The horses took the light wagon along the excellent roads rapidly. Before and behind were other two-horse wagons in long procession stretching out into the more open country, and each one doing its good ten miles an hour with ease. It was not exactly country. There were everywhere electric lights, sidewalks, and endless wooden houses, each with its lawn or garden.

"It's years since you were here and you'll hardly know the place. Boston has grown out all about us and we have practically moved into town."

"Is this your place? Why, it's a village."

"No. It's part of the city. There's Em'ly and the baby and mother. Come right in and see the folks. After dinner we'll look about over the farm."

"Dinner! Why, it's most supper time."

"We dine at six o'clock. I can't afford to lose time on a dinner in the middle of the day. At night the day's work is done and there is time to dine in comfort."

"Well, you do upset all my notions of farming."

"They'll be upside down before you get through with your trip."

Mrs. Allen couldn't understand it at all. Dinner at supper time. It was against nature.

"No, mother. It is clear common sense. The day's work is done and we can dine in peace without the hurry and interruptions of midday."

"Well, Em'ly. You may be right, but I'm surprised you use baker's bread."

"I'm too busy, my time is worth too much to my husband to afford to bake or wash or do the drudgery of housekeeping. I earn more as his bookkeeper and cashier than I could save keeping house. You see, with us, farming is a manufacture and we run our little ten acre farm precisely like a factory. Ten hours' work a day for all except Hans, the driver, who has to start for the city at four o'clock in the morning."

"Ten hours a day, Em'ly! Why, you can't get through all your work in that time! I generally work from sun to sun and I'm drove all the time."

"Now, father, let's get at the cold truth. You never really work more than eight hours a day. You waste about eight more going to

the post office and standing round talking and doing work that should be given to cheaper labor."

"Sam used to do the chores."

"Yes, and has run away—Oh! have you heard from him yet?"

"Yes. He's got a place and he's going to stay six weeks to see how he likes it."

"He'll like it. Don't you dream that he will ever come back. I know Sam."

"I don't know what we shall do 'bout the chores."

"Why, father, there shouldn't be so many chores. That's where you lose money every day. Your cows have to be watered and it takes six pails twice a day carried from the well to the barn. We turn one faucet in the barn and water our four horses and one cow in about four seconds. The water is laid right into the stalls. See the enormous saving of time and labor and it's these things that cost money."

"I should think your help would get dreadful lazy, if things are made so easy for them."

"Not at all. It makes them smart and spry. They are saved from one labor to be free to attend to another. When a man sees his labor is not wasted he feels he is accomplishing something. I'm sure it costs you twenty times as much to water your stock as it does us and that is all clear gain for us."

"Oh! you have city water laid on."

"Yes, and you have a spring back of the barn on the hill side, and it rains on your barn roof and runs to waste when it might run into a tank under the eaves and thus give it a head that would enable you to pipe it anywhere."

"You may be right. I never thought of it that way. Same time, chores have to be done."

"Yes, but there are too many chores on all the farms in the country. Some day you'll cook with gas, as we do, and save chopping wood and lugging coal and sifting ashes and all that costly and useless labor."

"Cook with gas, Em'ly! Why, I should think everything would taste of the gas."

"Does the dinner seem peculiar in any way, mother?"

"Well, no, 'cept it's real good."

The dinner finished, Mr. Wood insisted that they all sit down awhile and rest in big comfortable chairs on the piazza where they could see all the color and gaiety of a lively and prosperous suburban street.

"Shouldn't think you could set down and rest. Haven't you got some chores to finish up?"

"Why?" said the daughter. "This is our favorite hour. We call it 'baby's hour.' We always rest half an hour after dinner and see the baby and any visitors who happen to call."

"Seems to me it's you who waste time."

"No, sir," said Humphrey. "I have just eaten something. I rest for thirty minutes to digest it and thus I keep perfectly well and I'm up to concert pitch all the time. I always rest after eating and thus I never have the farmer's dyspepsia and when I go to work I do three times as much as if I had tried to work and dispose of a meal at the same time. There's another bit of advice for farmers. Keep well and do more work—and save doctor's bills."

Farmer Allen had never thought of these things. He thought work consisted in "driving." This idea of a complete rest three times a day set him to thinking. The grandson somehow filled the half hour so pleasantly it seemed no time at all. This fact may seem curious, but it has been observed before.

Then the old man asked if it was too late to see the farm.

"No. It's still light enough to see my new rain machine."

"Rain machine! What's that?"

"Well, perhaps I should not call it a machine. It's a device for showering our crops. Come and see it."

The young man led the way to a long shed and, passing through this, opened one of the series of doors.

"Here's one of our lettuce houses."

They had entered a long glass structure containing countless tiny green lettuce plants growing in the ground.

"What a monstrous lot of plants! Shouldn't think you could sell 'em all."

"Oh, there are only a thousand dozen in this house. The next house carried two thousand dozen last winter."

"I should think it would take a man all day to water 'em."

"It would if he used a watering pot. I once used a hose, but that took too much time so I rigged a pipe on the roof under the glass. Stand back in the doorway and take out your watch while I let on the shower."

An instant later a fine mist seemed to fill the entire place and then it was gone.

"Why, it wasn't a minute."

"No. I usually give them about forty seconds. You see every single plant has been given a gentle sprinkling of water by only a turn of the hand. I calculate that saves at least twenty cents a day in labor."

"How do you keep the weeds down?"

"Well, in the first place I don't have many. I use fertilizers largely and, if weeds do appear, I have a little wheel weeder that a boy pushes along between the rows of plants. The lettuce soon covers the ground and chokes off the weeds."

Farmer Allen walked along the narrow paths between the beds lost in wonder and admiration. Every tiny leaf sparkled with dewy drops of water and stood up fresh, green, and vigorous after the artificial shower. Was not this whole business of raising crops under glass a key to much of the peculiar position of farming interests? Here were crops raised in an artificial climate. Under glass there is absolute control of heat and rain and these things are the essentials of plant life. Would the use of glass spread, would it be possible to raise other crops than flowers and lettuce in this way? Did such farming pay?

To all of which the son replied in this wise:

"Yes. It pays me because I am a manufacturer of food. I run my little ten acre farm precisely as a factory is run. I use, as you see, labor saving devices, I produce great quantities of a very superior article and consequently I get fair and steady prices. My lettuce goes off by rail as far as New York and some of it even to Albany and Hartford and New Haven and other places this side of New York. I make money by reducing the cost of manufacture and by the use of labor-saving appliances of every kind. I never plant a seed by hand. It is all done with planters. I never touch a weed out of doors or inside with the hands. I do not even dig my potatoes by hand. As for this glass business it is growing tremendously all the time. Some of these millionaires who are experimenting with glass in a large way are showing us food manufacturers that almost any garden crop can be raised under glass. You see there are plenty of people who are willing to pay good prices for choice fruit and vegetables, provided they are really superior. It is not enough to have lettuce in December or March. It must be very fine lettuce indeed, and, if it is, why it sells right alongside of lettuce

from the South. It is impossible to say what will be the outcome of this enormous increase of glass all over the country. It must pay or there would not be millions put into it as we know millions are invested in greenhouses around New York and Philadelphia. The larger part of the glass is now used for flowers, but peas, beans, tomatoes, and other farm crops will undoubtedly be introduced into plant houses and will sell just as well as rhubarb, lettuce, and radishes sell now. It's all a question of superior quality and the cost of manufacture.

It was dark by the time they had walked through all the plant houses, inspected the out-of-door crops, and visited the little barn. In the barn stood the wagon piled high with boxes and barrels of vegetables and covered from sun and dust by a large tarpaulin.

"Hans will start with this load about four o'clock in the morning, sell out, and get back by noon time."

"Why, he'll sell more stuff than I do in a month. Suppose he'll go in with another load before long?"

"The next day. He goes in with something four or five times a week and often six times a week. If I did not have big and rapid sales I could not carry on my business. My bills for fertilizers and labor are large and unless the returns are large I should soon have to wind up and sell out."

Farmer Allen could hardly sleep that night. It might have been the glare of the electric light in the street that filled the room with a white moonlight. It may have been something else. At four o'clock he rose and looked out of the window. Hans with the team was just turning out into the brightly lighted road. He drove rapidly away and the farmer returned to his bed.

"If we had roads like that, mebbly farming would be different."

CHAPTER VI.

SAMUEL ALLEN was a boy of sense. He knew at once that the train had started unnoticed and that it was useless to try to stop it. He must go on to the next stopping place and then get out and walk back. He explained this to the people who had invited him into the car, but it only caused a smile. The train would not stop again till it reached the next station twenty miles distant. One of the gentlemen then briefly explained that he was an officer of the road and that Samuel had

done them all a very great service in saving the train from wreck. Would he not like to go on with him to New York and be his guest for a few days as a reward for his services to the railroad company?

The boy looked at his plain, rough farm clothes, at his brown hands and dusty boots. The man understood it all and offered to fix him out with everything that could be needed the moment they reached New York. The name New York seemed to fill the boy's mind with crowding thoughts. New York—the city—life—business—work—everything. Then he thought of his home and mother.

Yes. He would accept the offer with the greatest pleasure, if his folks could be informed. So it was the telegrams were sent back and so it was the farmer's boy landed in New York without a cent in his pocket and actually drove through the streets in a carriage to a house that for splendor and comfort exceeded anything seen in his dreams. Things moved with bewildering rapidity. He hardly knew himself the following Monday when he came out of a large clothing house completely reclothed and with money in his pocket—all the gift of the railroad company. Of course he would pay it back some day. He couldn't accept it as a gift. More curious still, he did not ask to go about and see the sights. He wrote a long letter home and then boldly asked for work—and got it. Before night he was installed as boy or helper in an ice manufacturing and refrigerating company on the West Side down below Canal Street. It was a small place but it would enable him to live and he relied upon himself to win something better in time. He found a "hall bedroom" in a house far up town on the West Side. Its little four by nine walls must be his home for the present and a boarding house table his fare. He bravely accepted it in place of the big comfortable home he had left and he gladly accepted the change from the free open air to a dark damp cellar filled with the roar of machinery. It was work—in the city. He would take care that the work led to something.

The place where he had the good fortune to thus easily find a chance to earn a living was one of those curious structures that are the outgrowth of modern science. Below the level of the street was a huge plant for the manufacture of artificial cold. This refrigerating establishment made ice in the lower part of the building and stored farm products

in cold rooms on the upper floors. Samuel's first duties were in handling the new blocks of ice as they came out of the brine tanks. Learning in a day or two that he was from a farm and familiar with cheese, butter, and poultry, and withal seeing that he was a willing worker, ready, active, and anxious to learn he was transferred upstairs to the storage department.

At first the young man found it rather trying to receive wagon loads of farm products at the street door in all the damp heat of late summer in New York and then to accompany the goods in the elevator to the still, dry cold of the storage rooms. In these rooms rows of iron pipes on the walls glistened always with silvery frost. In some rooms the thermometer stood always at about 25° Fahrenheit. In others at 30° and 33° or 34°. In the colder rooms everything was frozen hard. Poultry was stiff with frost and fish lay piled upon the floor sparkling with hoar frost like so many blocks of ice. In the less cold rooms butter, cheese, and eggs were piled in enormous masses in the cool, dry air. To enter the rooms double doors must be passed and within there was total darkness, save when the electric lights cast a faint yellow glare over the glittering pipes and the tiers of boxes and barrels. The business of the place was the continual arrival of butter, cheese, eggs, poultry, and fish and the departure of the same—and endless exchange of goods arriving and departing every day under orders from unknown and unseen buyers and sellers. Everywhere food, food in enormous masses, coming, going—always coming and going.

After awhile he became accustomed to the work and then he began to think and to ask questions. The men about him rather resented his curiosity. Why not get through the hours of labor as easily as possible with as little work as possible? What was the use of knowing things? Wages, wages—that's all there is worth bothering about. The ignorance and indifference of the men first surprised him and then encouraged him. It would not be difficult to rise above such men. He would push on to other and more profitable work. Fortunately he won the confidence of one of the bookkeepers in the office and in the leisure of the noon half-hour, while others slept or drank beer or did nothing he asked questions and in time began to grasp the meaning of the business in which he was employed.

He understood very quickly that the idea underlying the business was the preservation of farm products by means of cold. His wanderings about the city had early shown him that there were great markets where enormous quantities of farm products were received and sold. He saw tons of poultry arrive by rail and boat and saw whole carloads of butter, eggs, and cheese delivered in a few hours. He saw also gigantic steamships loading in one hour more food than twenty farms like his father's at home could produce in a year. He knew also that all this food was perishable, that it must be sold and consumed in a few days or hours or be lost and the loss would be put on the farmer. He had the sense to see that chickens consigned to a dealer in the city must be sold at some price at once. This food could not be sold to people who could not sell it again. Moreover, he soon saw that one European steamship could load up in twenty-four hours more food than could be delivered from the farms in two or three days. Looking about with wide, curious eyes he saw other vast storage warehouses besides the one in which he was employed, every one packed with farm produce held safe from decay or loss by the simple preservation of cold air.

The storage warehouse was thus a conservator of farm products. If too much food came into the city it was promptly put into the cold warehouses. There it was safe for months. If storms blockaded the railroads and the streams of food from the farms were cut off for a day or two the people could still be fed from the great supplies in the warehouses. If great steamships arrived and the immediate supply of fresh food in the market was not large enough to give them an immediate load the supplies in the warehouses were drawn upon and thus time and money were saved and prices were kept uniform and steady.

All these things and many more served to give the farmer boy a kind of mental tonic. He began to think fast, he learned to put two and two known things together to get at an unknown thing. The city seemed to be a gigantic school in which men and things were teachers. He caught himself walking faster in the streets. He found he had insensibly acquired the habit of observation. He seemed, somehow, to find everything he saw in the papers had some bearing on his work. He found himself recalling things he had learned on the

farm as bearing on things he saw in the city. His work seemed to point always to the farm. The railroads and steamboats delivered farm products, the markets were jammed with farm teams from Jersey and Long Island. The whole city below Fourteenth Street seemed like one vast warehouse for storing the wealth that came out of the soil. He found himself wondering where the tons of chickens he saw frozen stiff in the still cold rooms of the warehouse came from. Why, all the chickens on the old place at home would hardly fill a couple of barrels and here were half a thousand barrels in one room and half a dozen other rooms within a block of the warehouse.

So much did these things fill his mind that he, at first, forgot himself. He was too tired at night to sit up and read or to go out of doors. In the morning he must be up by daylight in order to be at the warehouse when the doors opened. Sundays he wrote a letter to the folks at home and rested, for, somehow, in all his long days' work on the farm he had never really understood what labor meant. Besides the labor, there were the feverish rush and roar of the city at all times. Nothing ever seemed to stop and he found that unless he went to bed early he could not keep up with his work. In all this he, in a sense, forgot himself.

Presently he found the shortening days gave him more leisure. Then he came to himself. Was it all of life to work, to think, and observe and learn? The evenings were longer and his little bedroom began to be very dreary and lonely. He must have more diversion, perhaps amusement. He remembered that at home there was never any amusement. Now he seemed to want it and the worst of it was he didn't know where to find it. He couldn't walk the streets. They were showy and all that, but very tiresome. He couldn't go to the Park or the picture galleries or libraries. He didn't know where they were. He couldn't stay in his little room. He began to wish he were back on the farm. Then he thought of the life there, the dreary round of monotonous labor, the chores. He might have his dull evenings here, but his work was interesting and that compensated for everything.

He did not know it, but he stood at the parting of the ways. He was only one of tens of thousands of young men who come to the city and find work and then choose whether they shall go on along a safe honorable road

to success and happiness or turn aside to go down to moral wreck. The city makes or breaks. It makes character or ruins it. New and strange temptations came to him. Why not do this or go there or see this or meet these men or women? It were better than the dreary loneliness of his hall bedroom with its hideous wall paper, its mismatched and broken furniture, its chilliness, and, worse than all, its noisy neighbors.

Fortunately something happened that, for the moment, directed his thoughts from himself. He was called down from his work to the street door and there found his father, just as he used to see him in his Sunday best. He asked and obtained a half holiday and changing his clothes started out with his father to go to the hotel and see his mother.

"Hold on a minute, Sam. 'Fore we go to the hotel tell me what sort of a job have you got here."

"Why, I'm in a refrigerating warehouse. We store butter and eggs and poultry and cheese and such stuff."

"You don't mean to say you're working for one of these thieving middlemen. Why, they are only robbers. They've been the ruin of many a farmer. I shipped a barrel of chickens, there was one or two old roosters we didn't want in the lot, and the man sent me back a bill for selling 'em for less than the freight."

"When was that, father?"

"Let me see. It was Christmas, more'n ten years ago, and I have n't sent a barrel to New York since. You don't ketch me being robbed mor'n once."

Samuel laughed in spite of himself.

"Oh, I understand all this storage business. I've read about it in our county paper. They buy the farmer's stuff for most nothing when it's plenty and keep it froze up till things is scarce and sell it again for fresh stuff. I wonder it don't pizen the folks that eat it."

Samuel was puzzled for a moment to form a reply. He was surprised at his father's ignorance and surprised also that he should recognize the fact himself. He did not care to dispute with his own father in the streets and he, at the same time, felt sure that he knew more about the matter than his father possibly could. He wisely dropped the subject and led the way to the nearest car that would take them to the hotel where he might find his mother.

The first meeting of mother and son over, the boy naturally asked about home and home interests.

"Everything is going on 'bout the same as usual. Me and father are going on a visit out west to see Maria and John and Edward's to meet us somewhere and if we have time we may go see Tobias in Dakota. And father said we must stop in New York and see if you're ready to go home."

"No, mother. I can never go home. It's very lonely here at times, but I've got only one life to live. I shall live it out here."

"Your father will leave you the farm, Samuel, some day."

"I don't want it, mother, at least, I don't think I shall ever want it, unless it could be used in some very different way from what it is used now."

"Samuel is working for one of these thieving middlemen that ruin the farmers, mother. Mebbe he thinks he can make more money grinding the farmers than being one himself."

"It is nothing of the kind, father. I have seen lots of these middlemen, as you call them, and I have found them able and honest men. Why, these very storage warehouses that you think are such an injury to your business, save the farmers from loss every month in the year. A cold storage warehouse in a market tends to keep prices fixed and uniform so that the producer knows just what he can get at all times. It acts as a balance absorbing a glut when too much stuff is sent in from the farms and preventing excessive prices to the consumer when things are scarce. You complain of the loss of a barrel of chickens when you foolishly sent it into the market when it was already full, and when there were no warehouses to preserve it till the market should improve."

"Now, Samuel, if you're going to talk like that to your old father you'd better come right home."

"Oh, do let the boy talk, mother. I started out to find out what's the matter with farming and I'm not above learning from a boy in a freezing shop, if he is my son."

"Then you come right down town with me and I'll show one or two things that will open your eyes. You can learn more about farming in New York than you can by sticking on your farm. Come on. We've got four hours of daylight and we can see a good deal in four hours."

The young man wisely led the way by cross town car through West Fourteenth Street to Gansevoort Market and West Washington Market, and then on down by the Belt Line Road through the steamship region to Washington Market. They had the good fortune to see a European steamer depart and saw others loading at the docks. He pointed out the enormous storage warehouses, the great cracker bakeries and food canning and preserving establishments, and then took the Elevated Railroad up town to see the tenement district on the West Side and the residence district beyond. Everywhere food, food in profusion. Everywhere tens of thousands of people busy buying, selling, preserving, and storing food, giving it new forms and new values. In the uptown districts the consumers swarmed and the wonder seemed, not that there was so much food, but that there should be enough for all. At the door of the hotel they found a palatial store filled with food of the choicest and most expensive kinds. Everywhere farm products as if all the world must be one great farm to supply the city.

Farmer Allen said but little during the trip. He could not but admire his son's knowledge of the business.

"You seem to know it all, Sam."

"Oh, no. I've only been here a few weeks. All I know I picked up by observation or learned while about my work. You see there are in and around New York four million people who must be fed every day, and not one in a hundred thousand produces any of the food he eats."

"Must be a powerful sight of money sent somewhere. Suppose mighty little of it gets to the farmers. These city fellers get the heft of it."

"They get some of it, but see what an enormous benefit to the farmers all these modern methods of treating and handling food. All the farmer's crops begin to perish as soon as they are gathered. If they perish before consumed the loss falls chiefly on the buyer and not on the farmer. So it happens the buyers invented these methods of saving the food from destruction. Modern science has made it possible to preserve all foods in some form for an indefinite time, so that, practically, the entire food product of the country can be saved every year. Tell you, father, the mistake is that the farmers don't do this themselves."

"Gracious! I couldn't build a freezing shop. It would cost mor'n my whole place is worth."

"Of course it would. A good refrigerating plant would cost a hundred thousand dollars, and even then you'd have to build it in a railroad center where the stuff to fill it could be collected. I don't pretend to know much, but I do know that if farmers would come to New York once in a while and look round there wouldn't be so much howling at the middleman."

"Can't do it, Samuel. We've got to stay on the farm and do the chores."

"Oh, bother chores! I'm mad every day to think of what an awful waste of my life can be laid to your old chores. Why don't you fix things to save chores and sit down and do some thinking like city folks. There's more money made in thinking than was ever saved by doing your own chores."

"Samuel," said Mrs. Allen with just a quiver in her voice, "don't you be setting yourself up to know mor'n's common. I guess your father would not set you to any work that wasn't good for you. And then again it does seem as if there was a monstrous sight of work to be done nights and mornings at home."

"Yes, mother, and one half of it is dead loss and waste of time and labor—and that is money. I wish," said the young man with enthusiasm, "that the farmers could fix it to attend to their crops in the spring and summer, say between March and November, and then shut up shop and come down to New York and take a hand in saving and handling the crops they raise."

"Most of 'em would make an all-fired mess of it, if they did."

"Yes, father, they would, at first, but if the farmers who raise poultry could combine and build and run their own cold storage house and thus control their own products there would be less complaint about the middleman."

"I don't know, Samuel, I don't know. You may be right. Tell you, things in this country are all upset. Farming is going to ruin and these rich bankers and speculators get hold of all our stuff and we ain't making a cent and never will as long as things go on as they do now. Your brother John is elected to the legislature of Kansas and he writes that there's got to be a change or the country will go to smash."

"You seem to have made money, father, or you could not be going on a visit to Kansas."

"It's your mother's butter and egg money, Samuel. It's took nearly twenty-five years to save it up."

"Yes," said Mrs. Allen, "and I don't begrudge spending it, if I can see the children once more 'fore it's too late. It's worth all we paid to come to New York to see Samuel looking so well and hearty."

The young man sat silent for some minutes thinking much. His mother had done this and he had selfishly run away from home just to escape the dull monotonous life of the farm. He had found in New York only a change of work and a change, as far as the mere labor was concerned, not for the better.

It was already late and they all went down to the restaurant of the hotel and had a simple and inexpensive dinner. The young man could not fail to notice the extreme caution his mother exhibited in spending money. She seemed to weigh every quarter before they spent it. Then he remembered the actual physical labor that it costs to earn a quarter of a dollar on a New England farm, and he thought of the great sum she would spend before the long journey was over. Yet she begrudged it not—for the children's sake.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN Farmer Allen paid for the little dinner in the New York restaurant he ventured to ask the cashier a question.

"I liked the butter you give us for dinner real well. Would you mind telling me what you give for it?"

"Dollar a pound."

"Dollar a pound!"

"Yes. It's gilt edge."

"I've heard of gilt edge, but I didn't know folks really give a dollar for butter. I raise some butter myself."

"Yes? We are not buying to-day."

"Oh, I'm not selling any just now."

"Wish I was," added the old man to himself, "at that price. Dollar a pound. Suppose the middleman gets the heft of the dollar. I kinder wish I could see a place where they raised dollar butter."

He repeated all this to his son as another evidence of the rapacity of the middleman.

"There's no farmer in our county getting more than twenty-nine cents, and that's a

clear seventy-one cents for just handling the butter."

"You're right, father, there are no farmers at home getting more than twenty-nine cents and that's all their butter is worth. To get a gilt edge price you must produce a gilt edge article."

"Well, I'd just like to see how they do it."

"Oh, that's easy enough if you can afford the time and money to visit one of the high-class butter makers."

Farmer Allen considered the matter carefully and, as he said, "talked it over with mother," and the next day it was decided that he and his wife should run up the Hudson to the celebrated Lawton Place and take a look at a first-class modern dairy farm.

"I guess it will pay, seeing we make butter ourselves."

"Of course it will pay, father. It always pays to learn something."

So it happened that Farmer Allen and his wife set out on their journey in the pursuit of useful knowledge intending to be gone one or two days and then to return to New York, and then to start for the West.

Samuel Allen returned to his chilly labors with entire satisfaction. The little interview with his parents had brought back all the years of work he had, as he expressed it, wasted on the farm. The return to his little hall bedroom was another matter. It seemed more unutterably desolate and forlorn than ever after spending an evening with his mother. For the first time he felt homesick.

The next day he was too busy to think much about home. At night his lodgings seemed more dismal than ever. He was too tired to go out to walk—besides it was raining—and if he went out, where should he go? He called at the hotel the next day and was surprised to find that his parents had not returned. The clerk informed him, however, that a lady had called that day and asked for the Allens, but had left no word for them or even a card.

"I wonder who she can be. Nobody I know for I don't know a lady in town and haven't been inside a house except my boarding place since the night I staid at the railroad man's house. Father must be having a good time at the dairy farm—or he's come back and gone on to Brother Timothy's and I've missed him."

The railroad corporation, who had in

Samuel Allen's estimation so liberally rewarded him for saving that train from wreck, thought their whole duty done in spending about a hundred dollars on the young man. In point of fact, the officer of the road who had assisted Samuel to come to town had paid the whole thing out of his own pocket and then reported the affair to the company. The company thanked him for his wisdom in rewarding the boy so cheaply and paid the bill out of the treasury. They called it "business," and when the business was done their duty was done, and so it happened the boy was set afloat in the city and left to shift for himself. That the boy thus left alone, absolutely friendless (except for such friends as he could make) might, himself, leave the line in disastrous wreck did not seem to concern them. Perhaps they were wise. The city makes or breaks—it builds character or ruins it. It all depends on the man—or something else.

The third day came and the Allens had not returned. That night the hall bedroom was a horror. There was a man with an accordion in the next room. There was a girl with a piano all out of tune in the next house. The night was very warm for the season, and he sat down by the open window to endure it—and the smell from the ill-kept street choked him. He must go out of doors somewhere—anywhere to escape from his loneliness and misery. He walked fast to escape from the rather poor quarter in which he lived and presently crossed Sixth Avenue below Fourteenth Street. He could not stay on the avenue on account of the hideous railroad and its nerve-destroying trains. The streets were quieter here and he walked slowly on past the tall black houses. Here and there a window was open or a curtain drawn aside and he saw beautiful rooms, brilliant with lights, pictures, and artistic furniture and decorations. How many happy people must live in these houses. They had spacious and, best of all, quiet rooms. They had books and music—amusements. He began to wonder how many years it would be before he could have any of these things. His wages supported him. He even saved a little every week, but "he never had any fun." He passed a house where the low window stood wide open and he paused a moment and looked in. A beautiful girl sat in a great easy chair reading a book under the red glow of a tall lamp. She seemed

very sweet and good and amiable, as if her very presence must be a joy and blessing to somebody.

Somehow a choking sob rose in his throat and startled him. The girl seemed to hear it for she rose and pulled the curtain down and there was only the blank glare of the white shade. He moved on surprised at himself. What had so affected him? There was nothing suggestive of the old home on the farm. And yet —

Then he came out on Fifth Avenue. The long lines of lights seemed to extend on and on far away into the darkness. He looked east and west along the street. It was the same—two long lines of starlike lights meeting in the distance. The immensity of the city seemed to overwhelm him and he turned aimlessly down the avenue under the trees that already glowed red and golden in the electric lights. He passed a stone church whose square, somber tower shut out the pale light of the quartering moon. The building was dark and cheerless and the huge iron gates looked as if they had not been opened for years. Everything about the old church seemed to say, "Keep out, you cannot enter here."

Every moment people passed him on the walk. Some passed close beside him, going the same way and with no more attention to him than if he were one of the iron posts before the church. Others came up and passing glanced at him with stony indifference.

"Good evening."

He stopped to see who spoke. It might be he had a friend who would talk to him. How welcome it would be to hear any friendly voice in the awful loneliness of the streets.

It was a young and rather pretty girl whose face seemed strangely familiar. This very fact and the fact that she had spoken to him confused him for a moment. He tried to recall her name, but could not. She must know him for he had seen her face before—and then she spoke first. He laughed with almost boyish pleasure. Here was companionship in his loneliness. She had a soft in-

sinuating manner and seeing his hesitation and confusion spoke again.

"Are you out for a walk?"

"Yes. I'm sick and tired of my room, and I'm—I'm all alone in New York."

"Guess you're from the country."

"Yes. But I'm getting to be a regular New Yorker."

"Let's walk up the avenue. I live other side of Sixth Avenue."

He was more than ready to go anywhere provided she did not leave him again to the appalling solitude of the crowd. Where she might lead him did not, for the moment, enter his mind. He was too happy to find some one whose face was familiar though he could not recall her name or where he had met her. That there was aught else in the meeting never once entered his head.

They walked slowly up town and presently passed into the shadow of the stone church. The air seemed to suddenly grow cold and his companion drew closer to him as if for protection, and yet her nearer presence seemed to chill his very heart. Just then the girl laughed—a soft, scornful little laugh.

"See the old woman coming. My! Isn't she country?"

They passed out of the shadow of the steeple and the moonlight fell on the bent figure of a woman in queer, old-fashioned clothes, who was advancing toward them. Samuel paused in surprise. The figure was strangely familiar. Then the woman looked up and he knew her. At the same instant he glanced at his companion. To his amazement she too seemed to recognize the woman. The girl's upturned face was brought out in startling distinctness by the electric light above her. It was ashen, with a ghastly gray, and the eyes seemed to glitter in the white light. He saw that even the girl's hands were white. He knew at the same instant that his own face was scarlet, and that his hands were damp with sudden perspiration.

"Why, Samuel Allen—I—"

"Deliverance!"

(To be concluded in September.)

TRIAL TRIP OF THE CRUISER "NEW YORK."

BY ALBERT FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

THE recent trial trip of the armored cruiser *New York* of the United States navy was a matchless exhibition of the mastery of man over the forces of nature. No such vessel as the *New York*, combining the strength and beauty of the merchantman with the majesty and force of the man-of-war, has yet been built. No war vessel of more than 5,000 tons displacement has ever gone so fast and her record of 21 knots of sustained sea-speed on a four hours' run stands unrivaled in the achievements of any navy. From the time that the *New York* flew her "Blue Peter" at Cramp's shipyard in Philadelphia an hour or two before she started on her trip, signifying that this stalwart and fortress-like craft was to sail, perhaps for the only time in her existence, as a merchantman, until she crossed the line above Cape Ann a winner of \$200,000 premium for her builders, her trip was a triumph and her performance justified the ear-piercing shrieks that her siren whistle sent across the water to the mainland. The vessel withstood the great strain on her machinery without the slightest indication of stress and gave sharp contradiction to those critics who declare that these tests, where every bit of machinery is taxed to its utmost, are most injurious and unwise. She *proved* her capacity and did full credit not only to her contractors who have never failed to earn a premium on any of the ships of the new navy that they have constructed, but in a broader sense, she was typical of that American supremacy which has been justly the boast of citizens of the United States in matters where there is serious competition between it and other nations.

Moreover, this trial trip was a real test. It was prolonged and there could be no doubt of its efficiency. It was not a three-minute race over a measured mile in anticipation of which steam could be accumulated or "bottled up," as the expression is, and by means of which a false speed may be obtained. It is interesting to note that the Argentine Republic's cruiser, *Nuevo de Julio*, which participated in the Columbian review in New York harbor, and which is said to be the fastest cruiser in

the world, with a claimed record of 23 knots, made this record over a measured mile with steam that had been bottled up. Neither was the *New York's* record made by the dial marks on patent logs. Up to a speed of 15 knots these logs are nearly always accurate. Above that they are almost invariably faulty. Indeed, at one time the logs of the *New York* recorded a speed of 23 knots, a record equal to that of the celebrated English cruiser *Blenheim*, which is supposed to have run at this speed for one hour and four minutes, when her boilers began to leak and it became necessary to shut off the forced draft to avoid very serious results. Therefore, it should be clearly understood that the *New York* is unsurpassed in her performance of speed in any navy of the world. But the *New York* was built to fight as well as to run away and ex-Secretary Tracy's assertion that she is the best "all-around" naval vessel in existence seems to be justified.

To a landsman on board the vessel, such as the writer was, a four hours' race against time was most exciting; to the contractors and naval experts it was a time of nervous dread lest something, little or big, should break and the run be spoiled; to the stokers, coal-passers, engineers, oilers, and water tenders, it was a long imprisonment among angry furnaces of fire, immense arms of machinery, and in an atmosphere of concentrated effort. In a test such as this it is necessary to have deep water, so that the displaced water shall not be drawn in behind the vessel and act as a drag upon its speed. It was for that reason that the government laid off a course well out to sea north of Cape Ann and extending as far as Cape Porpoise on the Maine coast. This course was between headlands suitable for ranges, and its exact length was 41.65 knots. The *New York* was to run one way over the course, then the timing watches were to be stopped while she made a long sweep, during which the steam was not to be accumulated, and then she was to enter on the course again and run back to the starting point. The whole distance of 83.3 knots was made in approximately three hours and fifty-seven minutes.

It was necessary to go both ways over the course so as to equalize the forces of tide and wind and thus avoid any artificial assistance from either.

Before the *New York* started to cross the line she was to be of 8,150 tons displacement. It was found that she had burned so much coal on her trip from Philadelphia to Boston that it was necessary to pump 680 tons of water into her hold to bring her down to the proper weight and draft. Before she crossed the line every stanchion, every flag and flag-pole, every boat, every stay that could be dispensed with was taken down. The vessel actually went on her trip stripped as she would be for action. Every man whose presence was not required on deck was ordered to keep below so as not to retard in the slightest degree the speed of the vessel. The twin screws of the ship were revolving at the rate of 134 times a minute, and had it been a solid substance through which they were boring they would have pushed the ship along at the rate of about 16 feet for every revolution. But in the water there is a factor called "slip," and it is always undeterminable in every vessel. In the case of the *New York* it was very large, but fortunately not large enough to cause serious deterioration in the speed. Down a dozen big ventilators the engines were sucking a vast river of air amounting to more than 200,000 cubic feet a minute. This air was drawn into the airtight fire rooms where there were eight immense boilers, under each of which there were eight roaring fires. There was no place for this air-river to go except up through these fires and out the three immense smokestacks, each towering nearly fifty feet above the deck. No wonder that the coal was licked off the shovels by the draft as the firemen threw it in, and no wonder that the whole fire room was in a whirl, the coal dust flying about like the sandstorm of a desert.

In the engine rooms there was also great activity. For each of the two screws of the vessel there are two complete engines. Each of these four engines is a triumph in mechanical and engineering construction. A small army of oilers were moving about under the immense arms of these engines as they swung up and down, out and in, in a rhythmical motion. Frequently on trial trips it has been necessary to play a hose on the bearings, those places in the machinery where the greatest friction is caused, so that they may

not get overheated. Those who know the seriousness of a "hot box" on a railroad car will appreciate the need of cool bearings. On the *New York* there was not the slightest need of cooling the bearings and this was another triumph for the builders.

There were half a dozen naval vessels to mark intervals along the course. They were approximately seven miles apart and were supposed to be in a straight line. There was a slight deviation in both respects and this gave zest to the race. As the *New York* swept by one and now another of these stake-boats it was seen that, now she was making superb time, and again apparently lagging. This kept the question of success an unknown quantity until the very end. When she seemed to lag a look at the indicators told that the powerful engines were still keeping up their matchless record of 134 revolutions to the minute.

The day was perfect for such a run. The sea was as smooth as an inland lake on a quiet day. The wind was of moderate strength. The sun was bright and the sky was a concave of solid blue. Over the bow of the vessel as it pushed aside an enormous wave, the sun, shining through the wave's crest, arched a rainbow that traveled with the vessel along its upward course. The tremendous power of such a craft had a striking illustration as one watched the waves that reached out from her sides toward the shore in sharp angles. When the first of the rolling waves reached that sturdy gunboat, the *Bennington*, one of the vessels to mark the course, long after the *New York* had passed, it was seen that she rolled and rocked as though she were in a typhoon's grasp. It seemed as if the cheering sailors in her rigging would drop into the water as their vessel swayed far down into the trough of the *New York's* swell. Tug boats and smaller craft seemed, from the *New York*, to be engulfed, but invariably they righted themselves and appeared on the crest of the following wave. The great black streamers of smoke lingered over the ocean for miles and did not disappear until the horizon drew them down out of sight. By the aid of glasses it was possible to see clearly from one guide boat to another and hence the course was laid from boat to boat somewhat irregularly. The tide, too, seized the long trail of white and green that made the sparkling wake of the *New York* and swept it in and out in curves and at times made the vessel

seem to follow a crooked path. But such was not the case. Pilot Lew Chambers of the Delaware River had the wheel. He is a man of great practical experience in steering and in watching tides and currents. Captain Sargent of Philadelphia, formerly in command of the *Ohio* of the American line, and well known recently as the man who, a year and a half ago, took the first cargo of provisions from Philadelphia to the starving Russian peasants, was in command. He is now engaged permanently by the Messrs. Cramp as their navigator. He had his charts close by on the bridge and he was ready to steer by compass as well as by guide boats. Mr. Edwin S. Cramp, one of the younger members of the contracting firm, had on his shoulders the entire responsibility of the trip so far as representing the contractors was concerned. He is a man rarely skilled in marine engineering and he was assisted by Mr. Lewis Nixon, formerly constructor in the navy but now in the Cramps' employ. Then there was a government board, headed by admiral Belknap, whose duty it was to make a record of the vessel's performance. They timed the boat officially as she crossed the lines at the beginning and end of the course; they watched the patent logs until by reason of the great speed these were carried away; they took observations of the vibration in various parts of the ship, of which there really was none; they took indicator cards from a registering machine attached to the cylinders to tell the horse power of the engines; they watched every vital spot in the machinery; they made note of the steering, the force and nature of the wind, and caused observations to be made on board each of the guide boats as to the strength and direction of the tide. All this data, to a greater or less extent, entered into their report, and the determination of the actual speed. When the run was ended and the *New York* had steam to spare in answering salutes it was found unofficially that her speed

was 21.07 knots. The board decided, however, that the tide had helped more than hindered her and they reduced the speed to just 21 knots. This satisfied the contractors, for their agreement with the government called for a premium of \$50,000 for every quarter of a knot in excess of the required 20 knots.

A majestic figure this vessel made racing down the home stretch to victory. On her way back to the starting place it was seen that she was going at a faster pace than on her upward trip. Every minute saved meant many dollars to her builders and increased pay for the trip to each of the trained set of workmen whom the Cramps employ. These stalwart men worked as they never worked before, and some of them, notably the coal passers, came out of the hold panting, and black as the blackest of Africans. On the last five minutes of the trip the excitement was intense. A broken valve would now snatch the prize of \$200,000 which the contractors saw waiting for them at the end of the course as clearly as if it was in a heap of gold held out to them in the arms of some mighty derrick. One minute passed, then another, and still another, and finally only seconds remained to mark the transit of time. Thirty seconds were gone, then forty, then fifty, and then the clanging of the gongs in the engine rooms, the screams of the whistles of various vessels at the finish of the course, the shouts and cheers of hundreds of those who saw the splendid result told the story of victory. The *New York* had made a great name for herself, for American shipbuilding, for the American navy, and by cable was flashed into every government home office of any importance in naval affairs the news that the United States had a new cruiser that could beat the world, and best of all, something for Americans to be especially proud of, all this was accomplished without the slightest strain or injury to the vessel in any part, inside or outside.

A WELL-TEMPERED WEAPON.

BY FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

LOVE not wrath's raging overmastery,
Nor draw hate's halberd for a muttered word,
But let a swift and holy pardon be
Thy trusty sword.

SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY BISHOP VINCENT.

[August 6.]

"Because that the worshipers, once purged, should have had no more conscience of sins."
—Heb. x., 2.

THE reading is not, you observe, "conscience of no more sins,"—as if the sins were stopped,—but "no more conscience of sins,"—as if the conscience of sins already past were somehow extirpated, or else the sins taken quite away from it and forever extirpated themselves, as facts, or factors of the life. And the allegation is, that while the old sacrifices of the law had power to accomplish no such thing, it is accomplished by the wonderful, seemingly impossible, efficacy of the gospel sacrifice. Those older sacrifices could not make the comers thereunto perfect—perfect, that is, as pertaining to the conscience—and therefore they must needs be renewed as remembrances of sin every year; but the offering of the body of Jesus, once for all, was sufficient; allowing us forever after to have no more conscience of sins. Now it is this practical wonder, this seeming impossibility accomplished by the cross, to which I invite your attention on the present occasion. It is what our apostle calls *the mystery of faith in a pure conscience*.

I fell in company, some years ago, with a college acquaintance—not a minister of religion, but a remarkably subtle, closely scientific thinker, and withal a devout Christian—who said to me, in a manner and tone of sensibility I can never forget, "My great trial in religion is to find how a clean bosom, in regard to sin, is ever possible. I cannot see how my sin can ever be really gotten away; indeed I fall into such darkness on this point, when I undertake to solve it, that I quite lose my faith in the possibility of a real deliverance, and feel obliged to say with David, 'My sin is ever before me.'" He went on to state his difficulty more fully, but as I have it on hand to make an exposition of the whole subject, the ground of his difficulty will be covered with much other ground besides. How then is it, or how is it to be imagined, that Christ, by His sacrifice, takes

away the condemning conscience, or the felt dishonor of transgression? This is the question we are to consider, and, if possible, answer; in doing which I will—

I. Go over, as briefly as may be, certain supposed answers, that do not appear to reach the real point of the question; and—

II. Will endeavor to exhibit and support by sufficient illustrations what appears to be the true scriptural answer.

I. The supposed answers that are not sufficient. They are various and very unlike among themselves; they still fall short, all of them, at the same point, viz.: in the fact that they do not touch, or take away at all from the mind, or memory, or conscience, the fact and shame of wrong-doing. Be the remedy this or that, still the man, as a man, is none the less consciously guilty, none the less really dishonored, shamed, damned before himself. There stands the fact, unmoved and immovable forever, that he is a malefactor soul, none the better for being safe, or forgiven, or justified.

Thus, when it is conceived that Christ has borne our punishment, that, if it were true, might take away our fear of punishment, but fear is one thing, and mortified honor, self-condemning guilt, self-chastising remorse, another and very different thing; and that will be only the more exasperated, that divine innocence itself has been put to suffering on its account.

Neither will it bring any relief to show that the justice of God is satisfied. Be it so; the transgressor is none the better satisfied with himself—his own self-damning justice is as far from being satisfied as before.

Is it then conceived that what has satisfied the justice of God, has also atoned the guilty conscience? Will it then make the guilty conscience less guilty, or say sweeter things of itself, that it sees innocence, purity, goodness divine, put to suffering for it? If anything could exasperate, even insupportably, the sense of guilt, it should be that.

Is it then brought forward to quell the guilt of the conscience that Christ has evened our account legally by His sacrifice, and that we are even justified of God, for Christ's

sake? But if God, in this manner, and by a kind of benevolent fiction, calls us just, do we any the less certainly disapprove and damn ourselves even to eternity? Nothing it would seem can save us from it, but to lose the integrity of our judgments!

Forgiveness taken as a mere release of claim, or a negative letting go of right against transgression, brings, if possible, even less help to the conscience. Christ had forgiven His crucifiers in His dying prayer, but it was the very crime of the cross, nevertheless, that pricked so many hundreds of hearts on the day of Pentecost. Christ had forgiven them, but their consciences had not!

But Christ renews the soul itself, it will be said, and makes it just within; when, of course, it will be justified. That does not follow. If Judas at the very point where he confessed, "I have betrayed the innocent blood," could have been instantly transformed into an angel of beauty, his purified sensibility would have been shaken, I think, with greater horror even of his crime than before.

But the fatherhood of God, the disciple of another and different school will take refuge under that, and say, that here, at least, there is truly no more conscience of sins. Would it not be strange, if a tolerably good father can forgive and forget, and God cannot? But who is God, and what most fitly represents Him? A mortal father who is able, just because of his weakness, to forgive and forget, or to forgive without forgetting, or to forget without forgiving, or the transgressor's own everlasting immutable conscience, which can neither forgive nor forget? What is this conscience, in fact, but God's throne of judgment in the man? Why, if God, in His fatherhood, were such a kind of being, dealing in laxities and fond accommodations, having no care for His rectoral honor, as the defender of right and order, we certainly are not such to ourselves. A conscience that can say, "No matter, God is rather loose and very easy with His children, therefore I will be to myself as good as good in my sin, and let the matter go,"—I certainly, for one, whatever may be said by others, have no conscience that can go in that loose gait. I love my conscience because it is the one thing in me that goes true and will unalterably, inevitably damn my wrongs, even if God should let them go. Nay, if God be such a God, it

would even set me in a shudder, to find how easily I might sigh for a being whom I could more sufficiently respect.

[August 13.]

You perceive in this recital how great a matter we have undertaken, and how very obstinate, or intractable, our difficulty is. Doubtless a foul vessel may be washed, a fracture mended, a personal injury redressed, a sick body restored to health and soundness, and dressed in a new covering of flesh; nay, there is a clear possibility of raising the dead to life, but to conceive a sinner so wrought in as to obliterate the fact of his sin, leaving no more conscience of it, is a very different matter, and if the possibility were not really shown by the gospel itself, we must certainly give up the question as one that we cannot solve, by any faculty that God has given to us. We come then—

II. To the question as it is, and the answer given it by the Scriptures of God.

The great question meeting us at this point is, whether it is possible, or how far possible to change the consciousness of a soul, without any breach of its identity. In this manner, we shall find, the gospel undertakes to remove, and assumes the fact of a removal of, the dishonor and self-condemnation of sin. But we shall conceive the matter more easily and naturally, if we notice, before going into the Scripture inquiry, certain analogies discoverable in our human state, which may serve as approaches to the proper truth of the question.

Thus a thoroughly venal, low-principled man, elected president of the United States, will undergo, not unlikely, an inward lifting of sentiment and impulse, corresponding with the immense lift of his position. The great honor put upon him makes him willing to honor himself. He wants to deserve his place and begins to act in character in it. He is the same man regarding his personal identity, but he is raised, even to himself, in the grade he occupies. His old natural consciousness has a kind of presidential consciousness superinduced, which holds a higher range of quality. He lives, in fact, presidentially, and is dignified inwardly by the dignities of his position.

How many thousand soldiers who before were living in the low, mean vices, lost to character and self-respect, have been raised, in like manner, in our armies, to quite an-

other grade of being. It has given them a wholly different sense of themselves, that their dear, great country has come upon them in so great power. They are consciously ennobled, in the fact that they have borne themselves heroically in the field; and are so become another kind of man even to themselves. They are the same, yet by a vast reach of distance not the same. A certain great something has come into their feeling. They stand more firmly, and bear themselves more erectly; and it gives them an exultant feeling even, that their discouraged and miserably forlorn consciousness is gone—supplanted by the sense of self-respect and manly honor.

The same, again, is true in a different way, of all the gifted ones in art and speech and poetry, when they are taken by the inspirations of genius. When such a soul, that was down upon the level of uses, torturing itself into production for applause, or even for bread, begins to behold God's signatures upon His works and worlds, and the magnificent discipline He gives us; discovering in objects ideas, in facts the faces of truth; catching also the fires of a Promethean heat from all subtlest moods and hardest flints of experience;—then it is become, to itself, quite another creature. It is as if the grub state were gone by, and the winged life had broken loose, to try the freedom of the air.

In these and other like examples, afforded us in the field of our natural life, we are made familiar with the possibility of remarkable liftings in the consciousness of men, such as make them really other to themselves, and set them in a higher range of being; and, by these examples, we are prepared, as it were beforehand, to that more wonderful ascent above ourselves which is accomplished in Christ, when He takes us away from the conscience of sins. He does it—this is the general, or inclusive truth that covers the whole ground of the subject—by so communicating God, or Himself as the express image of God, that He changes, in fact, the plane of our existence.

Without due note of this we do not understand Christianity; the very thing it proposes is to bring us up into another level, where the consciousness shall take in other matter, and have a higher range. Thus, when the apostle says, "And has raised us up together and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus," he is speaking of a change

purely internal, a conscious lifting to another grade of life and a higher range of joy. The word *places*, here occurring, belongs to the English only, and it is put in to fill out the plural of the neuter adjective *heavenlies*, used here as a noun. But "sitting in the heavenlies" does not mean, of necessity, sitting in other localities. It means sitting in heavenly things as well; above the world, that is, and the flesh and sin, in the serene, pure element of God's eternal love and glory, there to be folded in harmony, raised in consciousness, filled to the full with all God's heavenlies, even as His angels are; no more to be shamed forever by the little defiled consciousness that is henceforth overspread, submerged, and drowned by the seaful of God's infinite worthiness and righteousness wafted in upon it.

But you will not conceive how very essential this idea of a raising of the consciousness may be, if you do not bring up distinctly the immense fall of our mortal consciousness, in the precipitation of our sin. In their true normal condition, as originally created, human souls are inherently related to God, made permeable and inspirable by Him, intended to move in His divine impulse forever. A sponge in the sea is not more truly made to be filled and permeated by the water in which it grows, than a soul to be permeated and possessed by the Infinite Life. It is so made that, over and above the little, tiny consciousness it has of itself, it may have a grand, all-inclusive consciousness of God.

But this higher consciousness of God is exactly what was lost in transgression, and nothing was left of course but the little defiled consciousness of ourselves, in which we are all contriving how to get some particles of good, or pleasure, or pride, or passion, that will comfort us. The great inspirable, and divinely permeable faculty is closed up. We do not know God any more, we only know ourselves. We have the eyes and the ears that were given us, but we are too blind to see, too deaf to hear. "Having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God, through the ignorance that is in us because of the blindness of our heart." The true normal footing or plane of our humanity was thus let down, and it is exactly this which Christ undertakes to restore. And until that restoration is accomplished, the soul occupies a plane of mere self-knowing and self-loving, and is, in fact, a lower order of

being. It lives in the conscience of sins, a guilty, self-denouncing, and miserably shamed life. But as soon as it is opened to God, by the faith of Jesus Christ, and is truly born of God, it begins to be the higher creature God meant it to be—the same yet another.

[August 20.]

It is of course to be admitted that the disciple, raised thus in his plane, has the same conscience and remembers the same sins and is the very same person that he was before; but the consciousness of God, now restored, makes him so nearly another being to himself, that the old torment of his sin will scarcely so much as ripple the flow of his peace.

You will understand, of course, that if Christ is purging thus men's consciences, by lifting them above themselves into a higher range of life, the conception will appear and reappear in many distinct forms, and weave itself in so many varieties, into the whole texture of Christianity. Notice then three distinct forms, not to speak of others, in which this change of grade or personal consciousness comes into view as a mighty gospel fact.

As the first of these, I name *justification*, or *justification by faith*. The grand last point or final effect of Christian justification is, "no more conscience of sins"; for, having that accomplished, it is inconceivable that God should condemn us when we do not condemn ourselves, and having it not accomplished but condemning still ourselves, no justification by God will do us any good. But in this matter of justification, the less we make of the old standing alternative the better; what if it should happen that, while we are debating which of two conceptions is the true one, they are neither of them true? And so I think it will some time be found. According to the Scripture, which is very plain, gospel justification turns on no such mere objective matter as the squaring of an account; nor on any such subjective matter as our being made inherently righteous; but it turns on the fact of our being so invested with God, and closeted in His righteous impulse, that He becomes a felt righteousness upon us. Our consciousness is so far changed, in this manner, by the river-flood of God's character upon us, that as long as our faith keeps the connection good and permits the

river to flow, we are raised above all condemnation and have no more conscience of sins. Inherently speaking we are not righteous; our store is in God, not in ourselves; but we have the supply traductively from Him, just as we do the supply of light from the sun. But the new divine consciousness in which we live is continually conforming us, more and more deeply, and will settle us, at last, in its own pure habit. In this manner, faith is counted to us for righteousness, because it holds us to God, in whom we have our springs of supply.

This same truth of a raising of our plane appears in another form, in what is called *the witness of the Spirit*. "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God; and if children, then heirs, heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ." Here the conception is that, as being spirit, we are permeable by the divine Spirit, and that He has a way of working in our working, so as to be consciously known as a better presence in our hearts. And so we have the confidence of children or sons, raised in our before low-bred nature, and dare to count ourselves God's heirs—fellow-heirs with Christ our Brother. Nothing is said of sins in this connection, but we can see for ourselves that, being thus ennobled by the inflowing Spirit, we shall be too much raised in the confidence of our dignity to be troubled or shamed by the past. And this same lifting or ennobling of our spirit is put in other forms of assertion; as when Christ, promising the Comforter, says, "At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you." To be thus interlocked with the Father and the Son in a firm knowledge of the fact, revealed by the witnessing Spirit, is to have a consciousness opened that is dignity itself and glory begun. The same thing is put more practically, by the apostle, when he says, "Walk in the Spirit and ye shall not fulfill the lusts of the flesh."

Once more this grand fact of the gospel, the raising of our plane of being, is presented in a still different manner in what is said of *the conscious inhabitation of Christ*. "Christ in you the hope of glory,"—"But ye see me,"—"Abide in me,"—"Until Christ be formed in you." But the great apostle to the Gentiles, himself a Christian man all through, having that for his sublime distinction, declares himself on this point, out of his very consciousness, "I am

crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." It is, you perceive, as if his being itself were taken well-nigh out of its identity by Christ revealed in it. The old sin—he does not think of it. The old I—why, it is gone—"yet not I." He was going to say that he, Paul, was alive, but he did not like to say so much as that, and so he puts down his negative on it, and says he does not live. But O, the living, all-quickenng Christ—that is boasting enough—"Christ liveth in me; for the life I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me." How great a fact was the lifting of this man's plane, which took him, demonized by bigotry and hate, and made him the hero and strangely Christed propagator of the cross!

[August 27.]

Here then, my friends, you have opened to view one of the greatest triumphs of Christianity, perhaps the very greatest of all. To bring a clean thing out of an unclean is a much easier matter than to make a good conscience out of an evil or accusing conscience. Here the difficulty appears to be a kind of metaphysical impossibility. Indeed, there is no philosopher who would not say, beforehand, that such a thing is even demonstrably impossible. For if the accusing conscience accuses rightly, then it must either be extirpated, which decomposes the man, or else it must be suborned to give a lying testimony, when of course it will even condemn itself. But our gospel is able to look so great a difficulty in the face, and what is more, turns it by a method so very simple as to be even sublime. When once you have conceived the possibility of raising a soul into a higher grade and order, where the consciousness shall take in more than the mere self, the body of God's own righteousness, and love, and peace, the problem is solved and that in a way so plain, yet so easily ennobling to our state of shame, that it proves itself by its own self-supporting evidence. This, we say instinctively, ought to be and must be true. Only the more strange is it that, when this way of remedy is, and no other can be, sufficient, we so easily fall out of our faith, and begin to put ourselves on methods of purgation that only mock our endeavor. Having the grand possibilities of a good conscience opened to us in Christ, and nothing given us to do but just to receive by faith the manifested right-

eousness of God, we begin to work, in the lower level of our shame, upon the shameful unclean matter, as if going to purge it ourselves. One will mend himself up in a way of self-correction; which, if he could do, would, alas, not even touch the conscience of his old sins. Another goes to the work of self-cultivation, where he may possibly start some plausible amenities on the top of his bad conscience, even as flowers will sometimes be induced to grow upon a glacier. Another will pacify his bad conscience by his alms and philanthropic sacrifices, when an avalanche on its way could as well be pacified by the same. Others will make up a purgation by their repressive penances and voluntary humiliations, when the very thing their consciences complain of is, that they are too miserably shamed and humiliated already. Multitudes also will expect much from purgatorial fires hereafter, as if being duly chastised could make a good conscience! or as if these supposed fires would not rather burn in the brand of sin than burn it out! Now these poor scanty methods of delusion, unlike as they are to each other, are just as good one as another, because they are all equally worthless. Who could believe that rational beings, having so grand a way open to the new footing of sons of God, and having once conceived that way, could yet subside into these wretched futilities?

Worthier of sympathy but scarcely more worthy of the gospel name, are those hapless souls who have fallen under their bad conscience to be forever harrowed and tormented by it. They have no faith to believe in a concrete, personal grace, and are only haunted by the nightmare of their moral convictions. They mope along their pathway therefore, looking always shamefully down; as if the sky above were paved with condemnation. If they bear the Christian name, they have yet no real peace, no sweet element of rest and confidence. They seem ever to be saying, "Mine iniquities have taken hold upon me so that I am not able to look up." Or sometimes there is a trouble more specific—some one sin, the shame, the inward mortification, or damnation of which follows them, day and night, and even year by year; a crime unknown to the world, but for which they inwardly blush, or choke with guilty pain, whenever it meets them alone. They seem to be even everlastingly dishonored before themselves. Perhaps they are, and fitly

should be; but, my friends, there is a medicine for all such torments. Looking down upon your sins, or your particular sin, you can be, must be, everlastingly shamed; but if you can look away to Christ, take hold of Christ and rise with Him, you shall go above

your trouble, you shall be strong, and free, and full, and even righteous; established in all glorious confidence, because your very consciousness is lifted and glorified, by what comes into it from God's eternal concourse and friendship.—*Horace Bushnell.*

BUILDER, MASON, PLUMBER, AND PAINTER.

BY NEWTON MACMILLAN.

LESS than any other artisans the members of the so-called "building trades" have felt the effect of the almost universal use of machinery in modern industrial life. The shoemaker has become very little more than a part of the intricate mechanism which receives a bit of leather at one end and delivers a finished shoe at the other. His part is to "feed" the engine which does the work more quickly—if not better—than his forefathers were wont to do with laborious skill "by hand." One result is cheaper shoes and more of them; but the other result is fewer shoemakers, and those retaining but a trace of the cunning that distinguished the handicraft in earlier days. So with the cooper—he is no more, except as the humble bond servant to some powerful machine which does the work of ten men such as himself. So with the watchmaker, the printer, the machinist, the tailor, and, indeed, nearly all of the numerous and ever-increasing classes that live on wages gained by the labor of their hands.

But the men who build houses still retain a great part of the original dignity of their trades. They have not escaped the all pervading influence of machinery, but they are less affected by it than the others. The carpenter and joiner, for example, receives from the mill machine-planed boards and machine-planed moldings but his own hand must put them in place with a skill which is acquired only in a long apprenticeship. He is master of the machines, not they of him. There is the trace of the machine all along the line of the stone mason's craft, but no machine can trim the building-blocks or set them or plumb them. There is no machine for laying brick. No one has invented a device to replace the cunning art of the plumber or gas fitter. The walls of some of the great buildings at the World's Fair were painted by a machine

which laid on the color with pump and hose; but such a contrivance has not replaced the painter's brush and probably never will.

These circumstances may have conspired to produce the present condition of the building trades, which, at any rate, is unique among modern crafts. The carpenter and stone mason and plumber and painter are better off than men of other employments involving the same risk and labor. They are better paid. They work shorter hours. They treat on terms of greater independence with their employers. In general they live better and in a more distinct odor of self-respect than most other wage-workers. A carpenter in the city of Chicago earns forty cents an hour, for a day of eight hours. He need not take less or work longer; it is very seldom that he does. I take the Chicago workman as an example, for in that city the "labor problem" is more advanced toward solution or at least has been more thoroughly wrought upon than in any other; because it is a city of workingmen and because, by reason of its highly composite working population, drawn from every state in the Union and nearly every country on earth, it presents more and more varied aspects of the labor question than any other city. In Chicago, I say, the carpenter has made his own wage of forty cents an hour and his own day of eight hours. Mr. George Schilling, chief of the State Department of Labor Statistics, informs me that at least three fourths and probably four fifths of the Chicago carpenters belong to the Carpenters' Union, and this estimate is probably as accurate as any possible in a city where working ranks are constantly changing. The various unions are joined by representation in the United Carpenters' Council of Chicago, which maintains a large office in the center of the city and a sort of court, continually in session, to hear and adjust dis-

putes, impose fines, and fulminate general orders.

When it is known that these wages and these hours of labor have not been obtained without a struggle, being at least one third more favorable to the carpenter than those which prevailed five years ago, it will be unnecessary to add that the carpenter is a citizen of some intelligence and force of character. He is. He differs greatly from the carpenter of a generation ago, but a large part of the change has come legitimately from the change in conditions outside of his own trade. Immigration and the growth of cities have transformed him from the shrewd, contented, church-going Yankee that our fathers knew. He is now generally—at least in the cities—of foreign birth or immediate extraction. In the West he is most often a German or a Scandinavian. If he has lost the primitive contentment of other days it is only that he has joined in the mad race, the race for money and power.

Nor in the carpenter's case is this ambition a hopeless one. A wealthy contractor in Chicago made the statement to me the other day that himself and, so far as he knew, all the other contractors (some of them worth several hundred thousand dollars) had begun at the bench. This man was a German of fair education and intelligence. "Ten years ago," he said to me, "I came to this town with only a few dollars—not enough to support myself and wife and children for two weeks. I found work at once, for I was a good mechanic and there was plenty of work to be done. We saved from our wages enough to make a payment on a cheap lot and then I bought lumber for the house, working on it mornings and evenings myself, till it was finished. We lived in the house a year and then I sold it at a profit. With this little capital I bought more lots and built three houses, hiring men to help me. In that way I got to taking small contracts, then bigger ones, and now I have two hundred men working for me."

This is an example of the best fruits of the carpenter's industry and shrewdness; but in a smaller way many of his craft are thriving. It is observed, particularly of the foreign born mechanics, that they have an ever present ambition to own their homes. This is easier for a carpenter than for most others because his own hands can do most of the work. Given the money to make a first payment on a cheap

lot and to buy a small quantity of lumber and the house follows as a matter of course. And it requires not a great deal of capital for such a venture. Mr. Gross, a "subdivider," who has sold more cheap houses than any other man in the country, tells me that he has more carpenters for customers than mechanics of any other trade. It may be said that the carpenter in the western city is a freeholder. In New York where, by reason of restricted territory, the purchase of a home is a much more serious matter, the proportion is doubtless smaller; but Philadelphia is famed for its mechanics' homes.

Vastly different conditions prevail in the villages and towns. There the mechanic, like his neighbor, is subject to smaller charges for living; his services are not in so great or so regular demand; the members of his craft are not so numerous; therefore he is forced to work longer hours for lower wages and has no encouragement to form unions with which to resist this necessity. But, on the other hand, he has advantages which the city mechanic lacks. The latter must of necessity live in a neighborhood peopled by persons of his own rank in life, of no higher aspirations and intelligence than himself. His children mingle with the children of other mechanics. It is a fact, melancholy enough, that he is not or fancies he is not welcome in the churches of the rich and that, as a rule, he is not friendly to churches. For obvious reasons he and his family can have no social intercourse with the families of the wealthy. Out of these conditions grow the beginnings of class separation and class hatred and distrust. Such conditions are greatly modified in the country where every respectable man knows he is entitled to full fellowship with other respectable men, in church, society, and politics, where the children of rich and poor, employer and employed, mingle freely and on equal terms. Thus, for a smaller wage more laboriously gained, the country carpenter probably buys more of the really valuable things of life than his city brother. His chances of wealth are smaller but his poverty is more enduring. Still it may be observed that the children of country mechanics, particularly if they are of American birth, do not often follow in the trade of their fathers. The village school and academy plant in them ambitions which find their fruition in a larger sphere of life. They find their way into the bar, the pulpit, or the school

teacher's chair; their parents gladly sacrificing themselves to aid in the transformation.

Now, in Chicago, where \$6,000,000 are expended annually on the public schools, the average school life of the children of the poor is less than three years. In other cities it is more likely less than more. Only a taste of education can be given in that time—not enough of itself to uplift the child above the estate to which it was born. At thirteen, twelve, or even ten years, the child breaks away to join in the hard business of bread winning. Despite the laws, children of these tender years are found in the factory or shop. Only a few of the boys learn their fathers' trades; and this also is the work of the unions which restrict the number of apprentices. The rest enter factories, learn other trades, or betake themselves to the treadmill of the stores. It would be foolish to pretend that any large proportion raise themselves much above the condition of their fathers. They join that great army of the helpers—those whom hard times throws upon the streets, who can do nothing save as involuntary and almost insensate parts of the great social and economic machine. Boys whose school life is longer have a chance at a better fate. They will be found among the lawyers, doctors, even preachers of another generation. But the great mass remain on the same plane to which they are born or sink lower.

A new phase of life has been evolved out of the conditions which beset the daughter of the mechanic. Of more fragile and refined nature than the brother, she has greater aspirations, and hence greater temptations than he. She longs for the refinements of life of which her mother knew nothing and she soon perceives how her longing can be gratified. The ranks of labor under the new order are open to women. She may now not only sew and do domestic drudgery, she is wanted in the factory, the shop, the office, and the school room. Probably more than half the school teachers in Chicago are daughters of parents in very humble circumstances. Most of them are teaching till they can do better. With their own hands they are building the bridge that shall carry them across to a higher plane of existence. The offices are full of stenographers and typewriters who earn the money with which to buy better clothes, more books, more luxuries than their parents could afford them. Many of the salespeople in the great shops are girls and women. In

the great factories the sexes mingle freely, the female being a large and growing proportion. Thus the daughter of the mechanic learns the taste of the bread of independence.

For greater power the building trades are in most cities banded together into a federation, of which the various component parts respond to each other's appeals for help in case of strike or misfortune. The conditions thus far, of the carpenter, the mason, the painter, and the plumber are very similar. The mason has the largest wages, but, on the other hand, his work is more irregular, because he is more subjected to the fluctuations of climate. He cannot work in bitterly cold weather or in a pouring rain. This explains in part why his wages in Chicago range from fifty to sixty cents an hour. These rates are higher than those which prevail in most cities and much higher than country wages. The coincidence of irregular work and high wages is productive of intemperance but, since the foundation of the unions, this has decreased. There is moreover an incentive to steadiness in the chance of promotion for highly skilled mechanics. The beginner does "rough work" at lower wages but may advance to the highest scale if he prove his skill and reliability. Most of the masons in the West are Americans or Irish-Americans and a larger proportion than ordinary of their sons follow in the fathers' steps. A home and perhaps a flat building to be leased to tenants are the limit of ambition to all but the exceptionally thrifty and enterprising; though like the carpenter, the mason and bricklayer may become a contractor and so aspire to wealth. There is a steady pressure from the country upon the city ranks.

The best painters are of foreign birth, generally Germans. Their wages are not so high as the masons' or carpenters'. In Chicago they scale from thirty-five to forty cents an hour. The union principle is not so firmly imbedded in this class of mechanics as in the others and the grade of intelligence is not so high. Plumbers earn from \$3.75 to \$4 for a day of eight hours. The ancient joke about the prosperity and arrogance of this class is hardly more than a joke. As a matter of fact the plumber is less thrifty and less prosperous than most of his fellows in the building trades. Less often than the carpenter, bricklayer, or stone mason does he achieve independence. More often he lacks the comforts and inspirations of home.

SOCIALIST AND LOVER.

BY DR. GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

CHAPTER VI.

THE wife of Pat Quinlan, and Jim Withers' wife, felt it their duty to call on Mrs. Morgan because the old lady was reported to be very wise and they were in a terrible state of mind.

"Good afternoon to ye, Mrs. Morgan!" was the greeting of Mary Quinlan.

"It's bad luck that brings us here, I'm sorry to say," and Jane Withers shook her head in a very pitiful way.

"Well, friends, whatever brought you, you are certainly welcome," was the genial response of the dear old lady. "Come in and take chairs."

Mrs. Quinlan feeling a bit strange, sat on the northeast corner of a pine chair and began to rock to and fro uneasily, for she was like a man with the toothache, who can't feel happy until it is out.

"No, my dear Mrs. Quinlan, don't sit there. John likes a hard straight-backed chair, but I don't. Just take your seat here, and I'm sure you'll be more comfortable."

Mrs. Morgan patted the stuffed seat of a rocking chair to make it fluffy, and Mrs. Quinlan dropped into it as though she were tired almost to death, rocked back and forward a few times and remarked, "I feel like a queen, Mrs. Morgan. This is as good as a night's rest." And a smile of supreme satisfaction came over her face.

Mrs. Withers glanced about the room with an inquisitive and critical eye. "You must be very happy in such a snug little cottage as this. What beautiful curtains those are. Do you notice them, Mary Quinlan?"

"Yes," replied Mary, "and the pictures on the wall, and the books. Why, Mrs. Morgan, you are in a palace."

"It's all John," the old lady replied gently. "He's a good boy, and he will have these things, you know. He says there isn't much in life besides books and pictures and he wants as many as he can get."

"It's mighty proud you must be of that boy, Mrs. Morgan," said Mary, "and such larnin'. Why, Pat tells me he knows every-

thing, and the other day wan of the girls got mixed up in the machinery, and John Morgan just took her in his arms like a baby. In another minute she'd a been torn to splinters. Heigho! but it's a brave fellow, is John."

"Yes, he's a good boy," and the old lady fairly beamed, "but I suppose I'll lose him by and by," and a shadow passed over her face.

"Has he got his eye on some one, Mrs. Morgan?" asked Jane. "I'm sure you couldn't lose him in any other way. But men will get married. Yes, and why not? You did it, Mrs. Morgan, and when I met Jim, though he is a hunchback, it didn't take me long to make up my mind, and I've never been sorry for it. It's the fate of all of us, Mrs. Morgan, but the girl that gets John ought to have a band of music to play for her on every anniversary."

"Yes, an' me an' Pat has made a purty good life of it, too, Mrs. Morgan," said Mary, with a knowing shake of her head. "He's a bit quarrelsome once in a while, when he's got a little too much in him," and Mrs. Quinlan wiped her face with a corner of her shawl, "but when I hear him comin' at such times, I slaps the childer in bed till the fit works off. I have nothin' to complain of as a married woman, Mrs. Morgan. Me husband is a good pervisor and he likes the boys to have good appetites. My Pat is a foiner man, Mrs. Morgan."

"We wanted a little advice," Jane ventured to say at last. "Mary and me did. And when we couldn't agree on what we ought to do, Mary says, 'Mrs. Morgan will tell us.' I remarked that your husband was a clergyman, and you had been dealing in the matter of duties all your days, and besides you were older than us and could put us on the right track."

"It's a matter of conscience," broke in Mary, "and a very delicate question. So I says, 'Mrs. Morgan knows all about it.' Then we just put our bonnets on and came over to consult wid you. I hope we're not intrudin', Mrs. Morgan?"

"Oh, dear, no," replied the old lady cor-

dially. "But in matters of that kind I always defer to John."

"Aye, that's well," said Mary. "But in this particular case we don't want a man's advice. It's all about a woman, you see, and you can tell us better than John could, else we wouldn't have troubled you, but gone direct to him."

Now Mrs. Morgan was above all things hospitable. In the old times, whenever an itinerant preacher knocked at her door, the first thing she did was to ask him if he would like something to eat, and it is recorded that in no single instance was her offer refused. Country clergymen are nearly always hungry. Abel Morgan's little hostelry, for a country minister's house is always more or less of a hotel, was known for miles around as the best place in the world to get a square meal and a night's lodging. He was therefore seldom without company, and his clerical brethren nearly ate him out of house and home. But he used to say, "So long as it lasts, wife, let them have it. Remember the widow's cruse of oil." So Mrs. Morgan said to her visitors,

"Now, ladies, before we begin to talk about business, whatever it is, how would you like a cup of good tea and a cracker? John is very particular about his tea, and the other day he brought home some which he pronounces really excellent. Oh, it's no trouble, Mrs. Withers, no trouble at all. The water is already hot, and it won't take two minutes to prepare it."

Mary and Jane looked at each other and both were evidently embarrassed.

"It's mighty good ye are, Mrs. Morgan," said Mary, "but —"

"Ah, I thought you would like it," interrupted Mrs. Morgan, "besides I think I would like a cup myself."

Mary and Jane settled back in a contented sort of way and their lips moved in anticipation of the treat. "We're not accustomed," said Mary with a wink of her eye, "to four o'clock teas, d'ye know, and you make us feel like the tip top of creation; but I think it'll do Jane good, and I'll join ye in a sip."

Mrs. Morgan bustled about in a very cheery way, and her two visitors felt themselves decidedly in luck. The cups in their laps, the joyous fragrance of the delicious beverage filling the room, well, the clouds rolled by, and on two tired lives the sun shone glori-

ously. It doesn't take much to make poor folk happy, and that afternoon's experience, when told by Mary and Jane, assumed the proportions of a fairy tale.

"And now, my friends, to business," said Mrs. Morgan at length.

"Well, what we want to know is this," said Mary. "But, Jane, you tell Mrs. Morgan. It was you who first raised the question, and you can put it better than I can."

"No, tell her yourself, Mary," replied Jane.

"Another cup?" asked Mrs. Morgan.

"I fear I'm robbing you," but Jane, poor creature, wanted it and held her cup out imploringly.

"And take another cracker, Mrs. Withers."

"Well, I'll tell you the whole story," began Mary, "and Jane will correct me. She came to me yesterday wid a great burden on her mind. Says she to me, didn't you, Jane? 'Mary Quinlan,' says she, 'I've got a burden,' and I says, 'What is it, Jane Withers?' Then she went on to tell me the story of the strike, which, I knew it already, Mrs. Morgan, for my Pat was so agscited that he couldn't kape it.

"Most of the hands are that aten up by poverty that they are willin' to agscept old Quarles' cut in the wages, for God knows the wolf is snarlin' round most of their doors. But what can they do when they have no money? 'Fightin',' says Pat to me, and yet he does love a scrimmage, Mrs. Morgan. 'Fightin',' says Pat to me, 'don't pay the rint or feed the childer, and them as has large families must take what they can get and be satisfied.' Ain't that so, Jane Withers, and isn't it that same I told ye yesterday?

"Well, as I was saying, there's three or four rampagious foreigners, wid not a single baby between them, and nothin' to lose, and they are makin' trouble."

"Oh, yes, lots of trouble," sighed Mrs. Withers, throwing her head in the air as though in deprecation, "and no one can tell where it will end."

"And what do they propose to do?" asked Mrs. Morgan quietly, filling the two cups once more, and yet feeling very anxious about John.

"Well, that's the point," remarked Jane, after a sip.

"Yes, indeed," added Mary, "that's the point, and that's why Jane and me are here, Mrs. Morgan."

"They seem to be very much stirred up?" queried the old lady.

"You may well ask that," said Mary, shaking her finger in the direction of Mrs. Morgan. "When Quarles sent them word that he would close the mill, the men were in a terrible howdy do. The worst ones swore vengeance and, and—"

"Well, and what?" asked Mrs. Morgan, calmly, but her face was flushed.

"Oh, God knows what," said Mary. "I think they are that desperate, they will do most anything. I shouldn't wonder if it wouldn't be safe for old Quarles to kape his distance till the men cool down. I wouldn't want my Pat to be in his place, Mrs. Morgan, that I would not."

"And why do you tell me all this?" asked the old lady.

"I'm just comin' to that," answered Mary. "I asked Pat last night if anything would happen to Quarles, I don't know what, you know, for I'm a peaceable body and never ask too many questions, but anything disagreeable like, that would make him keep to his bed for awhile, and Pat snapped at me wid a fearful temper, and told me it was none of my business, that I was to keep the pots and kettles clean and not want to know too much."

"Then I said flatly, 'Pat Quinlan, listen to me. Whatever happens to Quarles I don't care. He is better out of the world than in it, though his hard times will begin when he gets there. But,' I said, and I shook my fist in Pat's face, 'if anything happens to Miss Clara,' those were my very words, Mrs. Morgan, 'you needn't come home to the childer any more, for I'll bolt the door agin ye.'

"Says I, 'Pat Quinlan, when little Johnny was sick wid de measles in the spring, who sent him all the delicacies of the saison? Answer me that will ye?' And he growled, 'I know it,' and banged the table wid his fist."

"And when Jane Withers, who sits in that chair, lost her little girl, who closed her eyes like a praste, ain't that so, Jane?"

"It is, it is," and Jane was for a moment overcome with the memory of her recent bereavement.

"That's what I said to Pat, and he told me again, 'I know it,' and hit the table wid his fist."

"Then I said to my man, 'Pat, is there any danger?'"

"There is," says he. "Some of the men

are that wild they will do anything for revenge."

"And will you warn the dear lady, that she may git out of the way?" says I.

"I don't dare," says he. "But perhaps ye'll do it yerself, Mary. Somebody ought to tell her, and it had better come from a woman. For God's sake, though, don't let anyone know I told ye to, for I have troubles enough to bear, and so he has."

"So, we are here for advice," said Jane growing excited. "I wouldn't have the lady hurt for my life, but ought we to go back on our own men and give away the secrets of the organization?"

"That's just it," added Mary. "We want to be thrue to our neighbors, and we want to save the young lady. What shall we do?"

The three talked the matter over until nearly dark, and at the end of the conference it was decided that Mary and Jane should call on Clara and make known the perils of the situation. Indeed, they said they would go that very night after the children were in bed.

It was about eight o'clock when they reached the Quarles' mansion. It was an aristocratic neighborhood, and the house was an old-fashioned colonial structure, a kind of architecture which fitted the characteristics of our forefathers very admirably. That is to say, it gave the impression of great solidity and great dignity. The pillars of the porch, like tall sentinels in showy uniform, were keenly on the watch for intruders. The rooms were large and rectangular, like the hearts and principles of the old patriots. There was a certain stiffness about the structure, possibly a want of architectural courtesy, so to speak, but it was well suited to the sturdiness, the uprightness, and the severe morality of our ancestors.

Jane and Mary were vastly impressed as they entered the wide gate and made their way up the gravel walk. The huge elms seemed to look down on them with a glance of curious inquiry, and the deep shadows under the branches, lighted only by a few feeble and stray rays from a couple of oil lamps on tall posts in front of the main doorway, gave them a creepy feeling, as though they had suddenly found their way into a mazy labyrinth and might meet a hobgoblin at any moment.

"Mary, it's a big place, this," whispered Jane.

"Indeed, it is that, and I have half a mind to turn back."

But they kept on, and a timid knock at the back door was soon answered by the butler, a gorgeous personage with his chin in the air and a nose which looked as though it had been hit from underneath and was rapidly retreating to hide itself in the hair.

"Well, my good women, do you know where you are?" he asked in a deliciously supercilious tone.

"Is this Mr. Quarles' house?" timidly asked Jane.

"Marm," was the answer, as William the butler surveyed the couple and quickly came to the conclusion that they didn't amount to much, "this is Mr. Simon Quarles' residence. Have you any business to transact with him?"

"We have not," snapped Mary. There was a certain aggressive tartness in her voice which induced his royal highness in the spotlessly white waistcoat to be more respectful.

"Perhaps it's some of the help you want to visit, then?"

"It is not," boldly spoke up Mary. "It's the young Missis we have called on."

"Oh, indeed, Miss Clara, ah, yes. Well, if you will step inside, I will announce your presence."

There was a sarcasm in his words which irritated Mary, and nudging Jane, as the two went through the hallway she whispered, "The spalpeen! If my Pat had him in the courtyard of the mill he'd be huntin' round in the woodpile for a crutch, that he would."

The blaze of light in the kitchen almost dazed the two women. The dinner had just come down, and its fragrance made their mouths water. But they held their own handsomely.

"Will ye take a bite with us, ladies, before I show ye into the drawing room?" asked William with mock courtesy.

"We want to see Mistress Clara," said Mary, "and will feel obleeged if you'll tell her we are here."

"Stop your chaffing, William, and do as you are bid," broke in the cook. "Perhaps Miss Clara has an engagement, and it's as much as your place is worth, and you know it."

"If the ladies will give me their names," answered the butler pompously, "it will give me pleasure to announce their arrival."

When he returned from upstairs his manner

changed. "This way, if you please, marm. I will show you to the boudoir, and Miss Clara will see you instantly."

They followed the butler up a wide flight of stairs and entered a small but richly furnished room in which Clara Quarles always received her guests.

They were rather staggered by the magnificence of the apartment and Jane in the lowest of low tones remarked, "Mary Quinlan, do you suppose God has a better house than this?"

"I doubt it, I do indeed, Jane Withers," was the response, uttered with great impressiveness. "But perhaps God would have more gold and silver round, that's all."

Clara entered, bright and cheery.

"Why, my dear friends, I'm glad to see you."

"Mary an' me just thought we'd call," said Jane, demurely. "There's so much sickness about we thought you might be all-in', or somethin'. Didn't we, Mary?"

"Aye, there's smallpox and measles and every other throuble in the air and we wanted to jist get a good look at you, Miss Clara."

"Well, that was very kind of you, and nobody could be more obliged than I."

Clara saw of course that under all this diplomacy there was a definite purpose, but she waited for it to develop.

Mary couldn't well contain herself. She shook her head sorrowfully and said, "Miss Clara, it's a very throublesome world, so it is. What wid earthquakes and volcanies and strikes, and the divil knows what, it's a purty oneasy time we are after havin'."

"Have you anything special on your mind, Mary?" asked Clara persuasively, trying to draw her visitors out.

"We was only thinking, Jane an' me, that this is a very onhealthy climate just at present, an' it's likely to be more onhealthy widin a week or two, an' we was wondrin', wasn't we Jane Withers? that bein' as how everybody was likely to be tuck sick, an' the Lord knows how sudden, we'd advise ye to take a little thrip to the mountings until cooler weather."

"Oh, yes; how very thoughtful you are. But I'm quite contented here, I assure you."

"For the Lord's sake," broke in Jane, "don't stay in this place any longer. You don't know—"

And Mary corroborated this fact by a wise shake of the head, and by saying oracularly,

"Jane Withers, you are right. The dear lady don't know."

There was a silence. Clara took in the situation knowing that only the strongest motives could have brought these two women to her door, and her color left her cheeks.

"I know," she said slowly, "that the men in the mill are on strike."

Mary and Jane looked at each other. It was a quick glance but it confirmed Clara's suspicions.

"And I also know," she continued, "that a good many of them are very much excited."

Jane and Mary nodded their heads in grave agreement.

"When men are excited," Clara went on, feeling her way skillfully, "nobody knows what they will do. They hate my father, and they hate me."

"Not you," jerked Mary Quinlan, "that is, them as knows you wouldn't have a hair of your dear head hurtled. That's what Pat said this very morning. Says he, 'Mary, that girl's a angel and she must be saved.'"

"Saved?" asked Clara somewhat startled.

"Those was his very words, and if Jane Withers had been there she would have heard him say so, wouldn't you, Jane?"

Saved! Then matters were really becoming serious. They were worse than she thought. Her father in danger? Really in personal danger? A wild mob are irresponsible. They may blindly commit a thousand outrages, go to any lengths.

"My good friends," she said, with tears in her voice, "you have taken the pains to warn me of my peril? And you want me to leave town because," and she looked straight in their faces, as though she were possessed of clairvoyant power and could read their thoughts, "you want me to leave town because they intend to attack the house and wreak their vengeance on—"

"On the old man, Miss Clara," interrupted Mary, "not on you. They hate him, so they do, and they had a secret meeting last night, and Pat was there and Pat told me—"

"What? Told you what?"

"I darsn't, Miss Clara, I darsn't, and Jane Withers darsn't too. They are our folks and we can't betray them. We belong to them, and you won't ask us any more questions. For God's sake, don't. We can't say no more, can we, Jane? You've been good to us an' ours. The dear Lord bless you, Miss

Clara, and kape you from harm, put His big arm over you and prevint the blows that are likely to fall. That's all we can say. Only, lave the place until the storm blows over. Go to onct. Don't stop a minute."

"No, a thousand times no," said Clara, as the tears came into her eyes. "They don't know my father as I do. He means no wrong. He may make mistakes; we all do that, Mrs. Quinlan, but he has a good heart, and where he is, there must I be also. His fate is mine, and my place is by his side. Especially," she added calmly but resolutely, "if there is danger."

"Just for a few days," pleaded Jane.

"Not for a moment," was the reply, "not for a moment. When the trouble comes, you will find me here."

"You will not think we intrude?" said Mary.

"No, on the contrary, I am a thousand times obliged to you both." She reached out her hands, took theirs in a gentle grasp and said, "Mary Quinlan, you are my friend, and you, too, Jane Withers. God bless you for what you have told me to-night."

When the two reached the kitchen they found a table spread and they had a dinner which they remembered for years.

Then they went out from the glare and grandeur of the rich man's house and slowly wended their way homeward.

CHAPTER VII.

THE strike was on. That word "strike" is easily spoken, but its pangs and agonies are hardly realized by one who is merely a "looker on in Vienna." It has all the dramatic interest of a tragedy; indeed, too frequently it is a tragedy. Several hundred human atoms welded into a solid mass by the hot discontent they have in common, roused to the highest pitch of excitement by the feeling that some heartless ogre is crowding them to the wall, laughing in his sleeve at their pain, and wondering how long it will be before they go down on their knees and accept any terms he may see fit to dictate—that is a spectacle for the thoughtful to contemplate with anxiety if not with pity. It is a puzzle which political economy has as yet failed to solve. And when to this sense of injustice, sometimes wrongly entertained, I admit, but none the less mighty as a motive on that account, is added a gnawing hunger, the impatient duns of the landlord, the threat of

eviction, men and women become not only rebellious but revolutionary, and grow ripe for desperate deeds.

After the visit of the two women, Clara Quarles passed a sleepless night. "What a strange world," she said to herself as she stood looking out of the window while the moon threw its pale light on the trees and the stars looked coldly down.

"Here am I in this beautiful house. There are they in their narrow cottages. I have all; they have nothing. And yet the same God created them and me, and we call Him 'Our Father.' Is it He who permits this wrong, or is it we who are responsible for it? Why am I here? Why are they there? It is the mere accident of birth." And the dear child shivered as the truth flashed upon her. "A mere accident! I am the fortunate one; they are simply unlucky. It seems odd that the misery and happiness of mankind should turn on an incident over which we have no control.

"And what have I done to deserve my good fortune? John Morgan declares that I have no moral right to live on the heights while others live in the depths unless I have earned that right. And I have earned nothing, absolutely nothing. Ah! I almost wish I had never seen that man. Ever since that talk with him I have been miserable. He made me feel small and insignificant. And when I asked him what I could do to establish a just claim to this home and these surroundings, he told me—and how serious and grave he was when he said it—that the selfish use of money dwarfs and embitters the soul and that life has value only when it is spent for others."

When Clara turned from the window there were tears in her eyes. Her thoughts, like the jackstraws of our boyhood, lay in inextricable confusion.

As she tried to sleep, she thought of her father. "He is in danger! Perhaps these men are even now plotting mischief against him. What can I do? I am so helpless. God give me wisdom to know my duty and strength to do it." And as the tired soul lost itself in slumber the heart murmured, "John Morgan was right, he was right."

She had seen Morgan several times. The mill was at a standstill, the men were all idle, and he spent most of his enforced leisure at home, dull and heavy of heart. She made a bold push, and openly, though against the

protest of her father, went to see him. There was nothing unwomanlike in that. She had a cause to serve, not only wanted advice which she felt he could give, but wanted also to know all the changes in the situation. He was reticent on the latter subject, but a word, an expression of his face, a moment's hesitation, served to supply her quick intuition with everything that was material.

Mrs. Morgan, by the way, was always in the room during these visits. As Clara said, "You are as much interested in this matter as I am, Mrs. Morgan; you, for your son, I, for my father."

"Ah," cried Clara impetuously on one occasion, "if I were only a man. It is a great misfortune to be a woman."

"You are mistaken, Miss Quarles," answered Morgan rather oracularly. "A woman's arsenal is stocked with better weapons than any man can use."

"No, no, I think not," was the reply. "If I were a man I could talk, argue, have influence; but as a woman, I am nothing."

"A man," said Morgan thoughtfully, "always uses force; a woman deals in finesse. A man wins slowly by brute violence; a woman wins quickly by diplomacy and tact."

"Mrs. Morgan," asked Clara turning to the old lady, "do you think strikes accomplish any good results?"

"The poor folks have less to eat, and if they have any savings, they are compelled to spend them," the old lady answered with a sigh.

"But isn't a strike a mob," she asked of Morgan, "and isn't a mob always an evil?"

"No," said Morgan, "not always. A principle is worth a sacrifice, and the poor will sacrifice more for a principle than the rich."

"Why should they?"

"Well, partly because they are poor. During the war, the poor were more ready to go to the field than the rich. It was not the wealthy class which saved the country, but the working class. The rich were the cowards. They paid high prices for substitutes, but staid at home themselves, to make contracts with the government and reap a harvest of dollars. After every lost battle, speculators made fortunes; and after every battle that was won, they made other fortunes. The trenches in which our dead were buried represented money in the pockets of those who staid at home. Did your—"

He hesitated and tried to turn the conver-

sation, for Morgan was almost brutal in his suggestion, but she would have none of it. She was at school, learning a hard lesson, and she was ready to face all the facts however terrible they might be.

"What were you saying?" she asked eagerly.

"Nothing, that is nothing relevant," he answered.

"Mr. Morgan," said Clara with a tone that was almost harsh, "you were going to ask me if my father went to the war, were you not?"

"No, no, dear," interrupted Mrs. Morgan, who also caught the drift of the argument, and was somewhat alarmed, "I am sure John didn't mean that."

"Ah, but he did," and Clara's cheeks flushed. "I am not mistaken. Let us talk plainly, Mr. Morgan," she urged.

"Yes," he answered, "I did refer to your father, but I am sorry I touched on such delicate ground."

"How could my father go?" she asked.

"Why not?"

"Because, because," and Clara came very near stammering, "he had his family to support, and he had just gone into business."

"True, and so Patrick Quinlan had his family to support, and they were dependent on his daily wages. Still he enlisted and now bears the wound he got at Gettysburg. He sacrificed everything, and in that mob, as you call the strikers, there are at least twenty men who have been at the front on a field of battle." Then he added, "Everybody outside of the laboring class makes the grave blunder of supposing that when men strike they have no moral purpose. In my judgment it is a cruel wrong which society does them. They had a moral purpose when they enlisted for three years, or the war, and they have an equally moral purpose now. I myself am with these strikers. I am a component part of this mob—"

"I withdraw the word since it offends you," said Clara. "I don't think I meant what it seems to imply."

"Oh, no, I beg of you to take nothing back. We are simply searching for the truth, and if during that search feelings are hurt, it makes no difference. I wanted to say that I am a part of this movement, and I believe that our cause is a just one. I shall find it a little difficult to pay my rent, and mother and I will have to live very economically, still I personally

advised the strike and must sustain it at any cost whatever. But tell me, Miss Quarles, isn't this rather a profound subject for a woman to discuss?"

"You make me ashamed of my kind," retorted Clara indignantly. "You, too, fling the fact of sex in my face and insult me by intimating that a woman, a mere woman, has no capacity to deal with the grave things of the world. But no matter. That is of no consequence. I must take things as they come, even men. I am determined however to master the subject and do what I can to remedy the evils I see. Let me go on then, for I must know what the attitude of the strikers is and what their arguments are, before I can find my duty in the matter."

John bowed his head with dignified gravity of assent. Clara seemed to him a phenomenon. He admired her courage, and worshiped her for her audacity.

"Now let me ask you another question," she said. "My father, as you know, has allowed me to discuss these matters with him. I know therefore the standpoint from which a capitalist views the subject. He tells me, and I am inclined to agree with him, that a combination by workmen for the purpose of raising wages is an oppressive and unwarranted use of power."

"Yes, it is oppressive," replied Morgan. "Your father is entirely correct there. But I don't think it is unwarranted."

"And you believe an oppressive deed is justifiable?"

"Sometimes, and under certain circumstances, most decidedly I do."

"Then I am all in the dark again. I don't understand it."

"Naturally not, for you have had very little experience in such matters. But I think I can at least make you see how I and other workmen look at it."

"There was never a more willing listener, but I think you have a difficult task."

"It is always proper, isn't it," said John, "to fight fire with fire?"

"Perhaps."

"Well, if the capitalists combine to lower wages, why shouldn't the employees combine to raise them? Isn't the one as fair as the other?"

"Possibly, but go on."

"Leaving the question of right out of our discussion, we find that the employer and the employed are constantly in a state of warfare.

It is not for the best interest of either party that this should be so, but nevertheless that is the fact. I mean by this, that the employer wants all the profit he can get, even at the cost of his hands, and that the hands want all the wages they can get even at the cost of the employer."

"That is not the way it should be," responded Clara.

"True, but that is the way it is, and the way it will be until some proper relation between the capitalist and the laborer has been established. When that consummation shall be reached there will be no more strikes. In the meantime, the capitalist oppresses the workingman if he can, and the workingman oppresses the capitalist. It is simply a fight in which one side wins to-day and the other side to-morrow. The fortunes of the contestants vary with circumstances, but the fight goes on just the same."

"Yes, so far I follow you."

"Well, your father, for example, has determined to reduce my wages and those of my fellow-workmen. We don't believe that such a course is necessary or proper. On the contrary, we think it a great grievance and we refuse to work."

"But, Mr. Morgan, in refusing to work you reduce your own wages by a voluntary act."

"Exactly, but at the same time we injure our employer. That is war, and in war to injure an enemy is one means of victory. It is simply a trial of strength between the many and the one. If the one holds out longer than the many, he wins. If, on the other hand, his business suffers to such an extent that he is willing to yield to the demands of the many, the day is ours."

"In the meantime, you produce a state of anarchy."

"Assuredly."

"And anarchy is itself an evil."

"Yes, a very serious evil, and at the same time a very necessary evil. It is forced upon us, and we can't help ourselves. It is no pleasure to us to go without the comforts of life. Every one of the men in the mill yard is willing and anxious to go to work. But if we submit to a cut to-day, it won't be long before another cut will come. If we submit to that, still another cut will follow. So we fight, fight for all that is dear and holy to us, fight an aggressive system of avarice which seeks to grind us harder and harder in order to fill

its own coffers. These men are fighting for their wives and children. I am fighting for my little home, and for my mother, who needs a few comforts in her old age."

"But what good can come of it all?"

"I don't know, and I sometimes think I don't care. I only know this, that when a person wrongs me I resent it with any means in my power. I do it not because I am quarrelsome but because I am a man. The slave takes his lashings without a murmur. I am not a slave; therefore when I am lashed, I fight for my rights."

"Will the time ever come when these things can be changed?"

"I think so. There is no reason why a mill like this shouldn't be run in such a way that the owner will get a fair profit and the hands a proper remuneration. I shall spend my life in making that experiment. The fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man are in this nineteenth century a sham and a humbug. Business is based on the purely animal passion of greed. It is a system of robbery from beginning to end. If it is ever my fortune to make money, I will have a mill like this, and I will measure my prosperity by the prosperity of those I employ. Practical Christianity is possible, or God is a huge myth; but you see mighty little of it."

Clara Quarles was greatly affected by what she had heard. Her eyes flashed and her lips trembled. Her face grew pale and then flushed.

"What a glorious life you have before you, Mr. Morgan," she cried with impulsive enthusiasm. "I hope to live to see you try that experiment. But are you not afraid that the very people you will try to benefit may prove ungrateful?"

"Of course they will be ungrateful, many of them, but what of it?"

"What of it? A great deal of it, I should think."

"Oh, no, we must take human nature as we find it. If I lift a family out of a rickety house and give them a comfortable house, it would be pleasant to know that they are grateful, but whether they are or not, I am grateful to myself for having done the deed, and the world is all the better for it. My business is to do right. The consequences do not concern me in the least."

"But, Mr. Morgan, will you pardon me if I presume to play the attorney and cross-examine you a moment longer?"

"Please to consider me on the witness stand and under oath," answered Morgan, and he good-naturedly raised his right hand as though in the act of swearing.

"What I want to get at is this," said Clara very earnestly, and with an intense look of interrogation in her eyes. "Are you aiming at the impracticable, the impossible? Are you chasing a fantasy, a beautiful will o' the wisp which you can never catch?"

"No, I think not. Indeed, I am very sure that what is right and fair is always attainable."

"On general principles, I suppose I ought to agree with you, and perhaps I do. But here is a specific case. Has any attempt ever been made to reach this El Dorado in which capital and labor, the poor workingman and his rich employer, have not simply a mutual interest also but a mutual respect? Is it merely in the air, or in the clouds, or is it something that has been done and therefore can be done again, because if it can be done—"

"I will take great pleasure in showing you that it can be done and has been done," interrupted Morgan.

"Then if it can be done, it certainly ought to be done here, and I can conceive of no higher purpose in life than to throw what little strength I have into such a work."

Her eyes flashed and her hands trembled. She looked through the open window at the sky and something like a tear dropped from the eyelid to the cheek.

"I beg your pardon," she said with profound feeling, "but it seems to me that I have wandered far, very far away from my old self. This is all new to me, all strange and wonderfully alluring. To do good, to make one's life worth living, to go to heaven and say, 'Lord, I have done what I could for thy poor creatures on the earth,' that is to have a mission."

"Have you ever heard of Godin and his *Palais Familistère*, Miss Quarles?"

"Never. Who was he? And what is it? you see I am very ignorant."

"Allow me then to tell you something about the plan. On the river Oise, close by the town of Guise in France, are fifty acres of ground on which this problem has been solved. On one bank of the river are the workshops, covering a space of twenty-five acres. The machinery is of the most improved kind and the product finds a ready and profitable market."

"What kind of work is done there?" asked Clara.

"They manufacture heating apparatus, house furnishings, kitchen wares, and all manner of articles in iron."

"Well?"

"They have succeeded so well that they have nearly two hundred patents applied to tools and models, and a very considerable number of these inventions are the result of the workingmen's brains."

"On the other bank of the river is the *Palais Familistère*. It is a building some six hundred feet front. The grounds are laid out in walks, in flower beds and vegetable beds. There are twelve hundred people in the main building and in the annexes some six hundred more."

"On the lower floors there are co-operative stores, such as a bakery, a grocery, a dry goods establishment, butcher's shop, and everything else that is needed."

"Godin lives in this *Palais* himself with his employees."

"Everything is bought and sold at cost price."

"An insurance system provides for the sick, the old, the invalids, and widows and orphans. The schools are of the best."

"The whole concern is conducted on the principle of fair play. There is no oppression and very little discontent. And more than that, it pays; yes, it pays everybody. Godin has plenty of money, and if a workingman is industrious he earns enough in a few years to keep the wolf from the door for the rest of his life."

"That is one instance. There are others, many others on a smaller scale. They have not all succeeded, but Godin shows that they may succeed if rightly conducted, and that is the chief point."

"So you see, Miss Quarles, I am not chasing a shadow."

"What an ideal, what a dream!"

"Excuse me, my dear Miss Quarles, but it seems phenomenal to you only because decent Christian living is so rarely met with. What I would do, if I could, is purely rudimentary, viewed from the vantage ground of the New Testament teachings. One begins with that, and goes on and on to higher elevations. Great heavens!" and Morgan arose from his chair, walked across the room two or three times and then standing in front of Clara cried out in an agony of spirit, "I pro-

pose to be only fair and square and honest. I would be neither generous nor benevolent, nothing but just to my own soul and friendly to all other souls, and yet it seems so strange, in times like these, when politics and business are alike rotten to the core, that such a woman as you are can pronounce them remarkable. To be just, is extraordinary. To love my neighbor, do him a good turn, help him to bear his burden, and give a skilled workman an honest price for his labor goes so against the grain of the age, is so much out of harmony with the general ambition that it is regarded as exceptional and phenomenal."

Clara rose to go. "Thank you kindly, Mrs. Morgan, for your hospitality," she said, and she put her arms about the old lady and kissed her. Then turning to John she extended her hand saying, "Mr. Morgan, I hope some day to be worthy of your approval. You have taught me a hard lesson, but I shall learn it in time. I think I have grown old within a week. I am no longer a girl. But when your fortune is made, and you inaugurate your new system, you must count on me as an advocate and helper. I see things as I have never seen them before, but whether to thank you or not I can't say quite yet. I enjoyed my ignorance of the world; but I fear what you have told me will bring great pain and sorrow. Still, it will perhaps make life worth living, and that is something—good-by."

John almost insisted on escorting her home, but she steadfastly refused.

"No, I have had enough for to-day. I can bear no more. Excuse me, but I prefer to be alone for awhile. If I need you, however, may I call again?"

What a pleading tone! The poor child had entered an entirely new world, and felt the need of guidance and sympathy. She had had a great awakening. All things had become new. When I was a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a woman, I put away childish things.

Clara Quarles looked at herself in the glass when she reached her own room, gazed long and thoughtfully, and then as the dinner bell rang she said, "Clara Quarles, I don't know you; how you have changed."

CHAPTER VIII.

"WELL, mother, how goes it?" asked John with assumed cheerfulness one morning when the strike had been on a couple of weeks and had begun to bite.

"With us two, John, passably well. We are using up our savings, and that always goes hard with me. As for the rest of them, they are beginning to feel the effects of it rather severely."

John took down his pipe and filled it. "Have you any matches, mother? I'm all out. Thanks! Strikes, my dear old lady, are about the only luxury of the poor, and they ought to be indulged in once in a while, eh?"

"They cost too much I fear, John. Everything went smoothly the first week while the surplus lasted, but now that there is no money for the poor fellows to buy flour with, the strike begins to tell on their spirits."

"Yes, I know. It's a sort of hornets' nest and the men are growing uneasy and restless. I have heard a low grumble for the last four days, and it bodes mischief. I have been able so far to keep the men well in hand, but they are beginning to get beyond me. If the thing continues much longer they will take the bit in the teeth and then I can't answer for them."

"Doesn't Quarles show any sign of yielding, John?"

"Not a particle. He is glad of the chance to close the mills and is saving money out of it every day."

"No, is that so?"

"Yes, the man is as shrewd as the old fellow himself, and sometimes I think he has no more heart or feeling than his prototype. The times are dull, the market has been overstocked and he would like to rest on his oars for about ninety days until prices get up a little."

"But the men, in the meantime?"

"Oh, he has nothing to do with them, and doesn't care a rap whether they starve or not. He looks upon them as he does on his looms, and shuttles, and engine. They don't cost him anything now, you see."

John smoked vigorously and went into the depths of a brown study. "Mother," he said at last, "I've been making some figures."

"Yes?"

"And I believe, but you musn't breathe it to a living soul, will you? I believe that Quarles is in a bad way."

"Of course he is. He is thoroughly hated."

"Ah, certainly; but that is nothing. Popularity is of no account with him. He

would just as leave be hated as loved. But when it comes to the pocket, you have him every time."

"Well, from all I hear his pockets are full enough."

"I'm not so sure of that," and John shook his head ominously. "I'm not so sure of that."

"Do you mean that he hasn't as much money as we have thought, John?"

"Exactly." Then John went back into his brown study.

"The mill has been doing a losing business for at least six months," he soliloquized. "I heard from an inside source yesterday that the old man has been borrowing. There are two of his notes on the street, each for a good round sum, which shows that he is hard up for ready cash, and there was a rumor, and it came to me pretty straight, too, that the man who bought one of the notes got it at a considerable discount."

"Well, is there anything strange about that?"

"Yes, there is. It is a very bad sign. A first-class note, gilt-edged, one that will be paid as certainly as the sun rises, sells close to its face value. If there is a heavy discount it means that the buyer takes some risk and isn't sure that it will be paid, don't you see?"

"Yes, I think I can see that."

"And Quarles' notes sold low, my dear."

"Then you think —"

"Yes, I do. I think the concern shows signs of weakness, and it wouldn't surprise me to learn that Quarles is behaving like a mule in this strike because he feels shaky. When a man has most of his money invested in his business and the business becomes cranky, it is sometimes only twenty-four hours from wealth to poverty, or at least to comparative poverty."

"But, John, think of Miss Clara being poor! Why, that would be terrible. I hope such a thing will never happen." Mrs. Morgan stood stock still in the middle of the floor, a plate in one hand and a towel in the other. She forgot her work, and her face had a pained expression as she looked wonderingly at John, who paid no attention to her but puffed away with all his might.

"Is it possible, my son?"

"Hem, yes, a good deal more than possible. I think now, it is even probable."

"And you don't seem to be sorry a particle?"

F-Aug.

"No, dear, I really can't say that the prospect disturbs me in the least. Indeed, I am not sure but I'm rather glad."

"Why, you surprise me, John. You don't talk like my son, at all. I don't recognize you. What has come over you?"

"I hardly know," he replied in a dogged, stubborn way, quite unlike his old self.

"Curse the pipe," he added, as he threw it down on the table. "I have lighted it three times and it won't go. Mother, you must excuse me, but I am a little wild to-day."

"Yes, you are, John. Clara Quarles is the dearest girl in the world. I love her almost like a daughter."

"So she is, mother; so she is."

"And yet you hope that her father may lose his money, and that she may be compelled to work for a living."

"Upon my word, I think I do hope just that."

"I can easily understand that you feel revengeful against the old man, John, for he has certainly done you and all the rest of the hands a great injustice. He is a stony man, and I confess I don't feel very kindly toward him myself. But why you should wish to include that lovely girl in your measure of revenge, is something I can't conceive of."

"Well, well," said John with great deliberation, "I have been thinking the subject all over, and to tell you the truth I don't believe it is revenge."

"Why, John Morgan, what can it be then?" The old lady was profoundly amazed. She perhaps thought that the troubles at the mill had driven her son daft. At any rate the blood left her cheeks for a minute and she simply stared at the stalwart youth in open-eyed surprise.

John rose from his chair, placed his two hands on his mother's shoulders, looked at her almost fiercely and replied,

"My dear, it is not revenge. I wouldn't harm a hair of Clara Quarles' head for worlds. I would give more than I care to tell you to save her from a single pain, but"—and John drew his hand across his troubled brow—"I,—well, I may as well confess it to you, mother, I love that girl. I have tried to get away from it, but I can't. I have loved her since I first met her. Perhaps it is wrong in me to aspire to such excellence, but I have no control over myself. I am simply overwhelmed."

The color came back to the dear mother's

cheeks and there were drops of dew in her eyes. She took her son's trembling hands in hers—hers trembled too—and said, "John, thank you for telling me. I wonder I didn't see it before, but I didn't. It explains everything to me. Oh, how blind I have been, and I your mother, too."

"Dear boy," she added, "I don't know whether I ought to be sorry or glad. You deserve her, I am sure of that. You deserve the noblest lady of the land, but —"

"Yes, yes, I knew what you would say," he broke in bitterly, "but please don't say it. I don't think I could bear to hear that from your lips. Perhaps I shall get over it. I have been employed on my invention lately, hoping to distract my mind. But"—and John stood looking out of the window—"but it is impossible. When I told you I should be glad if she were poor, I meant that possibly then we might be brought nearer to each other. It was cruel of me. As things are now, there is no hope. She is far, very far beyond my reach."

The mother laid her head on the bosom of that great strong fellow and whispered, "God help you, John." It was a comfort to hear her say that, and it is not strange that a shiver went through that frame of Hercules, a sort of convulsion that for a moment shook him from head to foot.

"This won't do, mother, this won't do. I must be myself again. Give me my hat, dear. I will go and see how the men are getting on. Two or three of them are full of mischief and I must keep watch, or no one knows what may happen." He rushed out of doors.

"Good afternoon, Jim. What's the outlook?"

Withers opened the door when John knocked. He was in his shirt sleeves, was unshaven and hollow-eyed.

"There isn't any outlook. We've touched bottom and are sinking into the mud." He was sour, surly, and desperate.

"Ah, Mrs. Withers, how are the children?"

Jim broke in with, "Hungry, as usual, John Morgan, and likely to be, for that matter. There isn't much fun in starving, John, and Quarles will have to pay for this some day."

He said this in such a significant tone that Morgan was rather taken aback. He knew that something was up, and it was not difficult to guess what it was.

"Something on the carpet, Jim, eh?" he asked nonchalantly.

"Shouldn't wonder," was the answer and Jim turned away.

"Jane, how is the larder? Well stocked?" asked Morgan in a bantering tone.

Jim wouldn't allow his wife to speak, or at any rate he was too quick for her. He rushed across the room, opened the cupboard door and pointed to half a loaf of stale bread on one of the shelves.

"That's all there is left for a family of six," he growled. "Quarles had mutton chops and roast beef. We should be glad of a hindquarter of one of his dogs to eat. I tell you, Morgan, a man who hasn't had a square meal for a week and no likelihood of having one for a week to come wants to get even with some one. Do you hear that? And we are going to do it, too."

"We?" said Morgan quietly.

"That's what I said, we. I'm not the only one that's got a grudge. There are six of us, and if you hear it thunder some night, you'll understand what it means."

Jim was so roused, and withal so restless, that he pulled his hat over his ears and rushed out of the room. He was beside himself and hardly in a responsible condition.

"I want the air," he cried. "It's all I can afford now-a-days. I feel stifled."

"Poor Jim!" said Jane with a sigh. "I can do nothing with him. When I speak, he tells me to shut up. I never saw him like this before, though we've been through hard times."

Morgan took one of the children on his knee.

"Yes, Mrs. Withers," he said, "but we are all in the same boat. I had hopes day before yesterday that Quarles would come to terms, but he won't. He's bound to stick it out. Say, Molly," to the child, "would you like a big red apple, and a bit of cake, eh, my little one?"

Molly looked into Morgan's face as into the face of a magician. Cake? An apple? She would as soon have asked for a star, or the moon.

"Jim had no supper last night," said Jane.

"Ah, indeed!"

"No, he wouldn't touch food until the children were through, and then there was nothing left. He went to bed empty."

"Oh, well, we can't stand that, you know," said John. "Call your husband, Jane, and —"

At that moment Jim opened the door.

"Just in time, Withers. Have you a market basket, man?"

"Yes," he growled.

"Then get it and we'll go to Moloney's."

"Credit's gone. No use."

"We'll see about that. Come along."

"Moloney," said Morgan, when they reached the grocery, "I want a bag of flour."

Moloney was sullen too. "I must have cash," he grumbled.

"No more scores, man?"

"No, got to the end of 'em. I can't support the whole neighborhood, can I? I have to pay for my goods, and must get pay for them. That's plain isn't it? When the mill was running, I could see my way. Now the mill has closed, and nobody knows when it will open, perhaps never, I don't see my way at all. I'm sorry, but it can't be helped, Mr. Morgan. I'm willing to wait, but I can't wait forever, you know."

"That's all right, Moloney. I've got a few dollars left. I want a bushel of potatoes and some groceries, and, by the way, put into Jim's basket a ripe apple for each of the children, and one of those cakes on the counter. Come, hurry up, man, I'm busy."

Withers went home with a light heart and a heavy load.

As they parted at the street corner, Jim said, "There are two persons in the world that I'll never forget, John."

"Only two, Withers?"

"That's all, as true as there's a God in heaven."

"And who are they?"

"Well, you are one of them."

"And the other? You see I am a bit jealous."

"The other is that old scoundrel's daughter, Miss Clara."

"Ah!"

"Yes, we should have been dead by this time, but for you and her. Good-by."

So shines a good deed in a naughty world. John had little, but he was too generous not to share it with his fellows.

"I can't stand it to see those people suffer so," he said to himself, "and especially the children. What an imploring look Molly gave me! Five years old, and as thin as a lath. Great heavens! Plenty, plenty everywhere except where the toilers live. What the rich throw away, what they turn from because their appetites are sated, would

make these poor wretches contented and happy. It's a queer world, a queer world," and he trudged on trying to guess the greatest of all puzzles—why some have too much and others too little.

Five minutes later he met Quinlan.

"Hullo, Pat, do you feel rich to-day?"

"Well," replied Quinlan, thrusting both hands in his pockets, "me wife isn't wearin' her jewels jist now."

"Have you had your beer to-day, old fellow?"

"Not a sip, John, not a sip. More's the pity. But I could dispense wid the beer, if I could get about two fingers av old rye. Ten days, John, and not a drap. Think of it, and I from Connaught."

"But you have bread enough?"

"No lack yet, no lack, thank God. My Mary had a stockin'. Women has wonderful foresight, John. Aye, she had a stockin', and whin I cam home and says, 'Mary, the strike has arrove, it is at our very doors,' instead of burstin' out cryin', which I was prepared for, she ups and winks at me.

"Says I, 'Mary Quinlan, that wink's onseemly. It's no time for that sort of business.' Then I emptied my pockets. 'Not a dime?' says she. 'Not a blessed dime, Mary Quinlan,' says I, 'and you'd better stop your winkin'.' Wid that, she ups and winks again. Says I, 'Are you crazy, woman?' 'I am not,' says she. And then she goes to the bed and pulls out from under the mattress this old stockin'. It has a big bulge in the toe of it, and she shakes it in my face. 'What's that?'—says I. 'Savin's,' says she. 'And how long has it been under the mattress?' says I. 'Three months,' says she, 'and growing a little bigger every pay day.' 'And have I been slapin' on that bed three months,' says I, 'and widin reach of me hand a bagful of silver which would have paid for the biggest spree the Quinlans ever had?' 'You have,' says she, and wid that she nearly split her sides laughin' at me. 'You're a wife wort' havin', Mary,' says I, and she looked proud at me and she says, 'Pat, I'm glad you think so.'"

"And you've been living on those savings?"

"On the contints of that stockin'," answered Pat. "Och, John Morgan, get a wife, and get her an extra stockin' or two. It may come in handy like when you least expect it."

"Have you heard anything from Quarles?" asked Morgan.

"The evil one take him," was the evasive answer.

"But what's up, Pat?"

"That's a queer question to be askin', John. How do I know what's up? I only know that I'm down, and isn't that enough?"

"Pat," persisted Morgan, who felt sure that he had found the clue, "who's in it, besides you and Jim Withers?"

"In it, me boy? Well, I think I could swear that the ould gentleman is in it."

"Who?"

"The ould gentleman, ould Quarles. Leastwise, he will be unless he skips."

"But there are four others," asserted Morgan at a venture.

"Only three," said Pat, falling into the trap.

"Schwartzkopf is one?"

"Av coorse. You remember the illigant spach he made at the meetin'. Och, he would n't be left out, you bet."

"And Fleming?"

"Yis, Fleming. He's the worst of the lot."

"And when is it to be?"

"Oh, any time that suits our convenience. The first dark night will suit very well."

"Yes, but the old man's daughter."

"God help her, she's an angel."

"But what about her?"

"Aye, she has been warned that there's trouble brewin'. A letter was sint tellin' her to get out. We couldn't do no more, and they didn't want to do that. But I insisted and she got the caution. If she doesn't lave town, it's not my fault. I've done all you could expect a gentleman to do widout betrayin' the whole thing an' I'm not that kind of a man, John Morgan."

John was thoroughly roused and alarmed. He was ready to push the strike to the end, but was averse to personal violence. The hot heads in the organization however had got ahead of him, had held secret meetings, matured this plot, and were now awaiting a fitting time to carry it into execution. And he knew nothing about it, had not been consulted, and had only discovered it by the merest chance.

"Pat, how would you like to spend a few years in prison?"

Quinlan looked at John quizzically. "The clothes they wear there wouldn't be becomin', would they?" he said.

"Perhaps not, but you are in danger of wearing them, nevertheless."

"I take me risks. It's worth something to get Quarles out of the way. There isn't a scint in the air, and before the—"

"The what? Speak out, Pat, and tell me the whole story."

"Before the explosion comes, we'll be sittin' at home widout a suspicion. Och, it's neatly planned, John. Don't fear that we'll be caught, for we will not. Jist wait, me boy, and ricollect I haven't spoke a word to ye. Mind that, and I'll be goin'."

Morgan hastened homeward. He had discovered the secret. He, too, hated Quarles, and believed that he deserved his fate. No thought of betraying his comrades entered his mind. His part and lot were cast with them. His cause and theirs were one. But as for Clara! The cold perspiration broke out all over him. "Suppose," but he grew wild, rushed up to his room, closed the door and sat down to think.

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN a young girl, and a girl is young at twenty-four, stands listening with awestruck soul to the grave problems of life which thunder over her head, and vainly tries to find some ray of light by which to guide her feet in the darkness, she deserves our sympathy if she does not claim our pity.

A great many of our girls—and small wonder, indeed—never take life seriously until they are married, and then its seriousness comes as a surprise. They are apt to anticipate the future only so far as a home or an establishment is concerned, and if they look critically upon those of the other sex who are what the world calls "eligible," it is generally with a degree of curiosity as to their ability to provide the home or the establishment of which they have dreamed.

The young man whose pecuniary circumstances are lean and lank, however large his soul or honest his heart, is relegated to the social background. He is simply the last resort of some daughter who has been left over from last season, whose flush of youth has suffered from the first frost of advancing years, who is not reckoned as one of the newest importations, but is willingly disposed of at a rather cheap rate, like shopworn goods. The majority of our poor young fellows who aspire to higher social connections than their birth or environment would seem to warrant,

are kept at bay until "the last armed foe expires," or until the last radiant lover with plenty of cash departs, and is lost in the gloaming, and then, but then only, is invited to the front and permitted to lay on his bosom the withered flower of the family.

But the other fellow, whose bank account has gorgeous proportions, however narrow his soul or shriveled his heart, is adored by the average mamma. She beams upon him with the approving glimmer of an aurora borealis, and with a wrinkled smile bids him take his choice of all her brood. And the expectant brood hurl at him their most amorous glances, chirp at his platitudes, accompany his maudlin conversation with a twitter of delight, and tremble with ecstasy in every part of the body, except where the heart is concealed, when he gives any expression of preference.

If to his wealth is added a title, we make such a rush for him that he is almost suffocated. The parents are eager to sell the girl, and the girl is equally eager to be sold. That title will even cover a pestiferous life, and a man with a soul which even Satan would reject, because it might demoralize his household, can take whom he pleases in any portion of our republic. To be addressed as "My Lady," has more attractions than religion, and is a greater solace. Domestic misery is counted as nothing; the title is counted as everything, for it covers more sins than charity ever dreamed of.

But it is not so with all. It was not so with Clara Quarles. There are some American girls who are not fools, who look on marriage as a sacrament, who prefer humble happiness to gaudy misery, and who want for husband a man. They are not crazed by titles, nor is their moral sense, their womanly quality, depraved by a longing for mere wealth.

You probably think Clara Quarles an odd creature. It is possible that you may regard her as the product of my imagination, without a counterpart in real life. Is it then so very strange that a woman should be a woman, genuine, modest, high-spirited, pure, independent, and unselfish? The Lord have mercy on us, unless we are able to find many such in our daily wanderings. The future of the country is not safe if the other kind are in the majority. Woman, not man, creates the moral standard of society. Keep our homes motherly, and we shall last forever.

With debased womanhood, the country isn't worth preserving, and to fight again for the flag would be to die uselessly, for a government which does not receive its policies from a million honest hearthstones and firesides is simply an ass in a lion's skin, the tin thunder of a theater.

"Clara," said Mrs. Quarles, "come into my room for a few minutes." The relation between the two was one of mutual confidence. Soul touched soul, and their thoughts ran out from the lips of each in cordial greeting.

"You are not quite happy, dearie. What troubles you?" asked the mother.

"Oh, nothing in particular," was the weary answer, "but everything in general."

"I think you are nervously worn, my child. What with the strike and——"

"Yes, I know, mother. But it is inevitable, and I must bear it."

"Suppose you were to go into the country for a week or two, Clara. Sister Eliza has written me complaining that none of us has been near her for nearly three years. She says she has almost forgotten how you look."

"No, no, I can't go. I can't. My place, mother, is right here until this trouble is settled one way or the other. If anything happens you will need me, dear, and I should never forgive myself if I were away from you at such a time."

"Yes, my child, I remember you told me that the men are very much excited and might resort to violence. These strikes are fearful things, aren't they?"

Clara simply nodded her head, with a sigh.

"It's a fearful strain on your father, dear."

"And on the workingmen, too, mother. I went into the mill district yesterday afternoon and——"

"You ought not to, Clara. It seems almost a tempting of Providence. Really, you musn't do it, dear. If I had known it I shouldn't have had a moment's peace."

"And," continued Clara, "I don't think I ever saw such wretchedness. Their families had literally nothing to eat, and the children had a half-starved look."

"I spoke to your father, dear, and told him that the men were crazed."

"And what did he say, mother?"

"Oh, nothing much. He thinks they are all cowards, and won't dare to do anything."

"But he is certainly mistaken, mother; I am sure of it."

"Well, he has been to see the chief of police, who promised to send a couple of detectives to—"

"That will do no good. Those men meet in secret and they are close-mouthed. They know that their lives depend on silence, and they won't lisp a word. Besides, the police belong to their class, and sympathize with them. I have seen more than the detectives can discover, and although I can't find out anything definite, I am certain that Jane Withers and Mary Quinlan wouldn't come here to give us warning unless there was some real danger to fear."

"And if there is, you at least must be saved from harm, Clara."

"Never, mother. Your lot shall be mine. Don't refer to that subject again, for I am determined."

"If you would only go," pleaded Mrs. Quarles.

"I positively cannot."

"Just for a month."

"Not for an hour."

"Oh, dear, people think that because one has money he must therefore be happy," continued Mrs. Quarles. "But they know nothing about it. We, at any rate, are not happy. I don't know what could be worse than this horrible experience."

"I guess," said Clara with a quivering lip, "I guess the evils of life are pretty evenly distributed, after all. Nobody is exempt, so far as I can see."

"No, not even you, dear child. I went into your room last night, after you had gone to bed—"

"Why, you dear old mother!"

"And you were moaning so piteously, Clara, that it nearly broke my heart."

"Moaning? Is that so?"

"Yes, you were indeed. Tell me, dear, is there anything else on your mind?"

Clara took up a book and began to turn the leaves.

"No, I rather think not, at least I hope not," she answered slowly.

"Then I am sure there is, Clara."

The two looked at each other with a steady glance, the mother excited by her curiosity and her interest in the child, and Clara wondering whether it was best to go farther or to halt where she was.

"Everything is so uncomfortable, dear," she said.

"That isn't all, my child," and the mother

caressed Clara's hand. "There's something more, and perhaps I could help you."

"Do you think so?" with a weary voice.

"I fear not. I don't believe anybody could help me."

For an instant Clara was silent. Tears filled her eyes. Her cheeks were burning.

"Mother! Mother!"

The storm had burst. A wild surge of agony passed over Clara from head to foot and with a passionate impulse she threw herself into her mother's arms and sobbed.

Neither spoke. There are times in life when speech is useless. The dear lady pressed her child to her bosom, stroked her feverish brow, and murmured as though the words were a lullaby, "My precious! My darling!"

"It's nothing, it's nothing. It will be all over soon," cried Clara half in hysterics. "How dreadful it is to be so weak. I'm ashamed of myself. Forgive me, dear," and she put her hand on her mother's cheek.

At last Mrs. Quarles said gently, "Clara!"

There was something, an indescribable something in her voice which made Clara tremble. She shrank within herself for she had a premonition that the mother had discovered the daughter's secret. She answered in a whisper,

"Yes, dear."

"Who is he?" This also in a whisper.

The crisis had arrived. Clara tightened her hold of her mother, buried her face and cried,

"I dare not tell you. You will be displeased."

"Do I know him?"

"You have seen him."

"Is he—"

"What, mother?"

"Is he tall and strong? Has he light hair and blue eyes? Does he walk like a prince, and—"

Clara raised her head and the eyes of the two met.

"And what?"

"And is his name—"

"Mother, mother!"

Poor Clara was white as the snow of December.

"Shall I go on, Clara?"

"Yes."

"Is his name John Morgan?"

The dear child dropped into the chair and covered her face with her handkerchief.

"How did you find out, mother?"

"I have known it for a whole month."

"Why, I haven't known it that long myself."

"No, perhaps not. But a good physician judges of the approach of a disease by its symptoms, and a mother can't be mistaken in a matter of this kind."

"Does my father—"

"No, and you would better not tell him for a while. He will be terribly disappointed and—"

There was a knock at the door.

Clara ran into the adjoining room to hide her tears and her emotion.

"Come in!" called Mrs. Quarles.

"What is it, James?" she asked.

"Mr. Quarles, ma'am, has just gone into his library. He asked me, ma'am, if the ladies was at home, and when I told him you was, ma'am, he told me to say he had important business, ma'am, and wanted to see you at once."

"Me, James?"

"You and the young missis, ma'am. He was very particular about the young lady, ma'am."

"Tell him we shall come down immediately."

When they reached the library, they found Mr. Quarles sitting at the table and turning over the leaves of a ponderous ledger. His brows were knit, and his face wore a hard expression, as though he had a disagreeable task before him but was determined to do it to his own entire satisfaction.

That he was not at ease, but, on the contrary, greatly embarrassed, was evident from the fact that he didn't look up at their entrance, but kept his eyes fixed on a long column of figures which he seemed to be adding up, muttering to himself, "Hm! yes, hm!"

"Clara, my child," he began, and he turned another page and was apparently absorbed in what he saw there, though you and I know that no pen had ever scratched its fair commercial surface.

"Yes, father," and mother and daughter looked at each other, intuitively guessing that something out of the usual course was in the air.

Looking over the ledger, assuming an absorbed manner, were simply preliminary strategical movements on the part of Mr. Quarles. They gave him time to consider how best to make the attack he meditated, and now, being ready for the fray, he closed

the book, and stood in front of the mantel, his hands, as was his custom in an emergency, clasped under his coat tails. Moreover, instead of meeting the eyes of his auditors he gazed through the window and had the appearance of a man who was addressing some one on the other side of the street.

"I, er, have sent for you, er,"—and he fidgeted restlessly, as though it was hard to get the sentence out, "on a very, yes, I, er, think I may say a very important matter."

"The strike, father?" asked Clara lifting her eyebrows.

"No, er, not at all. And yet," after a moment, "it has, er, a direct connection, er, with that unfortunate affair."

"Yes?"

There was a dead silence for several ticks of the old-fashioned Dutch clock which stood in the corner and which seemed to appreciate its responsibility as a witness to this scene and ticked louder than ever, but those few ticks seemed painfully long.

"I am, er, concerned, a good deal, er, concerned about, er, well, about your future, Clara, and it is natural, er, that a father should be, er, solicitous about his child's, especially when that, er, child is his only one, about, er, his child's prospects. Isn't that so?" and Mr. Quarles, for the first time looked straight at Clara but with a cold, severe, and steely gaze.

"Indeed, it is, father," and Clara's mind wandered over a very extensive territory of memory and imagination, wondering what the old gentleman was aiming at.

"And I have, er, been thinking, Clara, that the time, er, has come, er, when you should be preparing for a home of your own."

These words were like chips on a current. Clara at once saw the drift of her father's purpose and bit her lips.

"Yes, er, a home of your own," and Quarles, supposing the door was ajar, went across the room, saw that it was closed, and then resumed his former attitude.

"I think, er, you should, er, put your mind seriously on the, er, the question of marriage."

Clara, reckless creature that she was, sprang into the breach at once.

"I have already done so, sir," she replied. "I suppose every girl hopes to be married sometime."

"Ah, yes, er, quite right, quite right. I believe, er, that a daughter of mine, Clara,

could, er, well, could, er, so to speak, er, take her pick."

"I am not so sure about that, sir," and Clara looked down at a figure on the carpet.

"Now, er, under the present circumstances, er, it would please me best, er,"—again he looked straight at her and added, "and I suppose, er, you wish to please your parents in this matter?"

"If possible, certainly," she answered. "I would like to please them, sir, but I should hope that they would be pleased if I pleased myself." There was an atmosphere of defiance on her part which forced Quarles to take out his pocket handkerchief and cough vigorously.

"There are several young gentlemen, er, of our acquaintance who would, er, do very well, very well indeed. Those, er, whom I happen at this, er, moment to have, er, in mind, are quite able to, er, supply you, that is to say, they are rich. For example, there is Malcolm, er. Father worth a million, best, er, turn-out in the neighborhood, only child, er, like yourself. It would, er, make a beautiful wedding, er," and the old man rubbed his hands in glee. "Fine thing that, eh?"

"He hasn't asked me, sir."

"Tut, tut, trust that, er, to me. I can read him like that ledger. Give him the chance, er, Clara, encourage him with a few, er, smiles, er, child, and my word for it, he'd be on his knees," and the two hands of the old gentleman seemed to be congratulating each other.

Clara shook her head.

"He wouldn't, eh? You are mistaken, er. I saw him on Thursday last, er, he plumped it right out."

"What?"

"He did indeed. Told me he thought you, er, the finest girl in the country, and wanted my, er, permission to, to visit here more frequently. That's what I, er, call the square thing. None of your, er, roundabout hints, he just said, er, plainly that he would marry you."

"And"—Clara became pale—"what did you reply, father?"

"I said I'd be as plain as he. I told him, er, I liked him,—worth, er, a million, mind,—and, er, that he had my approval. That was business, eh?"

"Yes, it was indeed business," said Clara bitterly, "and only business. But I shall take pleasure in telling him when he calls that I am not for sale."

"Eh, girl, eh? You'll do nothing of the kind."

"I shall indeed, sir. I will have nothing to do with him or his money. While I feel very grateful for his preference, I want nothing more of him than his acquaintance. As a friend, he serves my purpose; as a husband, I must beg to decline the honor."

Then the old man raged. He grew red in the face, called Clara an ungrateful child, and tore the English language to tatters in his indignation. But to no purpose. Clara was as unmoved as a rock on the seashore. Her father's words broke into spray as they dashed against her.

At last he was forced to make an appalling revelation. Pointing to the ledger he said,

"Clara, I am, er, reported a rich man."

She bowed her head, but was silent.

"I am not. I thought so, er, myself until six months ago. But, er, I am not. The tide has gone against me. I have tried, er, to row against it, but I can't. At first, er, I managed to keep my own, then, er, I began to slip back, to lose ground, and, er, now—" He covered his face with his hands and trembled in every limb.

"Father, dear father!" and Clara and her mother both rushed to his side.

"And now, I am, er, ruined. I can't even pay my debts. I have, er, borrowed money, have mortgaged the, er, the mill, hoping for better times, but it's too late, too late."

He fell into a chair and was ghastly pale. "If you, er, marry Malcolm, I am saved, you are saved, er, we are all saved. If you refuse, I shall, er, be a beggar. My daughter," and he held out his hands to her, as though he was praying for succor, "save us, save the family, save, er, my reputation. You are my only hope. For God's sake, marry Malcolm."

God only knows the struggle through which Clara passed. She stood stock still, white-faced with closed eyes, and had you seen her you would have thought her a marble statue. Would it not be a glorious martyrdom to sacrifice herself? That abject old man was her father, always kind to her, always gentle and tender. She had been his pet and his pride. She was his sunshine, and now fate had made her his forlorn hope. A single word from her lips and he would be on his feet again. Her heart beat until it seemed as though it were in competition with the old clock. Should she yield? Why not?

What is life good for unless it be of benefit to others? She was almost persuaded, when the mother—and surely it was the voice of an angel that spoke through her lips—said,

"Stephen, this is all wrong. You are beside yourself. We can afford to be poor, but, dear husband, we can't afford to sell our daughter for a price. No, no, we shall find some other way out of this great evil. But if we did that, we could never forgive ourselves. Give everything up, but we will keep our love for each other and our self-respect. Clara doesn't love Malcolm, and never can."

The old man groaned, and was the picture of despair.

"Besides we want her to be happy above all things, and if she loves another, it is not her fault."

"Another?" moaned Quarles, and a ray of hope dawned on him. He didn't care for Malcolm, but he did care for riches, and if Clara had made her choice of some one else's million, Malcolm's million was nothing to him. So he asked the question, "Another?"

The mother saw she had gone too far, but it was not possible to withdraw the words.

"Yes, dear, there is another," she said soothingly.

"Who is he?"

"Unfortunately, he is poor," she answered desperately.

Quarles fell back once more, a defeated, broken down old man.

"Who?" he moaned.

It was better to meet the crisis and have it over. So the mother and daughter looked at each other with painful intensity and Mrs. Quarles replied,

"Stephen, it is John Morgan."

He dropped his hands, shivered, gazed at them for an instant and then crying, "My God!" fell into a kind of stupor.

CHAPTER X.

A DARKER, gloomier night one could scarcely conceive. The clouds were closely knitted, like the threads of a fabric, and the heavens were like black velvet. They fairly frowned, and as the great cloudy masses trooped along they reminded one of a huge herd of black cattle while the rumbling thunder was the herd's lowing.

John Morgan looked out from his little cottage at ten o'clock, and it was clear that he bore a great pain in his heart. "Just the night!" he half whispered, half hissed.

"A perfect devil's night, and it suits their cursed purpose perfectly. I have done all I could to prevent violence, have argued with these fellows and pleaded with them. They deny everything, swear that the plot was only talk and that they will let matters rest where they are. But I can't be deceived. I know them through and through, have summered and wintered them. No, they can't put me off their track. We haven't had such a night as this for months and it is now or never with these foolhardy rogues."

"John," said the little woman who was at once his mother and his saint, "it's a frightful night, isn't it?"

"Yes, dear, and I must be off at once."

"Why, John," she cried in startled tones, "you are not going out? Oh, how dreadful that thunder is! And did you ever see such a flash? I am nearly blinded. Don't leave me to-night, my son."

"I must, mother," he answered very decidedly. "I have very important business."

"Not at this time of night, John? Do you know how late it is?"

"Yes, I know it is late, and it's because the night is dark that I must go."

She understood it all. The rumors had reached her.

"Do you think they will dare—"

"They will dare anything, mother. They are very desperate and have lost their reason."

"But what good can you do, John? You can't prevent them."

"No, and more 's the pity. I have done my best in that direction, but they will not listen. I am sorry to leave you, dear, but you must be a heroine for the next few hours. Perhaps, after all, they will fail. They shall," and he ground his teeth, "they shall, if I can make them."

He put his hat on, and buttoned his coat slowly and deliberately, as though preparing himself for the crisis. Then he took the little woman in his arms and kissed her, saying, "Mother, sit up for me. I hope not to be away very long. And, mother dear, pray for me while I am gone, for I may have dangerous work to do."

An hour later Quarles, who generally slept soundly but on this particular night tossed restlessly in his bed, with the hobgoblin of financial ruin to keep him company, suddenly sat up and sniffed the air.

"I smell smoke," he muttered to himself.

In an instant he was standing in the middle of the room, turning this way and that, like an Irish setter that gets a scent but can't locate it.

"Can I be mistaken?" he soliloquized. "If that isn't smoke, what is it?" Another sniff and then another. "It certainly is smoke," and he called to his wife. "Sarah! Sarah!"

"Yes, yes, what is it? What's the matter, Stephen? Why," and she too sniffed, "isn't that smoke? Does it come through the window, Stephen? Perhaps the woods are on fire."

"No, the window is closed. It's in the house somewhere. You smell it, don't you?"

"Of course I do. My throat is so sore with it I can hardly speak."

Quarles unlocked the door and opened it. A great volume of smoke rushed in and filled the room. It was so dense they were nearly suffocated.

He fell back as though some one had struck him a blow. "The house is on fire!" he gasped. "Get your clothes on. Be quick! Be quick!"

"Oh, Stephen," she cried, "go and call Clara," and not waiting for him to do so she called at the top of her voice, "Clara! Clara!"

When Morgan reached the Quarles mansion, he groped his way along the gravel walk and with the aid of the lightning surveyed the premises. Everything was quiet and he saw no one. "It looks all right," he muttered. "I guess they have thought better of it, but I'm glad I came nevertheless. What's that?" and a cold chill went over him. He thought he heard a retreating step, but perhaps he was mistaken. If there was a step, it had left the hard gravel, and he could n't hear it on the grass. At any rate, everything was as still as death.

Then he crept round to the back of the house. "Her window!" he said to his trembling heart. He stood there and gazed while the thunder roared overhead. "Her window!" he repeated. "Does she know that I am on the watch? Does she know that I would gladly spend my life to save her from harm?"

'Twas a strange spectacle. A giant of a man gazing at the window behind which slept his fate.

When Clara retired that night, she was

more unhappy than I have words to express. Tumultuous thoughts trod on each other's heels as they rushed through her mind. Her loyalty to her father, whom she profoundly respected, and her love for Morgan, were engaged in a death struggle. They wrestled like two Grecian athletes. Now one was in danger of a fall, and now the other. She turned down the gas, and when the storm broke it seemed like her other self. The tempest without answered the tempest within, and she threw herself on her bed, her wrapper on, to think the awful problem out, and then fell asleep.

A crash woke her. She too was half suffocated with smoke which had crept under the door. She instantly thought of Mary Quinlan and Jane Withers. "They have done it! they have done it!" and she rushed to the window and threw up the sash. A curling cloud swept up from the floor below, and she cried, "I must wake father and mother."

But as she looked down on the lawn she became transfixed. A wild flash lit up the whole heavens and in that instant she saw standing, not thirty feet from the house, John Morgan. Their eyes met. The recognition was perfect.

Minds act quickly under such circumstances, and by that mysterious process known as the transference of thought, language is made unnecessary. During the instant of that single flash Clara had reached an awful conclusion, and John Morgan knew what it was.

She believed that he was in the plot, that he had fired the house through revenge, that he was willing to sacrifice her father, her mother, and herself in pursuance of his socialistic theories. Else why was he there, at such a time as that? There could be no other reason for his presence. After all, he was her worst enemy, and, in her judgment, a criminal of the basest sort. That flash of lightning had not only revealed his face but his wicked purpose. And that man she had loved, loved with an intensity which sometimes made her life radiant with hope, and sometimes enveloped it in the gloom of despair. He did not know it, but she would have gone to the ends of the earth with him, shared his fate whatever it might be, even endured poverty for his dear sake. Yes, that one lightning flash had blasted her future, had riven her heart, had destroyed her faith in her kind. She seemed to herself to grow

old in that second of time and as the truth broke upon her, it created such a revulsion of feeling, gave her such a frightful shock that she threw up her hands, tottered, and then fell to the floor as though dead.

And John Morgan read her thoughts as he would read a book. He knew that she had already condemned him, regarded him as an outcast, a vile wretch who can look complacently at even murder for the accomplishment of his purpose. "And why should she not?" he thought. "She cannot know why I am here, is ignorant of my love. This is my place when she is in danger, and yet cruel circumstances bear testimony against me. I would save her, but she believes that I am making her a sacrifice."

He was maddened, was frozen to the spot by the horror of the situation, but when the devilish smoke poured out of the window which she had closed, he came to himself. "Now or never," he muttered. "At any cost I must get inside that building." There was one door on a level with the ground, but it was strongly bolted. He pushed with all his might, but it did not yield. Then retreating ten steps he made a rush and flung himself with all his weight against it. The impact was something terrible, but the door was strong. Still he heard the wood crack and when a second time he threw himself against it, it fell with a loud crash. He was blinded, stifled, but in he rushed; up one flight; then with a dozen leaps up the second flight. Dashing into Clara's room, he saw her prostrate form, but by that time the flames seemed to be ubiquitous. They were all-devouring and all-conquering. They hissed, they crackled, they seemed to scream with delight. He must be quick. Picking Clara, unconscious, up, he threw a blanket over her, shielding her face as best he could, and dashed down the stairway. Another minute and it would have been too late. The fire was easily victor, and as the bright tongues of flame lapped his coat and singed his hair and burned the nap of the blanket, he moaned and groaned. His bare hands were scorched but the end had not been accomplished. He tried the second flight, but was driven back. The floor below was a furnace, and barred his exit. It was sure death to attempt an escape in that direction. "Ah, God be thanked, there is the front door," he cried. In an instant he had unlocked it, but when he reached the veranda

and the fresh air he reeled like a drunken man. It seemed as though he must fall, but with a supreme effort, and grinding his teeth in defiance of his ill fortune, he bore his precious burden over the carriage way to the street.

Of course a crowd had gathered. There were screams and yells; the hurried orders of the firemen, oaths innumerable, and a general pandemonium.

"Hullo, Mr. Morgan, are you here?" and turning he saw William Linch, the hack-driver.

"Is your team here, William?"

"Yes, just round the corner."

"Go on then, and I'll follow. Hurry, man, for it's life and death."

Clara was placed in the carriage. Her white face wore a piteous expression as though death had come suddenly and had not been welcomed. He gave her one look, and what he saw broke his heart.

"Home, William; use the whip; double fare; don't spare the horses."

Ten minutes they were alone in that carriage, the strong man and the frail girl who was apparently beyond the reach of human aid. Her head rested on his shoulder, and ever and anon he shuddered.

"Oh, my love," he moaningly whispered, "come back, for God's sake come back, and let me tell you the truth. Don't go from me thinking me a criminal." His hands trembled, his lips quivered, and on his brow was a cold perspiration.

At the door of the cottage Quinlan stood.

"You fiend," cried Morgan as he lifted his burden out, "do you see what you have done? Out of my sight, or it will be worse for you."

"But the docther," cried Quinlan, "shall I fetch him?"

"Yes, run your legs off, man. That's the least you can do."

Pat was off at his topmost speed. He wasn't the stuff to make a real socialist of. He had gone into the scheme, but was thoroughly frightened at what had been done. A friendly fight with a few broken heads was one thing, but murder he had no taste for. He had no sooner seen the deed accomplished than he broke for John Morgan's cottage, hoping to summon aid to undo at least a part of the crime.

When the doctor came, he found Clara in the spare room bed. The dear old mother

had undressed her and done all she could, but that all was little enough.

"She 'll revive, I think," said the doctor gravely. "I'll sit here and watch until she opens her eyes. You had better leave the room, all of you. Your presence will be confusing, and I need not tell you that her position is critical."

"Will she live?" asked John hoarsely and in a whisper.

"I can tell better to-morrow," he answered evasively. "It is evidently not a simple swoon. She has had a terrible shock of some kind. I don't think it was the fire, though that was bad enough. I may be mistaken, but I think not. At any rate, you must leave me now. If any change occurs I will let you know. It would be well," he continued after a moment's hesitation, "to at once communicate with her parents, if they can be found. They will probably want to consult with the family physician, and I don't care to take responsibility without their knowledge and consent. But for the present there must be absolute quiet and no disturbing element, or I will not answer for the consequences."

Mr. Quarles was found by Morgan. He was quite crazed about the child and bemoaned her loss in the most frantic way. Mrs. Quarles was entirely broken down. "It is more than we can bear," she sobbed when she saw Morgan. "We could face any other fate, but this is overwhelming. We ran at once to her room when we saw the danger, but she was not there. What has happened to her?" And she lifted up her hands imploringly.

Morgan saw that he must break the news of her safety very gently or the mental reaction would be too much. He did this with great diplomacy. He did not tell her, however, of the part which he had himself played in the tragedy, and when he said that Clara was at his cottage, she stared at him in curious amazement.

"And why there?" she asked.

"Because," he answered, "I happened to be on the spot when she was brought from the ruins, and as she was in a stupor, and required the immediate aid of a physician, she was taken to my mother, who is a gentle and skillful nurse."

The gratitude of both father and mother was almost painful. The dear old lady fixed her gaze on the face of Morgan while the

tears ran down her cheeks in a torrent. "Then we are once more happy. She was our all, Mr. Morgan, and God has been very good to give her back to us."

Even Stephen Quarles was greatly softened by the news. He paced the floor for awhile, and then standing in front of Morgan said, "My dear fellow, you haven't, er, told us yet how the, er, dear child escaped the fire."

"We will talk about that another time," replied Morgan. "It is late, and you need rest. I am sorry to say that your daughter is not entirely out of danger, but her wants have so far been attended to. I think Mrs. Quarles had better spend the night with her, if she feels able to do so, for when she comes out of the faint it might be well for her to see a familiar face."

And so it was arranged. Quarles and his wife went to the cottage to hear the latest news from the doctor's lips, and found to their delight that Clara had spoken, feebly to be sure, but she had spoken. The doctor told them he would call in the morning early, and John and the old gentleman sat for an hour or two talking the matter over, when Quarles went to a hotel near by, and John sat in his chamber, ready for a moment's call.

When the doctor came the next morning he found the family physician there before him, and the case was given into the latter's hands.

"The only thing I fear," he said, "is brain fever. My colleague and I are quite agreed that Miss Quarles has had a bad shaking up nervously. She is quite unstrung and talks incoherently. This shock has entirely unsettled her, and I confess I don't understand it. It is mental rather than physical. If I didn't know better—and my acquaintance with the family extends through many years, Mr. Morgan—I should say without hesitation that she had suffered some sudden and poignant disappointment. But that, of course, is out of the question."

Poor Clara did have brain fever. In her delirium she moaned and sighed, at one moment calling out wildly for Morgan, and the next shivering with terror and crying, "Don't come near me. Keep away! You are a traitor! Keep away."

The disease ran its course slowly. "To-morrow," said the doctor, "the crisis will come. I hope for the best, but there is always more or less danger in these cases. If any change occurs, and especially if she

recognizes you, Mrs. Quarles, send for me at once."

The day dawned bright. The sun stole in at the window and kissed the pillow on which lay the head of the sufferer. She had slept sweetly, and apparently with refreshment. Her mother, who was preparing some medicine in another part of the room, heard her whisper in a perfectly natural voice, "Where am I?" She rushed to her bedside. Languid eyes were lifted to her face, and the word "Mother" struck her ear like a faint echo.

"Where am I, dear?"

"Safe, my darling, in the hands of your friends. Don't think of it, just now, Clara, but try to sleep, dearie."

"Where am I?" she persisted. "And why am I here?"

Her thoughts slowly untangled. She seemed to make an effort to recall the past.

"Oh, I remember," she said very weakly, "I remember. There was a fire."

"Yes, darling."

"Father?"

"He is well, and will be here shortly."

"And, and—oh, I see it all now." And she shivered. It seemed as though another paroxysm were at hand, but the narcotic did its work and she closed her eyes and slept.

So day after day passed, wearily, to be sure, but they passed, and the doctor assured them all that she would soon be herself again. She insisted on being told where she was, and when she learned that she was in John Morgan's cottage, she bit her lip and said nothing, but her face wore a cold, hard expression.

One Sunday, just at set of sun, she turned to her mother and said, "Dearie, you have brought me back to life with your careful nursing, but it wasn't worth while."

The only answer was tears which made her half regret what she had said.

"There is nothing for me now, nothing to live for."

Then she added, "Mother, is Mr. Morgan at home?"

"Yes, dear."

"I am strong now, and I want to see him."

"I will call him, Clara."

"And, mother—"

"Yes."

"I want to see him alone."

He entered the room and took a seat by her bed.

"Mr. Morgan," she said, "I want to ask

you some questions—will you answer them honestly?" Her voice was like ice.

He nodded his head.

"Who brought me here?"

"I did."

"Why did you do it? Here, of all places in the world. I would rather have died than have been brought here. You took advantage of my helplessness."

He had nothing to reply.

"Do you know how I was saved?" she asked.

"I do."

"Will you tell me?"

"If you wish."

"I do wish it."

"I knew," he began, "that the strike had changed some of the men into fiends. They were hungry and desperate."

"Yes."

"I learned by chance—may I tell you the whole truth, Miss Quarles?"

"If you dare to," was her reply.

"I learned by the merest chance that there was a plot to fire the house."

She gave him a glance, so scornful that it pierced him to the heart.

"It was impossible to prevent it," he continued.

"Ah!"

"But I determined at any cost to save you from their vengeance."

"Me?"

"You, Clara Quarles."

"And why me?"

"Because I loved you."

"You loved me," she cried, in withering tones. "Your love must have had a peculiar quality, if you could deliberately set fire to our house."

"I? Set fire?"

"Yes, you. Did I not see you in the garden? And did you not see me, too? What purpose brought you there at that particular moment, on that particular night? Ten minutes after your arrival, the house was in flames."

"I saw your face, Miss Quarles. I knew you accused me of that infamous deed. I saw you fall. I broke down a door, rushed to your room, bore you through the flames in my arms, these arms which you despise, and never left you till you were here in my mother's care."

"You saved me, John Morgan?"

"Yes, I, and I would have faced a thousand deaths to save you."

"Oh, I see it all. She drew her hand across her eyes. "I see it all. I have done you a great wrong. Forgive me, dear friend."

He took her hand and kissed it.

"Do you know," she said at length, "do you know why I fell in that swoon at sight of you?"

But it would be sacrilege to go further. There are thresholds we must not cross, and this is one of them.

When Mrs. Quarles gently glided into the room thirty minutes later, she saw a curious sight. Clara's head was resting quietly on the bosom of John, but she did not listen to their whispered conversation. She simply said, "Clara, my dear, you appear to be quite well again," and retired.

CHAPTER XI.

Two years later, in the early part of September, I took the steamer at Liverpool for the homeward trip. I had spent something like eighteen months on the Continent, and was in the best of spirits at the prospect of seeing America once more. Indeed, I am firmly of the opinion that the man who travels with his eyes open finds no country like this. An eighteen months' dose of Europe, and every moment pleasantly spent at that, purges the thoughtful mind of all love of monarchy. Diffused power, such as exists among us, is objectionable in many respects, and in some it is exasperating, but take it for all in all, it affords prosperity and contentment to a larger number than the concentrated authority which a crown and a throne symbolize. The man who comes back from Europe to rail at the land of his birth is possessed of an eccentricity which I cannot understand. Perhaps my own appreciation of America comes from the fact that I love the common people. They constitute the trustworthy element here; while there, and for the best of reasons, they are always under suspicion. The efficient cause of this difference is that here the people are the government, while there they are the tools of the government. On the other side of the Atlantic, the populace are like the molten lava beneath the crater of Vesuvius. They must be watched and on occasions suppressed, or there will be an eruption which means "confusion worse confounded." On this side, the populace is conservative and cautious. We have a peaceful revolution every

four years, when we elect a president. Then we become hot, passionate, and inflamed, but spend our incendiary energy in yelling for our favorite candidate, until bronchitis makes us dumb, and in marching through the streets with banners and torchlights. When the question has been decided at the polls, our revolutionary tendencies subside, and for four times twelve months we devote ourselves to the victories of peace. In other words, the people of the republic are like powder exploded in the open air. It does no damage. There is a slight report, a huge volume of smoke, but nothing more. The people in a monarchy are like powder confined. Touch it with the spark, and everything is shaken to its foundations and some things are broken beyond repair.

For the first twenty-four hours after we left the *Germania* I was busy with my private affairs and kept to my stateroom. But on the morning of the second day, I had finished my work and was prepared to enjoy the voyage. What a sky! One became speechless with delight while looking at it. Its infinite depths of blue seemed to bend over us with a tender and motherly care. You know what I mean, I hope. There are days when the heavens appear to be in a friendly, even confidential mood. They look at you in a kindly way, and induce an all-satisfying serenity of mind as though the angel of the millennium were passing by, and you were touched by the hem of her sweeping robe.

On the windward quarter I saw a gentleman whose splendid physique at once attracted my attention. His back was turned to me, for he was gazing at the vast expanse of ocean through which we were plowing our way, but somehow I thought his form familiar. I walked past him to the stern of the vessel, and when I turned I got a good look at his face.

"I am sure," I said to myself, "I am sure I know that man. Where have I seen him?"

Then I followed the tangled clues of memory for fully ten minutes. He was so distinguished in bearing that I was led astray. I rushed through the long list of my London and Paris acquaintances; then reviewed my friendships in Berlin and Pau and Nice; but to no purpose. I don't know when I have been more puzzled, and there is nothing which teases me more than vainly to try to recall an incident or a person.

In my mental journeyings I casually passed the mill and the strike, and throwing my head up as the revelation came, I cried aloud, "I have it. That man is John Morgan."

"Excuse me," I said, approaching him, "have I the pleasure of addressing —"

"Certainly you have," he broke in as he turned and caught sight of me, "certainly you have, my dear George, and I'm right glad to see you."

We stood together and talked for an hour. I was consumed with curiosity, but of course did not dare to ask leading questions, for nobody knows where I might have landed myself.

"Two years," I suggested, "are a long time, Morgan, and they bring many changes."

"Indeed they do," he answered, but he did not seem inclined to tell me what those changes were.

"When I saw you last, my dear fellow, you were at the mill."

"I am still there," he said quietly.

"And the strike was just over."

"Ah, yes. You remember that, do you?"

"And the Quarles —"

"Yes, yes, the old house was burned to the ground."

"But Miss Clara?"

"She was saved. All the members of the family were recovered, but they had a narrow escape."

"Was the strike settled satisfactorily, Morgan?"

"Perfectly," he answered laconically.

"The men were satisfied?"

"Yes."

"And Mr. Quarles?"

"Yes, he was brought to terms with some difficulty, but after awhile he saw things in a new light, and the mill has been running ever since."

"Then capital and labor are no longer at war," I remarked with a smile.

"It's all over and will never recur, so far as we are concerned."

"That seems a venturesome prophecy for these days."

"Not at all. Capital and labor have a common interest. When that fact is acknowledged, there can be no trouble. It is acknowledged in that mill, and we are the most prosperous concern in the district."

"We, did you say?"

"Yes, the firm name is now 'Quarles and Morgan.'"

"So? Indeed! Allow me to congratulate you, John!"

"We run the mill on a co-operative plan. The men are all stockholders in the concern. They share our profits, and as we have made few losses, we are all getting on very comfortably."

"Even Pat Quinlan?" I asked.

"Yes, he bought his cottage on the installment plan, has a Sunday suit to go to church in, and is as proud as a lord."

"And Jim Withers?"

"Well, Jim is doing well enough. He has steady work, growls of course, that's a matter of temperament, but is getting on finely."

"Why, you seem to have worked a miracle there, John."

"Not at all, not at all. We are fair to our men, that's the secret."

"And you have given up your socialist dreams now that you have money, and can travel abroad? How about that?"

"I think I have given up my dreams," he answered thoughtfully. "Yes, I've given them all up. You are right."

"I thought you would."

"Did you?"

"Yes, money drives socialism from the heart, I think. When one has nothing, he wants other people to divide with him, but when he has a good deal, he doesn't want to divide with others. Isn't that about the way?"

"I think not," he replied. "At least, it has not worked so with me. I believe in dividing with others and that is the reason I have succeeded."

I opened my eyes.

"When I said I had given up my socialistic dream, I meant that I have no further need of it, because my dream has been realized."

So we talked and my old admiration for my friend grew apace. He had not surrendered his convictions to his prosperity, but had built his prosperity on his convictions as a sure and safe foundation.

"But how came all this about?" I asked, "for I am devoured by curiosity."

"Simply enough," he replied. "You remember I had been mulling over an invention for some years. Well, after awhile I thought the problem out, or rather it came out of itself. The business was in a bad way, I had a long talk with the old gentleman, showed him my plans and he saw their value at once. He was growing old, he said,

and the strike, together with some financial difficulties, had pretty well used him up. So of his own accord he offered to take me into partnership. He kicked rather vigorously about the co-operative system, swore roundly at it as a piece of consummate folly and a very stupid surrender of profits, but I insisted, and he is now a very enthusiastic convert to the new order of things."

As I turned to go, I said, "John, I want to ask one more question."

"Go on," he answered cheerily, and with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"You won't consider me impertinent?"

"Well, if I do," he answered, "I shall reserve the right to answer you, that's all."

"What became of Clara Quarles? Did she marry?"

"Yes, she did."

"Did she marry well?"

"I think so," he said, as he turned and seemed to be gazing at some one close by, "at least I hope so. However, you shall judge for yourself."

By this time his face had become fairly radiant, and there was an expression of tender-

ness which made me feel that his soul had all it could ask for.

A lady approached. Stretching out his hand and taking hers, he presented her. "George, this is the Clara Quarles of other days. She is now Mrs. Morgan."

I think I was never more surprised or delighted in my life. It does one good to see others happy.

"So the romance ended, as it does in stories," I said, as she gave me a cordial greeting.

"Hold a bit, my boy," cried Morgan. "Bring him here, Mary. I want to show him to my friend."

He was a beauty, the finest boy on the ship.

"This is John Morgan, Jr.," said the proud fellow.

But I must leave the three to finish their voyage without more disturbing inquiries.

I grasped John by the hand. "God bless you, old fellow." I couldn't help adding, "God bless you, Mrs. Morgan," and then bending over the little one I asked, "May I?"

"Certainly," was the response.

So I kissed the baby and said, "And God bless you too, dear child."

(The end.)

FAILURE.

BY LOUISE HOUGHTON.

As some great bird,
Whose hurt wing answers not her will,
Still beats the air in useless striving,
And dying—with strong talons holding yet
Her hard won prey,
While with wide hungry beaks, her far-off young
Wait, vainly calling ;

Or a spent swimmer
Breasting angry waves to save a life,
With dying eyes fixt on the rescuing boat,
And knowing it is all too late,
Makes still his strokes, grown feeble
With each laboring breath—yields not
The life he gives his own to save ;

This is not failure :
Nor bird, nor swimmer gives up *purpose*.

Long, long centuries
Agone, One walked the earth, His life
A seeming failure ;
Dying, He gave the world a gift
That will outlast eternities.

THE FERMENTATIONS OF THE EARTH.

BY P. P. DEHÉRAIN.

Translated for "The Chautauquan" from the French "Revue des Deux Mondes."

FORTY years ago all knowledge regarding fermentation occupied only a short chapter in a treatise on chemistry. To-day, since Pasteur has shown that spontaneous generation is a chimera, that liquids the most alterable persist in their primitive state as long as they are preserved from the germs of bacteria or vegetable cryptogams; since he has demonstrated that organized matter is reduced again to its simple forms only by means of micro-organisms, and so re-enters into general circulation, is it understood what an immense rôle is filled in this world by these infinitely little creatures whose presence is revealed only by the microscope.

When any grain, wheat for example, is submitted to an analysis in order to discover its composition there are readily distinguished in it three principal matters, starch, cellulose, and gluten. The elementary composition of two of these matters is formed exclusively of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. The gluten incloses besides, a fourth element, nitrogen.

The combustion of whole grains of wheat leaves in their ashes particular forms of phosphates of potash and of magnesia, and the presence of these very readily explains the agricultural use of phosphates and the immense commerce to which they give rise to-day.

In order to know how wheat acquires all the elements necessary to its growth, how a grain confined in the soil develops there and gives a plant which at harvest time yields twenty or thirty grains like the one sown, various experiments have been made. In one, the grain was placed in soil formed exclusively of disintegrated gravel to which there were added mineral substances, such as phosphate of potash, sulphate of magnesia, chloride of potassium, carbonate and nitrate of lime. It was watered regularly, and there was obtained a harvest analogous to that which is furnished from ordinary good land. As the carbon which formed about four tenths of the whole weight of the harvest appeared in the matters added to the sand only under the form of the carbonic acid contained in the carbonates, it was demonstrated that

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this acid is the origin of the carbon contained in the vegetables. It has also been demonstrated that the small quantity of carbonic acid contained in the atmosphere is sufficient for the nourishment of those plants which decompose carbonic acid.

The culture of wheat in this calcined gravel would not have succeeded if there had not been added also a nitrate. When this salt is wanting the plant remains small, paltry, and generally dies before having formed the new grains. This nitrate exercises so decisive an influence upon the development of the plant that when it is distributed in sparing but gradually increasing doses the weight of the harvest increases regularly with the quantity of nitrate employed.

These facts noted by all observers merit serious attention. It is a curious thing that vegetable growths can directly utilize the very small quantity of carbonic acid which exists in the atmosphere and that they are unable to extract the nitrogen which forms four fifths of the air, and without which they must perish. This nitrogen is apparently unable to exert any influence upon the growth, of wheat, for example, although its stalks shoot up into the atmosphere rich in the gas, unless its root can find in the soil a nitrate. If this discovery, repeated in many different experiments, shows clearly that atmospheric nitrogen is not directly utilized by plants, it is at least not to be doubted that the nitrogen in the air does contribute in some indirect manner to vegetable nourishment.

The origin of the nitrogen found in vegetable life gave rise to a celebrated discussion between Messrs. Boussingault and Ville. Boussingault was born at Paris at the beginning of this century. After having studied at the School of Mines at Saint Étienne, he embarked for America wishing to found an establishment of higher education at Sante Fé de Bogotá. He found the country in open revolution. He had to change his plans very brusquely, and joined the staff of Gen. Bolivar, for whom he always held a profound respect. While taking part in the insurrection as a soldier and an engineer he made a

great number of observations and sent to the Academy of Science of Paris communications which very soon gained for him a great notoriety, so that when he returned to Europe he was engaged as teacher at the Conservatory of Arts and Trades at Paris, where he left an imperishable memory.

Boussingault created agricultural science. Among questions which chiefly occupied him was found the one which we are now discussing: the introduction of atmospheric nitrogen into vegetation. The principle of the methods employed in his researches is easy to seize. Some grain was analyzed and sowed in calcined gravel deprived of all nitrate matter. There was added to this sterile soil the mineral matters indispensable to the development of the plant, which was wet with water free from ammonia (which latter substance is composed of one volume of nitrogen and three of hydrogen). In order to shelter it from the atmospheric ammonia it was covered with a great glass globe immersed in water holding in solution a small amount of sulphuric acid so as absolutely to isolate the interior air. Into this air was introduced a definite quantity of carbonic acid which served to nourish the plant.

By dint of great care in preserving the paltry growth which was developed under these conditions, Boussingault obtained a light crop which was weighed and analyzed. He then submitted to rigid analysis the sand employed; and the nitrogen introduced into the grain was compared with that of the harvest. The experiments always ended in the same way. The plants had not fixed a particle of atmospheric nitrogen.

Cultivation in calcined sand was repeated frequently from 1851 to 1854 and was practiced upon various plants, but the results were always negative. They were executed with great care and seemed decisive. They were, however, stoutly contradicted by Mr. Ville. In repeating the experiments of Boussingault he was struck with the meagerness of the plants which grew in a soil absolutely deprived of nitrogenous fertilizers and decided to experiment in a new manner. To the calcined rock he added not only mineral fertilizers, as Boussingault had done, but also a well weighed but small quantity of nitrate. He obtained healthy plants, which at the harvest contained more nitrogen than was contained in the seed and the nitrate added as the fertilizer. Thus he claimed that the plants fixed

in their tissues the extra nitrogen found there.

These delicate experiments did not always succeed. Boussingault in France and Messrs. Lawes, Gilbert, and Pugh in England in vain tried to repeat them, and the general opinion floated undecided between these contradictory affirmations. The Academy of Science wishing to settle the question, decided that a commission should be appointed which should be charged with repeating the experiments and settling the question. Mr. Chevreul was made the leader and, although during a number of experiments no very definite decision was reached, Chevreul did not hesitate to pronounce in favor of Mr. Ville.

Boussingault, far from yielding, continued to affirm that atmospheric nitrogen exercises no direct action on vegetation and although he could not support his opinion with any decisive proof, he was such an authority that he drew to his side of the question most agriculturists. They sought to explain the persistent vegetation of the prairies and the forests by supposing that the herbs or trees utilized to their profit the small quantities of ammonia which are contained in the air, and which are carried by the rain and the dew into the soil.

There was then this great indecision regarding the matter, when in 1885 Mr. Bertholet published his first work regarding the fixation of nitrogen by arable soil. (The chemical meaning of the word fixation is, the act of uniting chemically with a solid substance, or in a solid form;—said of gaseous elements.) Bertholet had noticed that the yellow sand under the silicious rocks along the shores of some rivers, after being exposed to the air for a short time became covered with vegetation. He accurately determined the quantity of nitrogen in combination there and then exposed the sand to the action of the air in a room sheltered from all emanations. He made frequent analyses and noted that the nitrogen accumulated slowly but constantly.

In his numerous experiments Bertholet discovered that the increase of nitrogen in the soil was due to the formation of organic matters. In order to discover their origin, he submitted samples of different soils to the action of heat for several hours. During the cooling process no air was allowed to enter the experimenting apparatus but that which had been filtered through plugs of cotton saturated with glycerine, in order to shut out all

germs. These samples were then left to themselves for a prolonged time, at the end of which there could be discovered in them not the least fixation of nitrogen.

Evidently when the temperature of the soil was raised to one hundred degrees, there was no change in its composition, in its physical nature; but the micro-organisms which it contained were killed. And since the soil in its normal condition fixed the nitrogen, but lost this power, as soon as its temperature had been raised to one hundred degrees, it must be concluded that the micro-organisms contained in it, and which had been killed by the heat, must have been the agents of this fixation.

The opinions of cultivators of the soil and their methods of work are almost always the results of a long series of observations. A long time ago they distinguished among the chiefly cultivated plants, certain species which they called ameliorative. They recognized for example, that when wheat and oats were sowed after a crop of clover or lucern, or any of the leguminous species of plants, it was not necessary to fertilize the land. They recognized also that the leguminous species were rich in nitrogen and that their yield was not increased by the use of nitrogenous fertilizers. From this it was supposed for a time that legumens had the power of fixing in the soil the nitrogen of the air.

In 1873 Messrs. Lawes and Gilbert divided into two parts a homogeneous field in the Rothamsted domain in England, and on one half they sowed barley and on the other clover. The barley harvest when submitted to analysis contained about forty-one kilograms (about ninety pounds) of nitrogen, and the clover harvest about one hundred and seventy kilograms. They also analyzed samples of earth from both parts of the field. It would seem *a priori* that the soil which bore the clover would be more impoverished on account of the greater drain made upon it, but such was not the case. The soil that bore the clover was richer to a small degree than the other. On the following year both parts of the field were sowed with barley; and the crop from the half which had previously borne barley contained about forty-four kilograms of nitrogen while the crop from the other half contained about seventy-eight kilograms. Thus although the clover contained much more nitrogen than the barley, it left the soil much richer than did the cereal.

We are now nearing the decisive point in the controversy made by the discovery of the German agriculturists, Messrs. Hellriegel and Wilfarth. They prepared forty-two large vases or plant crocks, containing four thousand grams (a gram is equal to about fifteen and one half grains) of sand, and added a nutritive solution composed of phosphate of potash, chloride of potassium, and sulphate of magnesia; they then planted in each vase two peas. Thirty of the vases were left to themselves; ten received twenty-five centigrams (a centigram is the hundredth part of a gram) of a solution of earthy matter; in the remaining two vases the soil before the planting was sterilized by heat.

The earthy solution was obtained by mixing good arable soil with water and allowing it to stand some time. The water was then drained off and used in the ten crocks. The experiments were begun May 23. During the first two weeks in June no difference was observed in all of the plants, but after that time those upon which the solution had been poured became a beautiful green. In the vases which had not been so treated some of the plants were in good condition, while others turned yellow as did those in the two sterilized crocks. About the middle of the month the latter died. At the time of the gathering, the ten crocks contained from sixteen to twenty grams of peas, while in the others the yield was very uneven, one being very good, two good, two passable, the rest mediocre or barren.

The experiments repeated during following years gave the same results. Always the earthy solution increased the yield of sainfoin, lupine, peas, and other leguminous plants, while it had no effect on barley, oats, buckwheat, etc. What then is the action of which this solution is capable? What does it contain which gives it such wonderful activity? Evidently a living organism, for if it was raised to boiling heat for a few moments all of its virtue was destroyed.

Does this organism manifest its presence by any exterior signs? Mr. Prilleaux had observed before this time that when legumens were carefully dug from the earth, there could be seen on their roots small nodosities, or tubercles, about the size of the head of a pin. When these tubercles were scraped off on a pane of glass and examined through a microscope they were seen to be filled with elongated corpuscles, often bifurcated, and

having a slight power of motion. They were bacteria.

That to which science is indebted to Messrs. Hellriegel and Wilfarth is the discovery of the connection between the employment of the earthy solution and the appearance of the nodosities on the roots of the legumens. These eminent scholars definitely established the fact that it is due to the existence of microbes in the little protuberances on their roots that the nitrogen is fixed in the soil, and under this condition supplies the needed nutriment to the cereal growths.

We have then discovered the intervention of micro-organisms in the fixation of nitrogen by vegetables. This intervention is still further demonstrated by an experiment made by Mr. Breal in the laboratory of vegetable physiology in the museum of Natural History. Instead of causing the appearance of the nodosities upon the roots of the legumens by the application of water, which had been filtered through earth containing the organisms, Mr. Breal chose upon a root a tubercle well filled and pricked it with a needle; then immediately introduced this needle into the tissues of the young root of a pea plant. He planted this root in a sterile soil and at its side another one whose root had not been punctured. The experiment was very curious. While the punctured plant grew, flourished, and ripened its seed, and its roots were covered with nodosities inhabited with bacteria, the plant not punctured pined away and died. In the punctured plant the nitrogen much surpassed that which was originally inclosed in the grain and the plant. In the other plant there was to be found only the nitrogen previously contained in the grain, and which had not proved sufficient for its nourishment.

The one plant had been vaccinated and the introduction of the bacteria into the tissues of the root determined the prosperity of the plant, capable now of profiting from the atmospheric nitrogen.

The germs of these bacteria capable of fixing the nitrogen, appeared scattered through the soil. When with a spade one carefully lifts some clover or lucern or other leguminous growths, and then washes with precaution the roots, there may be distinguished without difficulty these nodosities irregularly distributed upon them. Mr. Breal discovered them in still greater numbers by cultivating peas in fountain water, to which he had added

small quantities of chloride of potassium and phosphate of lime and into which he had scraped a tubercle root from the root of a lucern; the peas which flourished in spite of this abnormal condition of vegetation, bore upon their roots growths of tubercles inclosing bacteria analogous to those which had been placed in water.

These new discoveries have had the sanction of repeated experimentation. Turfy earth on the bank of the Ems River gave only very mediocre crops of legumens, until there was sprinkled upon it some cubic meters of soil on which these plants had flourished finely. Everywhere where this earth had been added the peas grew luxuriantly. In all other places they remained sickly. The fertilized earth had given the germs of the bacteria to the soil.

The facts acquired then are the following:—Leguminous plants prosper when they bear upon their roots nodosities peopled with bacteria; the bacteria form the necessary intermediary between the atmospheric nitrogen and the plant. The demonstration being conclusive, it can no longer be doubted that these micro-organisms possess the singular power of triumphing over the inertia of nitrogen.

It is necessary now to penetrate a little further and seek out how the bacteria are introduced into the roots; how especially the legumens are benefited by their presence, and then how the good results are made to reach the cereals.

Although this subject is far from being completely elucidated it is certain that the tubercles on the roots are the productions of bacteria, as are the galls so common upon leaves, which are caused by the puncturings of insects. The bacteria find in the juice of the root a nourishment suitable to their need; they multiply there during an infinity of generations and spread themselves in the soil during the life of the hospitable plant as well as after its death. As for the plant, the bacteria furnish it the means of providing itself with an extremely important part of its nourishment, the nitrogen, which is rarely in the soil in sufficient quantity. The legumens profit even better than the bacteria from this sort of association. They derive profit from the presence of the bacteria in the following manner: In the part of the tubercle nearest to the root appear cells which retain the bacteria as prisoners. After some time these

prisoners die, their tissues are decomposed and are utilized by the plant. On the outside of the tubercle, on the contrary, constantly appear new cells inclosing starch from the plant which furnishes the young bacteria with the carbonaceous material necessary to their development. When the bacteria have utilized the atmospheric nitrogen and have fixed in their tissues nitrogenous materials, these materials are reabsorbed by the legumens and carried from the root into the plant through a series of fibro-vascular vessels. The anatomical structure of the tubercle is thus admirably adapted to the conditions of this common life.

Legumens by bearing on their roots tubercles filled with bacteria fix the nitrogen of the air in their tissues, which, decomposing, leave the nitrogen in the soil. Cereals, on the contrary, have no power to absorb in any way the atmospheric nitrogen, as the bacteria do not live upon their roots; but when the nitrog-

enous material has once been fixed in the soil as a nitrate their roots can readily extract it. And thus the whole mystery is explained.

This minute analysis of recent experiments has been necessary in order to show that the fixation in the soil of a gas which the atmosphere offers in abundance is the condition on which rests the persistence of life on the surface of the globe. Matter is not destroyed. It is not created. It only clothes various forms which do not affect its inner nature nor the weight of the elements of which it is formed. Nitrogen circulates from one form of existence to another; engaged to-day in a complex combination, building up the muscles of an animal, to-morrow it submits to the action of micro-organisms; now it appears as ammonia, and then as nitric acid; it penetrates into vegetable life and is transformed into the gluten of wheat, ready to begin again its eternal migration.

WHAT MAKES A METHODIST?

BY J. M. BUCKLEY, LL. D.

A PECULIAR passage in the Epistle to the Romans suggests the possibility of errors of religious classification: "For they are not all Israel which are of Israel." Persons essentially Protestant can be found in the Roman Catholic church; Presbyterians in attendance upon the Protestant Episcopal church, and in all organizations some who, having entered by birth, marriage, or accident, are not in harmony with the ideal of faith and character which gave rise to that form of religious communion with which they are numbered. There are others also who have experienced changes of faith and feeling without readjustment of denominational relations. The question, "What makes a Methodist?" does not relate to such as these, but to those who are Methodist "in deed and in truth."

Religious feeling is a product of belief and character; experience results from a firm faith in the essentials of Christian doctrine, wherein experience is peculiar. There must be a peculiar emphasis or ignoring of some phases of doctrine. Modifications have taken place in the doctrinal views of all the denominations; but the Methodist still be-

lieves in the depravity of the human heart by nature; but he does not believe that any man is in a state of nature, for his view of the plan of salvation includes spiritual influences exerted upon every human being. Men, he holds, have power to yield or to resist when the Spirit has produced conviction of sin. Those who resist may become past feeling; those who accept are enabled to transmute the belief that made them tremble into the faith which rules by love and pervades the heart. When this is done the fruits of the Spirit are found, and from these fruits the believer may infer that he is a child of God.

But the Methodist finds something else, higher, deeper, and more convincing than any inference drawn from the existence of fruits, however mature they may be. It is "the witness of the Spirit"; a definite testimony to the fact that God for Christ's sake has forgiven his sins; a testimony so strong as to supersede the necessity of reasoning, and make the man as confident as if he dwelt in the visible presence of God. This doctrine is so dangerously near to fanaticism that Mr. Wesley devoted several discourses to showing how it may be distin-

guished from the presumption of the carnal mind and the delusion of the devil.

The Methodist believes that what he calls justification is an incomplete work relatively to the perfection of the heart; that the mind of the new convert is chiefly occupied with securing a sense of pardon and of peace with God; that further illumination is vouchsafed to all who grow in grace, and that by a further exercise of faith in the new revelations of truth he may be made perfect in love; but he does not hold that in this life he becomes free from infirmity, is no longer tempted, or is without fault. This perfection in love he calls "entire sanctification," "Christian perfection," the "higher life," and by various names signifying the same thing.

He believes that this life is a probation, and the only probation given to man; that the rewards and punishments to be pronounced at the Day of Judgment are irreversible. He also believes that men may sin away their day of grace before death, and is deeply impressed with the solemn injunctions, "Quench not the Spirit," "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found," "To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." He believes that it is possible for a true convert to fall away; hence he stirs up his soul to "give all diligence to make his calling and election sure." The doctrine of election which he holds is not irrespective of conditions in the human being. He believes that there are no reprobates but those who, in the exercise of unstinted freedom, reject the Spirit and law of God; and that the predestination taught in the Bible is not a predestination to belief, but a predestination that those who believe shall be conformed to the image of God's Son. Therefore he is an Arminian, and not a Calvinist in the respects in which the two systems differ.

From his peculiarities of faith naturally results a peculiar spirit which was universal in the beginning, and appears now wherever the doctrines of a Methodist are firmly held. It is marked by an uncompromising hostility to vice and immorality. It knows nothing of soft words, though it does not—except when represented in constitutionally coarse natures—put a premium upon coarseness, and utters clear and unsparing denunciation. His spirit, however, is one of deep sympathy for the poor and neglected, and of sorrow for the depraved and erring. His religious ex-

perience is fused into a volume of holy confidence and joy. Having struggled into the kingdom of God, believing that he might have been a Christian at the earliest moment of responsibility, not supposing himself dependent upon a special call, he exclaims,

"Exults my rising soul,
Disburdened of her load.

"What we have felt and seen
With confidence we tell.

"My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owes me for His child,
I can no longer fear."

The vanities of a worldly life have no attraction for him. Fear is removed and he sings,

"How happy is the pilgrim's lot,
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!"

A Methodist without zeal is as complete a contradiction as a patriot without interest in the welfare of his country, or a philanthropist who is indifferent to human suffering. He is commanded to proclaim a universal invitation. He knows nothing of any obstruction to the salvation of any man from God's decree or man's device.

"Come, sinners, to the Gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesus' guest."

A "seeker" in the early language of the denomination, used in the same sense as the word inquirer in other religious bodies, may be admitted upon probation, signifying that he places himself under instruction as a candidate for church membership, to avoid unseemly distinctions, and to afford ample time both for the candidate to conclude whether he prefers the Methodist Episcopal church, and the church to decide whether he is worthy of admission. The period of six months is general among the different branches of Methodism, though some have abolished and others shortened it.

A probationer is not a member of the church; cannot hold any office, cannot claim the right of trial if charged with improper conduct, may withdraw at any time with or without notice to the pastor, and if deemed unworthy his name is simply erased from the list; though he is entitled while it remains, to the holy communion and all privileges of the church relating exclusively to personal experience, culture, and sympathy.

Supposing him to be admitted to full membership, he subjects himself to a form of government. It may be Congregational, for there are Congregational Methodists; or Presbyterian, for there are forms of government essentially Presbyterian among them; it may be aristocratic, for the power of Wesleyan Methodism in England is in an aristocracy of one hundred ministers, a self-perpetuating organization, filling vacancies, and deriving its powers from Mr. Wesley through an act of Parliament procured at his instance, and which still remains the legal bond of the Wesleyan connection.

In the United States by far the great majority of Methodists have an episcopal form of government, not using the word in the same sense in which it is used by prelatical churches. The latter hold three orders in the ministry; the lowest, deacon, which in the Presbyterian and Congregational bodies is an office of the laity; next, elder, priest, or presbyter; third, bishops, professedly deriving their powers from episcopal ordination begun with the Apostles, of whom they claim to be the successors.

The term episcopal in Methodist bodies signifies that from the presbyters or elders one is selected to be a superintendent or bishop, *Primus inter pares* (First among equals). Methodism allows presbyters to take part in ordination, both of ministers by bishops and of bishops; and provides for the election and ordination by ministers of new bishops, should all die. The chief function of the bishop is to fix the appointments of the preachers, though there are many others, several of which are of great importance. They are required to travel through the church. In order to assist them in the work and furnish them with adequate knowledge, there is an office called presiding elder. The presiding elder has all the powers of the bishop in his district in the absence of said bishop, and it is his duty to accompany the bishop when in his district.

The Methodist gives up the right to select his own pastor. He may exert a moral influence, but does not possess a prerogative. Every ordained "traveling preacher" belongs to some annual conference, which conference consists of one or more districts. The date of assembling is fixed by the bishop who, by the appointment of the board of bishops, is to preside. When the day comes he appears, all the presiding elders with the

ministers of their districts convene and begin a session of the conference. The conference is a strictly executive body, able to pass no laws; and its resolutions are merely expressions of opinion, legally binding upon no one, lay or clerical; not even upon the minority who voted against them, or the majority should they individually change their opinions. But its powers are of the highest importance. It sits in judgment upon the character of its own members. At that solemn assembly any minister may prefer charges against the character or conduct of another; there the laity may appear with their complaints. Ministers, in the Methodist Episcopal churches, are tried only by ministers, not at the seat of the alleged offenses, but at the seat of the session of the conference.

The presiding elders constitute a cabinet, with power to advise but not to constrain the decision of the bishop in fixing the appointments. At the conference candidates for the ministry are admitted upon trial; examined annually, if approved made deacons, and two years later elders. Such as are worn out are by vote of the conference made superannuated; those who are temporarily disabled are called supernumerary; the former class are claimants upon the benevolent funds of the church.

While presiding in the annual conferences, bishops are authorized exponents of the law; but the application of law is in all cases with the conference. Originally the annual conferences were legislative bodies. In 1808 the plan was formed of a delegated general conference, which went into effect in 1812. That body has power to make all rules and regulations for the church, subject to certain restrictions, known rather loosely as the Constitution. To alter these restrictions three quarters of all the members of the annual conferences, voting as individuals, and two thirds of all the members of the general conference next succeeding or preceding the taking of the said vote of the ministers, must concur.

The local church is a society belonging to a district. The highest local body is the quarterly conference, whose powers are derived from the general conference. It consists of such trustees of the local church and the superintendents of the Sunday schools as are members of the church, the minister, stewards, class leaders, local and traveling

preachers, and exhorters. It has power to license local preachers, and unless it recommends men for admission to the traveling ministry they cannot enter. The rights of members are guaranteed by the Constitution. They are tried by committees not connected with the quarterly conference, and if convicted have power to appeal thereunto.

To this government the Methodist submits himself. Constitutional methods are provided whereby he may endeavor to change the form, or secure the repeal of existing statutes. The laity as well as the clergy are represented in the general conference; and the quaternial revisions of law are made accessible to the people by publication in the official organs of the church, in the journals of the general conference, and in the revised editions of the Discipline.

He who enters the Methodist Episcopal church finds himself under a strict law with respect to the means of grace. Without underestimating the value of doctrine, and firmly believing that without sound doctrine there will not be permanent religious life, Methodists believe that doctrine is not believed for itself, but for its influence. They therefore place experience higher than doctrine; and would prefer a man of holy life and genuine experience, holding some not fundamental errors of doctrine, to one holding fast to the form of sound words, but destitute of religious zeal. All the means of grace which the Methodist is required to attend derive their meaning in part from the facilities which they afford for religious instruction; but chiefly from their value in the formation of genuine religious zeal. In addition to the holy communion, these are: the prayer meeting, the class meeting (much misunderstood by the general public, not at all appreciated by many Methodists, but the most important peculiarity the body has; essential as a complement to the itinerant system, a sub-pastorate of the greatest value, without which the probationary system would be deprived of its facilities for the training of young converts); love feasts, devoted wholly to Christian experience; an especially awakening service whose aim is a revival of zeal among the members of the church, and the addition thereto of such as are being saved. It is these means of grace which have trained the singers, exhorters, and preachers of Methodism, so that there has never been any question about securing

sufficient candidates for the ministry. Every revival develops one or more who learned to speak by unconscious imitation, and by the spontaneous development of the burning experience which they found; "the Spirit within constraineth them."

In addition to the ordinary standards of morality, the rules of the Methodist Episcopal church are rigid on temperance and amusements. "Drunkenness, buying or selling spirituous liquors, or drinking them, unless in cases of extreme necessity." The general conference of the Methodist Episcopal church has specified the following acts as added to this rule, and has given instructions for the admonition and trial if necessary of persons accused of "signing petitions in favor of granting license for the sale of intoxicating liquors, becoming bondsmen for persons engaged in such traffic, or renting property as a place in or on which to manufacture or sell intoxicating liquors." There is not a minister or officer in the denomination so high in position, or of such influence, that if it were publicly known that he drank wine or malt liquors as a beverage, he could escape being called to account therefor, and, if persistent, being deposed or expelled.

The church is stringent upon the observance of the Holy Sabbath, the General Rule forbidding the profaning of the day of the Lord, either by doing ordinary work therein, or by buying or selling.

The General Rule on the subject of amusements originally was that members should avoid "the taking such diversions as cannot be used in the name of the Lord Jesus." In the early history of the denomination this was universally understood to exclude dancing, games of chance, theaters, and all other amusements known as worldly.

In 1872, it having been found that many members of the church disregarded the rule and set up in defense that they could take those amusements in the name of the Lord Jesus, the general conference passed a resolution attempting to enumerate objectionable amusements. In that list are, "dancing, playing of games of chance, attending theaters, horse races, circuses, dancing parties, patronizing dancing schools, and such other amusements as are obviously of misleading or questionable moral tendency."

A difference of view exists as to the wisdom of such legislation, and at the general conference of 1892 a vigorous effort was made

to repeal that regulation, and leave questions of discipline on the subject of amusements to be adjudicated under the simple formula of the General Rules as interpreted by the local committees of church control. The effort failed, partly doubtless on account of the fact that the act of repeal would be construed into the endorsement of the prohibited amusements. Most of those who advocated its repeal affirmed that they were opposed to those forms of amusement.

The general conviction of the church, whatever the practice of many members may be, is that such amusements are antagonistic to the "life and power of godliness"; and they are strengthened in this view by the fact that denominations which do not in general condemn them, prohibit them during Lent, a time which they devote specially to the preparation of candidates for confirmation. The unsophisticated Methodist naturally reasons that the form of life taught in the New Testament, and practiced by the early Methodists in the period of their greatest spiritual power, sought by genuine converts in days so full of joyousness and enthusiasm as to need no assistance from the methods upon which those who are without spiritual religion rely to maintain themselves in cheerfulness, will not

be helped but harmed by the dance, the card table, and the theater.

It is supposed by some erroneously, that any person violating the rules relating to amusements or questions of that kind, can be immediately put on trial and expelled from the Methodist church. As this would be an act of tyranny without authority in the New Testament, it is necessary to show that no such law exists. Methodism divides improper actions into two classes: First, immoral conduct, defined to be an act such as is "expressly forbidden by the Word of God, sufficient to exclude a person from the kingdom of grace and glory"; and second, such acts as are comprehended in the general statement of "imprudent and unchristian conduct." A person accused of immoral conduct as defined above, may be put on trial at once. But the order to be followed in all other cases is: "First, let private reproof be given by a preacher or leader, and if there be an acknowledgment of the fault and proper humiliation, the person may be borne with. On a second offense the preacher or leader may take one or two discreet members of the church. On a third offense let him be brought to trial, and if found guilty, and there be no sign of real humiliation, he shall be expelled."

MARGARET OF SAVOY AND KING HUMBERT.

ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.

BY E. PANZACCHI AND F. LAMPERTICO.

Translated for "The Chautauquan" from the Italian "Nuova Antologia."

I.

AROUND the blond head of the Queen of Italy circled many hymns of admiration and homage. They came from the hearts of the people itself, who never tire of awaiting her passing by and who so rejoice to greet her and call her, without any royal title, Margaret. They came from the mind of statesmen, who recognize in her a fortune worthy of the new Italian kingdom. They came from the fantasy of artists and poets, who hail in her, renewed by piety and beauty, by regal majesty and supreme womanly elegance, the ideal of woman.

Woman and queen, reality and symbol, Margaret of Savoy unites truly in herself, diffuses around herself, and extends afar, so

high and unusual an influence, that praise of her from whatever source it may come, and whatever shape it may take, appears a most natural fact and wholly without reservations. How true this statement is we can better understand by looking for opinions in a field where certain favorable views disappear and where there is no motive to conceal the truth. The princess of Piedmont entered indeed into Rome under the impetus of a revolution and in the name of new Italy. She now sits a queen on the Quirinal, the former abode of the popes, and holds, by the side of King Humbert, the "intangible conquest." Yet neither calumny nor malignity nor political animosity ever ventures to utter a word, at home or abroad, which may detract from her pure fame. How natural a

thing is it, then, that the Italian people should love their queen, embodied in that woman who is marked out as worthy of universal respect and who is surrounded by the admiration of all!

And she had no need, in order to love Italy and its people, to be initiated into its habits, either by changing her affections or by making it a duty of the will alone. She had the love of our fatherland in her blood and she breathed it in with her first breath. When Count Louis Menabrea was consulted by Victor Emmanuel in regard to the choice of a wife for the heir to the throne of Italy, he immediately turned the king's eyes away from foreign courts and pointed out to him the daughter of his brother and companion in arms, Ferdinand of Savoy, the victor of Peschiera, the heroic soldier of Goito, of Milan, and Novara. And so the House of Italy was entirely constructed of "one country, one blood, and one faith."

From her mother, Mary Elizabeth of Saxony, daughter of the good King John, the student of Dante and worshiper of Beatrice, whom all those who cultivate that greatest of our glories still remember and praise under the name of Philalethes, the Piedmont princess inherited her liking for study and for the cultivation of every noble art. She can indeed be called, without flattery, the most cultured noblewoman of Italy. One day on opening the album of a Roman lady I read in it, on the first page, some verses of Vittoria Colonna, written by the queen and signed by her, and I felt that this citation was a trait of ideal familiarity with a great spirit, of an intimate fellowship with moral elevation and sincerity.

This was no illusion of mine. Those who are stationed nearest to the queen bear witness to the qualities of her mind, so alert, so keen, and so comprehensive. In all serious questions she takes a lively interest and is in constant contact with the best currents of contemporaneous thought. In the field of art she understands how to balance the noble proportions of the monuments of antiquity with the legitimate instincts of the modern school. And in the life of thought and in that of sentiment our queen wishes to be a woman of her own time, a modern woman in the best sense of the word, to live really our life, to fight our ideal fights, to combat perils and encourage hopes. So that in this respect also, in her sphere of woman and queen, she

is a soul truly mated with that of the king, her husband, called rightly the most modern of kings.

Men are apt to look somewhat askance at great learning in a woman, as perhaps tending to diminish those qualities which are the most attractive in the gentler sex. But the great prestige of Margaret of Savoy is especially made of this: her simplicity as a princess and her good taste as a woman place always an insurmountable barrier between herself and all that which can be called, even remotely, ostentation, pompousness, or artifice. So a Frenchwoman, a very shrewd observer, has done her only justice in writing of her: "Affectation displeases her above all things, and certainly it is not the queen who would encourage in her circle the *préciosités* of the Hôtel de Rambouillet."

If her esthetic attributes are of such intrinsic worth so also are her merits as a sovereign of the household. The Italian people cannot conceal the comfort and the strength which it derives from seeing a woman seated on the highest pinnacle of its national life, and setting for it, each day, an example of simple goodness and plain duty. Margaret of Savoy, wife and mother, woman and queen, is a model for all contemporaneous society and especially for us Italians. The life which she leads at the Quirinal is like an open book, in which each day the high and low can read a beautiful and ennobling page. The beneficent eloquence of her virtues is precisely in their naturalness and, I may be allowed to say, in their normal and spontaneous humanity. The post which Providence has assigned to her in life she has ever held as an office, both subject to duty and pleasing as well. Her beauty, which arises from her elegance, her coloring, and her smile, sheds over her person and over all her actions a spiritual and also a merry grace, by which she appears to say to all who behold her: See, the law, which wishes us to be good, gives rise to battles and sorrows; but at the end it triumphs. Courage!

Yes, courage, O Queen! The people of Italy need it because we are passing through difficult and wearisome hours, but it is sweet for us to reach it through the laughing words which fall from your lips and the smiles which shine in your eyes. When our "great hope," which the poets sang in their auguries, began through you, daughter and wife

of Italian princes, when you assured to the youthful kingdom the heredity of the good blood of Savoy, you remember well with what enthusiasm the love of the Italians compassed you about, you, a young princess. A quarter of a century has passed away since you became the wife of your Humbert. Whatever yet remains in the world that is noble, courteous, and chivalric now turns its eyes toward you and prepares to welcome you with rejoicings. And in its welcome of to-day it puts something more tender and more devout, something which rises to the sacred emotion of a prayer, that many years may yet pour their benediction on you, wife of Humbert, mother of our Prince Victor, the good genius and the living poetry of the House of Italy!

II.

ON the first of February, 1868, the premier, Menabrea, by order of Victor Emmanuel announced to the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies the marriage agreed upon between the hereditary prince and the princess, Margaret of Savoy.

How true were the words with which the senate of the realm, in the address tendered on this occasion, congratulated Prince Humbert: "The auspices which shine on this august union are all Italian." A prince, son of a king, a warrior, and a patriot, a warrior and patriot himself, gave his hand to the daughter of the conqueror of Peschiera, who was more than a brother to the king, Victor Emmanuel, even his companion in the perils of the battles for national independence.

On the evening of April 21st the marriage contract was read in the royal palace, and on the morning of the 22nd the religious ceremony took place in the Metropolitan Church, the civil marriage having already been performed. Hailed with joy by the Italian people, this event, which rendered an affectionate homage to the memory of an illustrious prince, was a living witness of the fraternal love which ever existed between Victor Emmanuel, duke of Savoy, and Ferdinand, duke of Genoa. Such a sentiment, strengthened on both sides in the wars for independence, has played no small part in the destinies of the august House of Savoy and those of Italy herself.

The religious ceremony was celebrated by the archbishop of Turin, assisted by the archbishops of Milan and Udine and the bishop of Mantua and Savona. The witnesses were

Prince Napoleon and the crown prince of Prussia, Frederick William; also Princess Clotilde and the queen of Portugal.

King Humbert is the first citizen of Italy and the reasons for this fact are obvious. The first reason, which is common to many who have shared in the making of Italy, and which gives an authority desired in vain by newcomers, is that our king took part in the great events which have united to form of Italy a nation, and that for her he exposed his life in the struggle. The part which the prince took in the battle of Custoza, in 1865, will remain forever in history, notwithstanding its appearance already on the lips of the people, expanded by that prestige which surrounds all legends. General Ferrero had given the order for the brigade of Parma to form into hollow-squares, but the order had not been carried out, when suddenly many squadrons of uhlans rushed forward in charging columns and hurled themselves on our lines. The four battalions of the 49th and 50th regiments had barely time to form their squares, and Prince Humbert to leap his horse over a broad and deep ditch in order to place himself in the square of the nearest company, when the uhlans were on the line of retreat itself. The Generals Ferrero and Revel were in the square. The battalion numbered 496 men, of whom 88 belonged to the old provinces, 48 to Lombardy, 54 to Parma, 9 to Modena, 85 to Romagna, 6 to Tuscany, 71 to Umbria and the Marches, 97 to Naples, 29 to Sicily, and 9 to Venice. The king has a wonderful memory for all those who have fought with him. I saw him immediately give his hand to a fellow-soldier of 1866, whom he afterwards saw at the opening of a railway, wearing the scarf of a village mayor.

Through the grace of God and by the will of the nation the old states of Italy were united in 1860, under the constitutional monarchy of Victor Emmanuel and his successors. But from the 4th of March, 1848, when Charles Albert, with a king's loyalty and a father's affection, gave to his people the fundamental decree, the government of that little country at the foot of the Alps has exercised a powerful influence on those very peoples, which for many years were still to remain politically separated from it. The flag of Italy began from that day, when it fluttered over the rocks of Savoy, to be the signal of hopes which turned toward it from every part of the peninsula.

The dynasty of the House of Savoy has then, as the dynasty of the kingdom of Italy, a much earlier origin than the facts which began, in 1859, the independence of Italy and prepared its unity. If it is true that time is a chief element in legitimacy the title of king of Italy, for the princes of the House of Savoy, has henceforth that legitimacy, in the noble manifestation of that loyalty which the knights of former times professed for their lords. And in truth the constitutional government of the House of Savoy over all Italy does not begin in 1870. It does not go back merely to 1860 or 1859. It exists in reality since 1848. We can repeat concerning this situation what Tacitus said of the Romans, when their empire extended beyond the lands which they had occupied with their arms. However much constitutional government needs to-day to refresh itself more than ever from living and pure springs, it is undeniable that these springs are the broad and firm representative institutions contained in that fundamental decree of 1848, which multiply the bonds of affection between the crown and the people. Their essence is found in the proclamation of Charles Albert of March 23, 1848, when he had resolved to enter Lombardy: "By the love of the race, by the intelligence of the times, by the community of desires we unite first of all in that universal honor which Italy pays to the peoples of Lombardy and Venice." King Humbert is therefore not a king of yesterday. He is a king who has almost half a century to his account, a king for whom when he was still a boy of four, his grandfather, with his constitutional franchises, prepared the way which would some day lead him to become king of Italy.

The kingdom of Italy itself is not a new creation, excepting in its material shape. The constitution of the kingdom is only the fulfilling of a tradition foreordained for centuries. The deputy Carutti, in the session of April 17, 1861, casting a rapid glance at the ages which had passed, affirmed most eloquently: "Nations reverence instinctively historical tradition and accept great changes more easily and more sincerely when they see them begun, continued, and consecrated, so to speak, by an authority which is recognized, which already exists, and which is not created in the heat of a struggle, but is placed outside of the discussion of factions and parties." Historical reasons joined to

the popular desire raise and ennoble that desire in the loftiest and worthiest sense of the word.

No one can deny how much historical fact has contributed to the alliances which have so powerfully given aid to Italy. It is said by some foreign writer that in international relations the king claims for himself personally the entire exercise of the powers conferred upon him by the law. This assertion, which is made in criticism of the king, and especially to reproach him for the Triple Alliance, is first of all to be reduced to its just value. The alliances are not wholly in our power and not at all in that of the king.

Up to his last hour Victor Emmanuel maintained faith with the alliance which had freed Lombardy from the stranger. Events which a few hours before their happening were altogether unanticipated, led us to Rome. Victor Emmanuel felt, almost immediately on reaching Rome, that it was necessary for Italy to seek a new alliance, since that one which for a while was so helpful to us, was shaken in the very foundations on which it was based. He well knew that France could not endure the thought that the very hour of her great misfortune had seen the fulfillment of Italian unity. He therefore began from that time an alliance with Germany. Or, more properly, it was not Victor Emmanuel who changed allies, nor was it King Humbert who imposed on his people the new alliance with Germany and the Austrian monarchy. Necessity and impossibility, which do not admit of discussion, imposed on Victor Emmanuel, on Humbert, on Italy, this unavoidable condition of safety and peace. Things being as they are we should be grateful to the king for knowing how to maintain our alliance with two potent sovereigns, secure and without a shade of suspicion.

We shall have this month in Rome an Austrian archduke, representing those people of whom the saying, "Let them recross the Alps and we will become their brothers," has been entirely verified. We shall have among us those august sovereigns, whose fatherland reached, almost at the same time with Italy, the two great blessings of national unity and liberty. In the mind of all of us is still alive the memory of January 20, 1878, when King Humbert, with firm and clear voice, pronounced before the senators and deputies the solemn words: "In the presence of God and of the nation I swear to observe the constitution, to exercise

the royal authority according to the laws, to render justice to each according to his deserts and to shape every act of my rule after the interest, the prosperity, and the honor of the fatherland." In the applause which accompanied these words the king could indeed get comfort in seeing how the mourning of his house had found a sincere echo in every part of our country, how the blessed memory of our liberator king had made of all Italian families one single household.

Not less comforting was the sorrow of all Europe and the gathering of princes and illustrious foreigners, who paid their homage to the honored remains of our first king in the capital of the kingdom. On their return to the Quirinal the royal family and the visiting princes were called to the balcony of the palace by the acclamations of the people. The crown prince of Germany, who had been present at the marriage of Humbert and Margaret, took in his arms the prince of Naples, showed him to the people and kissed him repeatedly. At this there broke forth the cry, "Long live Italy and Germany!" Queen Margaret kept the promise which the king had made for her in Parliament, to educate their son by the glorious examples of his great ancestor. Acts like those of the crown prince of Germany bind minds together. King Humbert and Queen Margaret have been able to give to the German alliance that character of intimacy and cordiality which is a precious guarantee of international accord.

In the exercise of his prerogatives, no less than in his foreign policy, King Humbert can be called a perfect model of a constitutional king. The belief which the king has, that he must be a truly constitutional prince, is another of the causes which gain for him popular favor and the harmonious co-operation of all the factions in the political arena. It is the perfect loyalty of the king which reconciles all to a form of government that allows the full development of social progress. And since without stability nothing great or efficacious can be done, the people look on

the royal power with confidence, as that element which remains in the fluctuations of political parties, and represents something superior to them and which includes them all.

The traditional devotion which bound and identified the old provinces with the House of Savoy, has now become the common patrimony of the whole nation. This fact did not escape the notice of the emperor of Austria-Hungary on his visit to Venice, once so rebellious and so hostile to a monarchy. The same holds true of every Italian country, Romagna, Apulia, Lombardy, or Sicily. In all, there lives the old and traditional remembrance of the military and civil glories of the House of Savoy. In all, the image of Humbert is present and revered, the beneficent and popular king, always ready to promote every good and useful work, always ready in public calamities to hasten to the place where there are suffering and death, as well as where there are feasting and gladness.

Hail to my king this day! It is rash to attribute individual human deeds to Providence and it is even more rash not to recognize Providence in the chain of extraordinary events which have contributed to make Italy. May you long be an omen and a guarantee of the unity of the fatherland! May your loyalty yet win all who still hold aloof from the state, so that there may be no one in the whole kingdom who may not concur in the liberal rule of which you are the worthy representative and guardian. Italy ought not to have greater ambitions than those which her powers admit, but she ought to have a consciousness of her duties and rights as a modern state. May she guard her financial credit without passing from excessive illusions to sudden despair! May her legislation gain new strength from this very day, which is to her an earnest of stability, inasmuch as it confirms, by the presence of the princes assembled to congratulate our sovereigns, the wonderful community of life, of fortune, and of hopes between the nation and the august house which governs it!



REMINISCENCES OF UNITED STATES SENATORS.

BY WALTER KEAN BENEDICT.

SECOND ARTICLE.

ROSCOE CONKLING, George F. Edmunds, and Matthew Hale Carpenter were the trio of senators who undertook the protection of President Grant against the attacks of Sumner, Schurz, and Tipton. Of these Schurz had skill without much reality, Sumner gravity without *aplomb*, Carpenter readiness without much conviction, Edmunds idiosyncrasy and edge without enthusiasm, and Conkling intensity and activity without much philosophy. Morton was probably a better guardsman of Grant than any of them. Only senators direct from the people could comprehend Grant; his mind was simple, strong, and had a growth which never ceased till he died, author, as he had been public speaker, and both after he put down the presidency.

The most powerful scene about the Senate after the commencement of the Civil War was probably the dual retirement from the body of Senators Conkling and Platt on the subject of a prominent state appointment. In their endeavors to come back to the Senate by the help of Vice President Arthur the crazy mind of Guiteau grasped the horrible suggestion of killing President Garfield.

Another strong scene in the Senate was the expulsion of Jesse D. Bright, who, with Slidell, was the implacable enemy of free-state interests. These two helped to destroy the old senator, President Buchanan.

The influence of the female sex is exerted in all its versatility upon the almoners of senatorial patronage and the chiefs of legislative society. Many a senator has yielded to a woman who never bent his will to foeman. The artful lobbyist has been known since Alexander Hamilton with his creole warmth descended from station at the first solicitation of Mrs. Reynolds. Aaron Burr is related by some of his opponents to have formed a matrimonial connection with the mistress of a British officer. It was at O'Neal's hotel, her father's then celebrated inn, near the White House, that Mrs. Timberlake, the dashing widow, fascinated Senator Andrew Jackson and Vice President Clinton and married Senator

Eaton. Now and then a married Senator has become so fascinated with other than his wife that he has brought her to night sessions of the Senate, and not long ago an aged senator was pointed out who had all his senatorial life been the paramour of a woman with both beauty and confidence. The head which can rule is also warm to be wooed.

Shakespeare, sagacious and far-seeing, sketched in Macduff's words to young Malcolm the temptations of rulers:

"We have willing dames enough; there cannot be

That vulture in you to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclined."

Duelling has sometimes been a feature of our public life, less frequently in the Senate than in the House, but no duel has taken place about Washington since the image of slavery faded out of our visions. Stephen A. Douglas was in danger from duelists; and a young congressman made the mistake of supposing that to cane Charles Sumner would bring him applause but it brought him disgrace, remorse, and early death.

The case of Senator and President James Monroe will serve to illustrate the subject of this article by a curious picture of legislative life only to be gleaned from such old quarries as Niles' Register. Monroe is the least perceived, least understood of all our presidents. He was, in effect, the first United States senator from Virginia, colleague of Richard Henry Lee, who was cut out of writing the Declaration of Independence by Jefferson. Lee went to Virginia to attend a case of sickness or death in his family and Jefferson succeeded to the place Senator Lee vacated and wrote the document. In like manner Monroe got to the Senate by the early death of Lee's colleague, William Grayson.

From the Senate Monroe began to attack the administration of Washington, who was born in the same county with himself. Without ability he was persevering, small, and unscrupulous and Washington sent him to France as minister and then removed him for folly and Monroe attacked the old chief in a

book. This career is interesting to study as a general picture of political success without either genius or prosperity. Monroe's intellectual infirmity and the exposure of the Virginia School to the North, which had become the greater section, led to the conclusion of that school.

At the adoption of the Constitution, Virginia was the most populous state; Washington gave it two out of four cabinet ministers; Adams gave it the chief justice; up to 1825 it had supplied presidents of the United States for thirty-two years out of thirty-six. This was done by alternately working the political machine in New York and Pennsylvania, and using the generally solid South and the new, raw states of the West full of federal lands and perquisites. But the New York politicians formed a realistic opinion of that species of philosophy which was directed from Virginia upon the people less for influence than for the offices and every New York leader in time became anti-Virginian, George Clinton, DeWitt Clinton, Aaron Burr, Ambrose Spencer, Van Buren, Marcy, Seward, Wright. In 1815 Aaron Burr wrote to his son-in-law, Governor Alston, of South Carolina:

"A congressional caucus will next month nominate James Monroe for president and call on all good Republicans to support the nomination. Whether we consider the measure itself, the character and talents of the man, or the state whence he comes, this nomination is equally exceptionable and odious. These congressional nominations are hostile to all freedom and independence of suffrage. A certain junto of actual and factitious Virginians, having had possession of the country for twenty-four years, consider the United States as their property. One of their principal arts, and which has been systematically taught by Jefferson, is that of promoting state dissension, to turn the attention of leading men. Let not this disgraceful domination continue. To this junto you have twice sacrificed yourself and what have you gained by it? Their hatred and abhorrence. Did you ever know them to countenance a man of talents and independence? Never—nor ever will. Monroe is naturally dull and stupid, extremely illiterate, indecisive to a degree that would be incredible to one who did not know him; pusillanimous and, of course, hypocritical; has no opinion on any subject, never commanded a platoon nor was ever fit to command one. The moment is extremely auspicious for breaking down this degrading system; the offices are be-

stowed merely to preserve power; if there is a man in the United States of firmness and decision, it is your duty to hold him up to public view; that man is Andrew Jackson!"

Nevertheless Monroe was elected and re-elected, and a weak, showy, broken man, Tompkins, put in with him. The result was that the Senate and Congress ran away with the president's powers. The era of good feeling was a feeling of good-humored contempt for the executive. He wrote homespun but not commercial ideas. All Jefferson's ideas were sacrificed by his last pupil and another sort of Federalism commenced, leaving Mr. Jefferson's occasional successors nothing but the slavery question to subsist upon.

Monroe, continually in the public offices, had to depend upon the Senate for confirmations. Andrew Jackson was a senator in 1798, and Jefferson, then presiding officer of the Senate, said he had often seen Jackson get up to speak and then choke up with rage and be unable to speak at all. Jackson resigned to be state judge for six years and correspondingly obscure. In 1807 Jackson at Richmond attacked Jefferson in a speech and won the opposition of Madison, the secretary of state, and therefore supported Monroe against Madison, a man of corresponding traits refined by education and literary quality.

In 1823 Jackson entered the United States Senate full of military fame, a regular army major general, with the object of being elected president; he had resigned from the Senate twenty-six years before. Beside him was Senator Benton, who came in with Missouri in 1820 at the age of thirty-eight, and had been admitted to the bar by Jackson as judge, had served upon his military staff and had been fired down a cellar by Jackson who at the same time received a pistol wound from Benton's brother. Yet Benton now turned unto Jackson's support, and as senator, Jackson supported the tariff and turnpike and canal bills, he said: "The attempt to get up a caucus and force public opinion will, I trust, prostrate the caucus system altogether. Mr. Crawford's friends have become desperate; their minority caucus has recoiled upon their own heads and the unanimity of Pennsylvania has defeated all their plans."

Crawford entered the Senate, without ever going to Congress, at thirty-five, in 1807 and was much the ablest of the Virginia class; yet the iron of disappointment entered into his soul. Twice senator, once minister to

France, wise and efficient secretary of the treasury, he met his rival in Calhoun, who entered the Senate at forty-two as vice president, having made his reputation in Congress. He was of the same age as Crawford and equally ambitious, and coming from the same locality, sitting in the same Cabinet with Crawford he determined to destroy that rival. Relating the secrets of Monroe's Cabinet Crawford was revenged by seeing President Jackson turn and blast Calhoun and elevate Van Buren instead to the vice presidency and presidency. Calhoun remained around the Senate or in Tyler's Cabinet most of his remaining life, or about twenty-eight years.

Van Buren entered the Senate in 1821. He was born the same year as Crawford and Calhoun, and was a supporter of Crawford. He presided over the Senate, one of the most agreeable persons ever in that body.

Till the publication of the Diary of John Quincy Adams we had but a superficial idea of the Monroe period, when the Senate seized the powers of the government. A sketch of that period will describe the feeble manhood which, by forty years of superserviceability, had grasped in nerveless hands the iron reins of executive rule.

It seems that President Monroe, and his secretary, Crawford, ceased to have personal relations. "Some words used by Mr. Monroe to Mr. Crawford had induced the latter to abstain thenceforward from coming to this (White) house or ever seeing Mr. Monroe again. The cause of their quarrel was Monroe's objecting to the nominations of customs officers by Crawford for the northern ports; Crawford replied, 'Well, if you will not appoint persons well qualified for the places, tell me whom you will appoint that I may get rid of their importunities!' Monroe replied with great warmth, saying that he considered Crawford's language as extremely improper and unsuitable to the relations between them; when Crawford, turning to him, raised his cane as in the attitude to strike, and said, 'You ——— infernal old scoundrel!' Mr. Monroe seized the tongs at the fireplace for self-defense, and told him he would immediately ring for servants himself and turn him out of the house; upon which Crawford, beginning to recover himself, said he did not intend and had not intended to insult him, and left the house. They never met afterwards." Mr. Adams says that this resembled the scene between Bolingbroke

and Oxford in the last days of Queen Anne.

Near the birthplace of Monroe at the head of Monroe's Creek dwelt Richard Henry and Henry Lee. Monroe's revolutionary services were not conspicuous, and his political chances commenced when he became a law student of Jefferson. When he was about twenty-six years old, he made a tour through the western country which had been deeded by Virginia to the United States; he was a second time beyond the Allegheny Mountains, and his geographical knowledge of the interior of the land from actual sight, gave him a superiority in considering questions pertinent thereto. He opposed Virginia's endorsement of the National Constitution, but immediately took office when it was adopted; one of the Virginia senators, Grayson, died soon after his appointment, and Monroe was sent in his place, and was therefore senator at thirty-two years old and had four years in office. He was among the decided opponents of Washington's administration, was mean and small to Hamilton, and wrote a letter to President Washington against him probably at Jefferson's instigation, saying, "what he could say about Hamilton if an opportunity were afforded him." He opposed the national financial system, opposed John Jay's going to England, and nevertheless Washington selected Monroe, perhaps with an idea that employment would settle his mind, to be our minister to France.

After returning from France, where he had great opportunities and very little affirmative character, he became governor of Virginia and served three years, and eight or nine years afterwards held the office again, till he entered Madison's Cabinet. He suppressed a slave insurrection as governor, the first time. His appointment to France was made in order to stave off the nomination of Aaron Burr, which was pressed by the opposition upon Washington; Washington chose Monroe as a person who would do less harm than Burr. He got to France just after Robespierre fell, and exceeded his instructions in committing America to French hopes and intrigues. He attempted to obtain Jay's treaty, made in England, to communicate it to the French. After he returned from France he passed as near President Washington as Alexandria, but never called upon him.

Of Monroe's attack upon Washington's administration, Robert Goodloe Harper said;

"It is the most singular display of incapacity, unfaithfulness, and presumption, of neglect of orders, forgetfulness of the dignity, rights, and interests of his own country, and servile devotedness to the government of the country to which he was sent, that can be found in the history of diplomacy."

It appears probable that much of Monroe's conduct in the earlier years of his official life, was in blind subserviency to the acute Jefferson, who, keeping Madison at his side to do a higher class of literary work, flattered Monroe with putting him upon the outside tasks and brawls. Jefferson subsequently appears to have considered that Monroe was growing too fast, and having sent him back to France, to prevent Robert Livingston's receiving the whole credit of the purchase of Louisiana, he transferred Monroe to England, where he began to buy law-books and came home to practice law, meantime cultivating a farm. He desired Secretary Madison to give him an office in Louisiana. His experience in Spain during this mission was of benefit to him in the subsequent conflict with that power over Florida. He made a treaty in England in 1806, which Jefferson pigeon-holed. He failed to get the presidential nomination, instead of Madison, but slipped down to the post of governor. When Madison summoned up the courage to dismiss Robert Smith of Maryland, as secretary of state, he appears to have believed that Monroe possessed the hardihood necessary to carry the executive measures through Congress and take charge of the war.

Monroe's wife, the daughter of Lawrence Kortright, had social standing, and in her youth beauty. He wrote to Jefferson:

"Having formed an attachment to this young lady, the daughter of a gentleman of respectable character and connections, though injured in his fortunes in the late war, I find that I must relinquish all other objects not connected with her. We were married about three months since; I remain in New York until the fall, at which time we remove to Fredericksburg, in Virginia, and I enter into the practice of law."

In 1786 he wrote to Jefferson:

"The house for which I have requested a plan may possibly be erected near Monticello, and to fix there and have yourself in particular, with what friends we may collect around, for society, is my chief object."

While in Paris Monroe's eldest daughter went to school with Hortense Beauharnais, H-Aug.

afterwards queen of Holland, and their teacher was Madame Campan, the sister of Citizen Genet. Eliza Monroe named her daughter Hortense, and Hortense sent her portrait and her brother's and that of Madame Campan to her namesake. Charles Wilmer owns these pictures.

Monroe wrote to one of his nephews:

"Let me warn you never to use your client's money. The commencement of this practice breaks down chaste and delicate refinement; avoid gambling; there is a billiard table near you; let me warn you against it."

William Wirt described Monroe at forty, "About the middle height, firmly set, nothing remarkable in his person except his muscular compactness and apparent ability to endure labor; his countenance has rather the expression of sternness and irascibility, his dress plain and modest, he is a man of soft, polite, and even assiduous attentions; there is often in his manner an inartificial, even an awkward simplicity which still endorses him as of sincere and artless soul."

The picture by John Trumbull, of "Washington Resigning his Commission" at Annapolis, carries out this idea of Monroe, a man with heavy thighs and farmer-like body.

At the White House his handsome wife at receptions wore black velvet and showed her fine neck and arms, and her hair was in puffs dressed high on the head and ornamented with white ostrich plumes. Her daughter Mrs. Hay at receptions wore crimson velvet, gold cord and tassel around the waist, white plumes in the hair, handsome jewelry, and her neck and arms were bare. Mrs. Gouverneur, another daughter, wore white satin with blonde lace, silver thread embroidery, pearl jewelry, and white plumes. Wine was handed about in wine glasses on large silver salvers, by colored waiters in dark livery and gilt buttons; some of Monroe's slaves from Oak Hill did the work about the White House.

Monroe was about six feet high, if not more, broad and square-shouldered, raw-boned, with a large mouth, not large nose, broad forehead, and bluish-gray eyes. His face was rugged, and he looked as if he could endure much fatigue. When the British burnt Washington he did not undress himself for ten days and nights; he was awkward at all times, and diffident even to old age; but he had a calm quiet dignity as age came on and was especially polite. He was very obliging in his family, was a poor con-

versationalist, had no imagination, little culture, next to no versatility; he was afraid of public sentiment and the press; when he held conversation about other public men, he always adjured his listener not to repeat what he said.

Judge Storey said of Monroe as president, "He retains his plain and gentlemanly manners in the midst of extravagance, and is in every respect a very estimable man, but the Executive has no longer a commanding influence; the House of Representatives has absorbed all the popular following and all the effective power of the country."

Judge Storey thus described Monroe's second inauguration in the old Hall of Representatives: "It was crowded to excess, and the galleries appeared to be almost weighed down by their burden. About twelve o'clock the president came into the hall, dressed in a plain suit of black broadcloth with a single-breasted coat and waistcoat, the latter with flaps in the old fashion. He wore also smallclothes with silk stockings and shoes with gold buckles on them. His appearance was very impressive. Altogether the scene was truly striking and grand. After the ceremony was over, according to etiquette, all thronged to the president's house to congratulate him and Mrs. Monroe. All the world was there, hackney coaches, private carriages, foreign ministers and their suites, and the very ground seemed beaten into pow-

der or paste under the trampling of horses and rolling of wheels."

The influence of climate and race upon habits and character is marked in the division of Monroe's Cabinet. It was full of senators. Mr. Adams and Mr. Wirt remained, like Calhoun and Crawford, in the Cabinet for eight years. In the sequel the two southern secretaries devoured each other, by mutual animosity and ambition, both having been of the Scotch-Irish race, the one from South Carolina, and the other from Georgia, while Mr. Adams and Mr. Wirt remained cordial with each other, the one of the plain German race in Maryland, the other of the plain English race in Massachusetts, and married to a Maryland wife.

While Wirt remained in Virginia, he was embroiled in the factions of the Virginia school, and had almost destroyed himself by the excesses of that convivial society. Jackson, who succeeded Mr. Adams as president, was opposed by Wirt on the Antimasonic ticket, and on the same issue Mr. Adams gave his adhesion, believing that slavery was itself a species of constitutional Masonry which tempted men to take away liberty and even life. Calhoun was also driven out of his service by General Jackson who had at first quarreled with Crawford, but subsequently allowed Van Buren and the Federalists to open his eyes to Calhoun's tergiversations.

VILLAGE LIFE AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

BY JOHN C. EASTMAN.

VILLAGE life and the characters to be seen in the colonies along Midway Plaisance form one of the most attractive features of the World's Fair. The street is nearly one mile long and grouped on either side the entire distance are people from all parts of the world. They are there from the west coast of Africa, from the Orinoco, from Syria and the Soudan, and from the frozen waters of Lapland. Living in happy relationship with these savages and semisavages are the little people from the quaking islands of Java and Sumatra, big bronzed-faced Turks from Constantinople and the Holy Land, and a thousand or more light-hearted men and women from Germany, Austria, and Roumania.

The Javanese village is perhaps the most interesting of all the colonies in Midway. It covers two hundred square feet of ground and is inclosed in a fence made of split bamboo. There are nearly two hundred and fifty natives in the settlement—little mild-eyed men and women with dark skins, and hair that is always dressed with cocoanut oil. It took these people two months to build their wonderful village. The severity of the spring was responsible for much of the delay, many of the men being stricken with colds and fever. The dwelling houses are built in the form of a cube, leaving an immense plaza where the men may be seen nearly every evening flying their queer kites and shooting darts from long

bamboo blow pipes. Still another feature of the plaza is Garss, a huge orang-outang which was captured while a youngster in the jungles of Borneo. The natives look with awe on the ape and hold him in a sort of veneration. They call him the "old man" and firmly believe him to be a superior animal, endowed with great wisdom and possessed of a power to work good or evil. The houses in which the Javanese live are all made of bamboo and grasses and furnished with native mats which serve as beds and tables for food. Every stick used in the construction work was cut, mortised, and numbered in Java. The domestic life of the natives is delightfully harmonious. The men are tireless workers, it being considered no hardship at all to cook the evening meal of rice and make the silken blouses of the women after toiling all day for their foreman. After the evening meal has been eaten the musicians dress themselves in red jackets and climb upon the platform of their theater. Here they practice for an hour or more, the deep mournful melody from their gongs sounding like distant vesper bells. There are sixteen dancing girls in the village. They are from the royal theater of the late sultan of Solo, who permitted them to come to Chicago as an evidence of the friendly interest he had taken in the Exposition. The dancing of these little beauties from the equator is wholly unlike the abdominal contortions of the Algerians, the Turks, the Persians, and the Cairenes. Their movements are confined almost entirely to a graceful waving of the arms and hands, the supple bodies swaying only when the booming of the gongs becomes more furious.

Life in the street in Cairo, just west of the village of the Javanese, is a stormy one from sunrise until the venerable muezzin climbs to the top of the minaret and calls the faithful to evening prayer. It is in this brick-paved and crooked lane that the sun beats down with ferocious zeal but the merry-makers who swarm in the street from morning till night do not mind the heat. There are donkeys and camels to ride, with Arabs trotting on behind prodding the beasts with sharp sticks. All day long the dense crowd is jostled and bunted as the animals trot over the serpentine lane from the mosque to the temple where the mummies of the Pharaohs are to be seen. Fat men and lean men, staid old dames and jolly girls sit uneasily in the gayly caparisoned saddles, and any mishap

they may meet during their rough passage is always certain to provoke uproarious laughter from the crowd. Soon after the noon hour the jesters appear in the street and slap one another's faces while they keep up a sort of chant, which is supposed to be ridiculously funny. As the sun goes down the bridal procession, a feature of the street every pleasant afternoon, moves slowly through the crowd. Two hundred natives are in the column, the musicians being perched upon camels and pounding kettledrums slung across the saddles. Behind them stalk the wrestlers and sword fighters. Then come the dancing girls and finally the bride, who is enveloped from head to foot in a mantle of red muslin. With great pomp the procession traverses the entire length of the street, and as it turns to retrace its steps the wrestlers spring at each other and roll over and over on the pavement. There is little or no wrestling in their exhibition, but in such a noisy street where conjurers move about with pigeons' eggs clinging mysteriously back of their ears, and where a big monkey fights a duel with long sticks with its master, the crowd is quite ready to laugh at anything, and so it shouts its appreciation at the grotesque antics of the tumbling and rolling athletes. The sword fighters give an exhibition of their prowess, the big blades they wield beating a fierce tattoo on the shields. It is not until the muezzin has called the faithful to the fourth prayer of the day and the blazing sun has gone down that the bedlam in the street ceases. And even then there comes from the latticed windows of the white buildings the weird song of a dancing girl who has climbed to the cool retreat to smoke a cigarette.

The village of the Dahomans recalls the stories of Stanley, Livingstone, and Paul du Chaillu. It is inclosed by a fence made of bark with a platform running along the top and the entire distance of the Midway front. There are also signal towers near the entrance and into these thatched boxes black and savage sentinels are to be seen every day dancing madly when they are not singing and shaking long loops of goats' hoofs. There is no doubt that the Dahomans are more closely allied with the cruel and superstitious practices of savagery than any other country represented in Midway. The women are as fierce if not fiercer than the men and all of them have to be watched day and

night for fear they may use their spears for other purposes than a barbaric embellishment of their dances. The bodies of the villagers, practically naked were it not for the skirts of seaweeds and grasses and the scores of fetiches jingling from their arms and legs, are frightfully scarred. Much of the mutilation was done in war, but the voluntary incisions made in the cheeks are believed to enhance their beauty. The dance of the Dahomans would be wholly uninteresting were it not for the savage toggery of the performers and the fact that the women whose heads are closely shaven carried arms for their king against the French. It consists of a series of wild gyrations with the legs and a peculiar crouching of the bodies as the dancers advance to the din of a dozen tom-toms. The violent exercise is continued until the ebony skins of the performers are dripping with perspiration and often until they stagger from exhaustion. One of the characters of the village is a former guard of General Dodds, who recently crushed the cruel king of Dahomey. The native is nearly fifty years old and his body bears the wounds of seven rifle balls.

The Lapland village, just to the west, is peaceful at all times. It is only when old King Bull, whose appetite for liquor often leads him to assume a hostile attitude, becomes mutinous and noisy that the little settlement with its sod huts and pretty flaxen-haired girls calls for assistance from the guards. It has been said that King Bull is one hundred and two years old. This is not true. On the contrary the monarch, according to his own solemn statement, is but forty-two. He received his title by reason of his immense wealth, it being estimated that his herd of reindeer alone numbers ten thousand head. He occupies no executive position at home and, if his domestic life in Midway be any criterion, experiences considerable trouble in ruling his own household, which consists of his wife and two rebellious children. King Bull is seen at all times in a heavy peaked hat trimmed with red and with a pair of goggles fastened tightly on the bridge of his nose. He brought fifteen reindeer with him, not one of which has died.

There is always plenty of life in the Austrian village or "Old Vienna," as it is called. The quaint buildings are after the architecture of the fifteenth century and

have been so constructed as to leave a great plaza or courtyard, in which the famous Hoch und Deutschmeister band of Vienna, under the leadership of Bandmaster Ziehrer of the Austrian army, plays every evening. Here in the mellow light of a thousand electric lamps the stranger who has become weary of the turmoil of Midway can light his cigar, sprawl his legs out beneath a table, and tilting back in his chair calmly sip his beer to the melody of one of Strauss' waltzes. Lights flicker in a score of shops about him, sturdy barmaids brush past caroling an accompaniment to the efforts of the musicians in blue and white, and breaking in upon his reverie now and then is the tinkling of a great zither from a dark canopied corner to the east.

There is much the same restful and peaceful diversion to be enjoyed in the great German village with its medieval tower and castle, its thatched houses, and its grove of oak trees now heavy with foliage. Promptly at 3 o'clock every afternoon an infantry band from Berlin tramps into the grove from the castle. It is always led by Ruscheweyh, who for twenty years has been bandmaster of the Prussian army. As the sturdy fellows tramp by in their black glistening helmets the crowd cheers, a courtesy which Ruscheweyh always recognizes by a stiff military salute. Later in the day the cavalry band, a superb organization made up of troopers from the different regiments of Germany march to their stand which is in the center of the grove. The two bands alternate in playing and each arouses the wildest enthusiasm. Still another feature of the German village is the collection of ancient and medieval armor and weapons in the castle. It fills four large rooms and its value is placed at \$1,500,000.

The visitor to Midway who has the curiosity of an ethnologist will also find much to interest him in the rattle and shouting in the Turkish village, where savage-looking Bedouins tramp around with big scimiters clanking against their red boots and where Far Away Moses, made famous by Mark Twain, haggles with customers in the grand bazaar over the price of a pair of slippers. The Irish villages with their pretty colleens and pipers, the Algerian village where men thrust daggers through their cheeks and tongues, and the camp of the brawny South Sea Islanders are also instructive and in some departments absorbingly interesting.



Marguerite, Countess of Blessington.

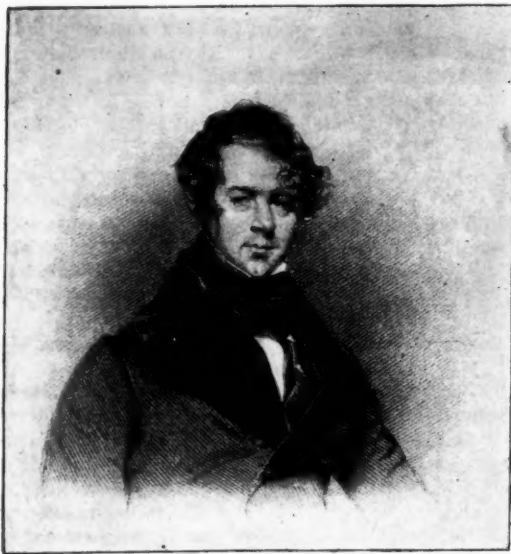
LADY BLESSINGTON.

BY EUGENE L. DIDIER.

IN the springtime of life, when I read much and had written nothing, except some very crude college compositions, I was fascinated by Walter Savage Landor's description of the peerless charm of goodness and the naïve social graces in the beautiful mistress of Gore House, "most gorgeous Lady Blessington." From that time to this, Lady Blessington has been to me one of the most interesting women of the nineteenth century. Less intellectual, but more beautiful than Madame de Staël, less ambitious, but more fortunate than Madame Bonaparte, she was the leading spirit of one of the most delightful literary salons of London; she was the center

of the brilliant group of literary men who between 1830 and 1850 enriched our language with works in poetry, romance, history, science, and belles-lettres generally. When we call the roll of Lady Blessington's friends we find among them Byron, Bulwer, Disraeli, Landor, Dickens, Thackeray, Tom Moore, Barry Cornwall, Thomas Campbell, Captain Marryat, and other lesser literary lights; Wellington, Brougham, Peel, Grey, Canning, Lyndhurst, Russell, Erskine, and other public men; Wilkie, Lawrence, Maclise, Landseer, Haydon, and all of the most distinguished artists of the time.

The romantic career of Marguerite, Count-



Nathaniel Parker Willis.

ess of Blessington, reads like a fairy story. The daughter of an Irish farmer of small means, Marguerite Power was married, before she was fifteen, to Captain Maurice Farmer, a man whom she did not love, and could not respect. Her parents forced her to make this match, because her suitor was wealthy, and they were in straitened circumstances. The natural result of so ill-starred a marriage was a separation; the young wife, after suffering the greatest cruelty from her husband, in fear of her life, fled from his roof never to return. She sought refuge in her father's house, but was not cordially or kindly received. Finding her early home a most disagreeable place of residence, she lived for several years with an aunt, and after a few years' stay in Dublin, removed to London in 1816, where she and her brother, Robert Power, occupied a house in Manchester Square. Here she remained until her marriage with the Earl of Blessington on the 16th of February, 1818, her husband having died the previous year. At the time of her second marriage, Lady Blessington was in the twenty-eighth year of her age, and in the supreme perfection of her extraordinary beauty. Her form was exquisitely proportioned, and her face was a mirror upon which were reflected her joyous nature, her brilliant fancies, and her kindly disposition. Her glowing features transmitted instantly

the bright, sparkling thoughts that filled her mind. They were seen in her beautiful eyes, on her speaking lips, and were heard in her merry laugh, as sweet and joyous as a child's. She was all warmth and sunshine, all smiles and laughter, happy herself, and giving happiness to all who came within her charmed circle.

Such was the lovely Countess of Blessington during the ten years which followed her second marriage. The Earl of Blessington's income was \$125,000 a year, but large as it was he did not find it sufficient for his splendid and extravagant tastes. Soon after their marriage the noble couple took up their residence in a magnificent mansion in St. James Square. Lady Blessington suddenly found herself surrounded by every imaginable luxury, and living in a state of almost regal pomp and

magnificence. Unaccustomed as she was to such a life, the newly made countess entered upon her dazzling career of elegance and fashion as though she had been born in the purple.

The Earl of Blessington was a martyr to *ennui*, and in a few years he grew tired of his luxurious London home, but he never grew tired of his lovely countess. Late in the summer of 1822, the Blessingtons broke up their princely establishment in St. James Square, and left England for a prolonged sojourn in the south of Europe. They passed the spring of 1823 in Genoa, where Lady Blessington met Lord Byron, and they were constantly thrown together for two months. Her cordial manners and genial society had a very happy effect upon the proud and solitary poet. He abandoned, for a time at least, his habitual misanthropy in the sunshine of her bright society. She persuaded him to omit the glaring immoralities that disgraced his splendid genius in "Don Juan," a poem which, she told him, insulted the decencies of civilized life. Byron frequently spoke of his daughter, whom he had not seen since she was a month old. "Her mother," he said, "has feasted on the smiles of her infancy and growth, but the tears of her mature years shall be mine." Lady Blessington told him that if he loved his child so much, he ought never to write a line

that would bring a blush of shame to the cheek, or a sorrowing tear to her eye. He was deeply moved, and said to Lady Blessington: "You are right, I never recollected this. I will write no more of it—would that I had never written a line of it."

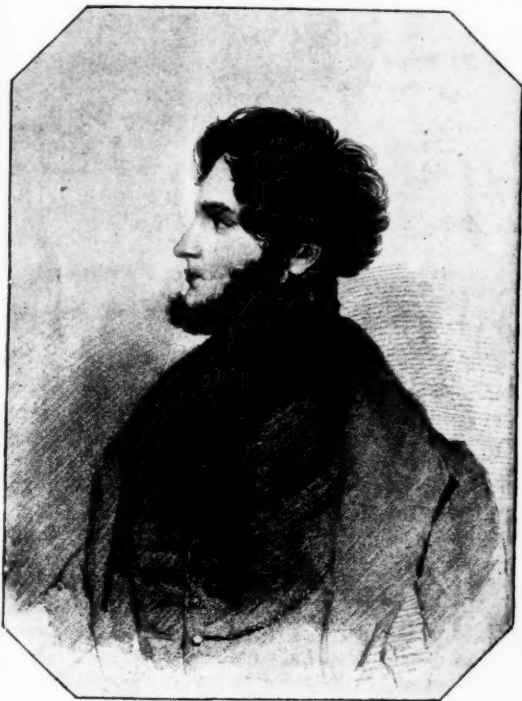
On the 25th of May, 1829, Lord Blessington died suddenly in Paris, at the age of forty-six. Lady Blessington remained on the Continent until the autumn of 1830, when she returned to England, and resumed her residence in London, where she soon became a prominent figure in the literary and fashionable world. Her first residence was in Seamore Place, May Fair, where she took up her abode in the autumn of 1831. One who knew her at that time said that the salon of Lady Blessington was open nightly to men of genius and learning; her home was the center of attraction for the *beau monde* of the intellectual classes, a place of reunion for remarkable persons of talent or eminence of some sort or other, the most agreeable resort of men of literature, art, science, of strangers of distinction, travelers and public characters of various pursuits; in fact, it was the most charming literary salon that ever existed in London.

Lady Blessington's beautiful home was a temple, and she was the Minerva of the shrine before which all the votaries of art and literature worshipped. The swinging of the censer before this social goddess never ceased in her salon, and in soft accents the magic of her beauty and talents seldom failed to be whispered in her ear while she sat enshrined in that luxurious fauteuil, holding high court in queenly state.

N. P. Willis, who was in London during the fashionable season of 1835, gave a very interesting description of Lady Blessington as she appeared when at the height of her social and literary career. Willis was a man of exquisite tastes and elegant manners, and had the *entrée* to the most splendid society of London. In a long library lined alternately with magnificently bound books and mirrors, and with a deep window of the breadth of the room opening upon Hyde Park, he found Lady

opened was a very lovely one; a woman of remarkable beauty, half buried in a fauteuil of yellow satin, reading by a magnificent lamp suspended from the center of the arched ceiling; sofas, couches, ottomans, and busts arranged in rather a crowded sumptuousness around the room; enameled tables, covered with expensive and elegant trifles, in every corner; and a delicate white hand relieved on the back of a book, to which the eye was attracted by the blaze of the diamond rings. Willis had an eye for female beauty, and a facile pen in describing it. He has furnished a very charming picture of Lady Blessington as she appeared when she was in the full splendor of her matchless loveliness:

"Her person is full, but preserves all the fineness of an admirable shape; her foot is not crowded in a satin slipper for which a Cinderella might long have looked in vain; and her complexion (an unusually fair skin, with very dark hair and eyebrows) is of even a girlish delicacy and freshness. Her dress of blue satin was cut



Count D'Orsay.

low and folded across her breast in a way to show to advantage the round and sculpture-like

curve and whiteness of a pair of exquisite shoulders; while her hair, dressed close to her head, and parted simply on her forehead with a rich *ferronière* of turquoise, enveloped in a clear outline a head with which it would be difficult to

father of the poet, Coventry Patmore, was present at the Royal Academy Exhibition when Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of Lady Blessington was exposed to view. He said the portrait was the perfection of art but that



Edward Lytton Bulwer.

find a fault. Her features are regular, and her mouth, the most expressive of them, has a ripe fullness and freedom of play, peculiar to the Irish physiognomy, and expressive of the most unsuspecting good-humor. Add to all this a voice merry and sad by turns, but always musical, and manners of the most unpretending elegance, yet even more remarkable for their winning kindness, and you have the most prominent traits of one of the most lovely and fascinating women I have ever seen."

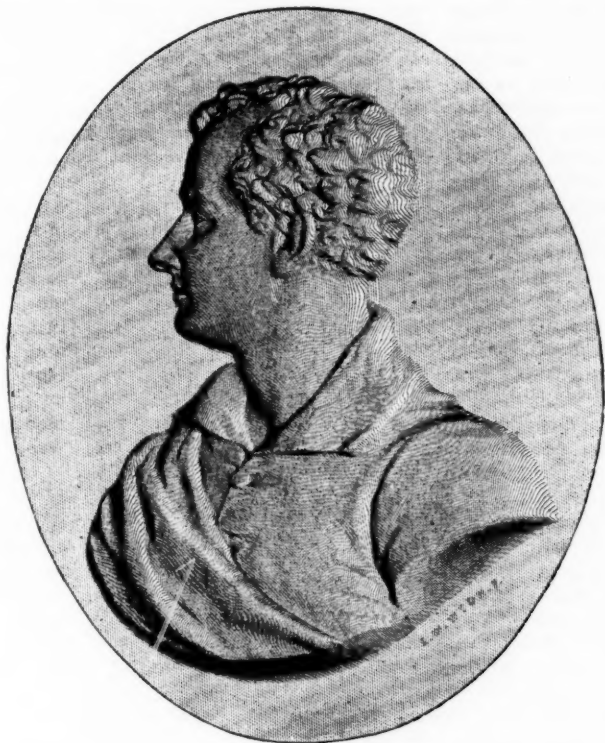
This description of Lady Blessington might be pronounced enthusiastic—a picture evolved from the imagination of a romantic poet, in the first glow of youthful fancy—but the testimony to the incomparable beauty of Lady Blessington is universal. P. G. Patmore, the

the original far exceeded the copy. He saw her ladyship standing before her picture, and he declared that the original fairly "killed" the copy. Of Lady Blessington herself he said that he never beheld so pure and perfect a vision of female loveliness, in its most perfect phase, namely that in which intellect does not predominate over form, features, complexion, and the other physical attributes of female beauty. Her face was a star to kneel to and worship, a picture to gaze upon and admire.

But the beauty of Lady Blessington, great and remarkable as it was, was not the greatest of her attractions. Her unspeakable grace, her winning manner, her rare tact, her cordial sympathy, her warm heart, her sunny temper, her soft, rich voice, her delightful

conversation, these fascinated all who came within the magic circle of her presence. For twenty years she was queen of all hearts, captivating, charming, delighting all. Royal dukes were her admirers, the greatest men of

lis," which was published in 1822. This work, although wanting in literary skill, displayed her ladyship's turn for humor and drollery. The hundred dollars which she received from this book, she gave away in



George Gordon Byron.

the age were her acquaintances, while her friends and correspondents included all that was best and brightest in that wonderful world where she shone so long and so brilliantly.

Lady Blessington's income from her husband's will was \$10,000 a year; the expenses of her London establishment were \$20,000. To make up this difference between her income and her expenses, she determined to turn her literary talents to a profitable account. Her pen had been a toy, a plaything to amuse herself when tired of the frivolity of fashionable life. Literature had been the embellishment of her more serious hours. It was in this way she wrote "The Magic Lantern; or Sketches of Scenes in the Metropo-

charity, little thinking that she would ever find it necessary to write for money for her own use. But that time did come, and so well did she employ her pen that she made from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year by writing fashionable novels, and editing "Books of Beauty," "Keepsakes," "Annuals," and other things of the sort, which were popular in England and America. Lady Blessington wrote, by actual account, one dozen novels of fashionable life, all of which have been long since forgotten. She also published an interesting "Journal of Conversations with Lord Byron," "The Idler in France," and "The Idler in Italy." The "Annuals" and "Keepsakes" above mentioned, were the literary luxuries of our grandmothers. They were

edited by some prominent or "fashionable" author. Heath's "Book of Beauty" for 1834 was edited by Lady Blessington; the "Court Journal" for 1837 was edited by the beautiful and gifted Mrs. Caroline Norton; "The Book of Beauty" for the same year was edited by L. E. L.; "The Scenic Annual" for 1838 was edited by Thomas Campbell. Lady Blessington's prominent position in the literary and fashionable world enabled her to secure contributions from Bulwer, Landor, Mrs. S. C. Hall, James Smith (author of the "Rejected Addresses"), John Galt, and many more.

Although Lady Blessington wrote so much, talking, not writing, was her forte. One who knew her well, and loved her for her many good qualities of mind and heart, said it would be difficult to point out what constituted the peculiar charm of her conversation. It was something of frankness and archness, without the least mixture of ill-temper, in everything she said, of full confidence in the outspokenness of her sentiments, while she laughed out unpremeditated ideas and bonmots spontaneously elicited, in such joyous tones that it might be said she seldom talked without a smile on her lips. Add to this the effect produced by the rare loveliness of her face, the charming sweetness of her look and gesture, the grace of her form and manner, and we can easily understand her position as the queen of a splendid circle.

The success of Lady Blessington's literary salon was greatly assisted by Count D'Orsay, who had married her stepdaughter, and was for fifteen years an inmate of Gore House. The first notice of this man of so many elegant accomplishments is in a letter written by Lord Byron to Tom Moore, from Genoa, in 1823:

"I have found your friends, Lord and Lady Blessington, very agreeable personages. They are traveling with a very handsome companion in the shape of a 'French count,' to use Farquhar's expression in the 'Beaux Stratagem,' who has all the air of a *Cupidon déchainé*, and is one of the few specimens I have seen of the ideal Frenchman before the Revolution."

Alfred Count D'Orsay was the Admirable Crichton of his age, a skillful swordsman, a splendid horseman, an unerring marksman, an artist, musician, linguist, a wit, poet, novelist, an elegant dancer, a superb dandy,

with the figure of Apollo, and the face of Antinous; he was conceded to be the handsomest and most brilliant man in Europe. So bright and happy was his temperament that he never knew a moment's *ennui*, and was as much amused in the dullest country town as in London at the height of the season. His intellectual qualities made him the congenial companion of Byron, Bulwer, Landor, and others; his social graces recalled Chesterfield; his artistic talents made him the peer of the greatest artists of his time. Wellington



Benjamin Disraeli.

declared that D'Orsay was the only artist who painted him like a gentleman.

When Louis Napoleon was a refugee in England—a twice discomfited conspirator—the doors of Gore House were thrown open to admit him, and he was indebted to Lady Blessington and Count D'Orsay for his position in English society. It was chiefly through Count D'Orsay's untiring efforts, and the co-operation of his powerful friends and the influence of his family that secured for Louis Napoleon the presidency of the French republic in 1848. When the prince-president, despite his oath to support the republic, determined to declare himself emperor, D'Orsay openly denounced the *coup*

d'état as "the greatest political swindle that had ever been practiced in the world." From that time his friendly relations with Louis Napoleon wholly ceased, and D'Orsay, who had the right to expect the highest office under the government for which his brilliant talents peculiarly fitted him, was ignored, until, a few weeks before his death, the emperor, fearing that he would be charged with ingratitude to his former benefactor, appointed him "director of fine arts." One of the art treasures of Gore House was a garden view of the house painted by Count D'Orsay. In the foreground of the picture Lady Blessington and the Duke of Wellington are represented; in the center, Sir Edwin Landseer is seated sketching a fine cow with a calf by her side; Count D'Orsay himself, with two favorite dogs, is seen on the right of the group; nearer the house are Lady Blessington's nieces (the Misses Power) reading a letter; further to the left are Lord Brougham and Lord Druro seated under a tree engaged in conversation. Yet this clever and accomplished man wasted his noble powers, and was satisfied to be a mere man of fashion, the Pelham of London drawing rooms.

The ambition of Lady Blessington was to gather around her the greatest celebrities of the day, in art, literature, and science. She wished to be something higher, better, nobler than a mere social queen. An evening in her salon and a glimpse of the famous men seen there will show whether she succeeded in her ambitious object. It is eleven o'clock, but the London hours are late, and Lady Blessington sits surrounded by a brilliant gathering. She is in full dress, and looks a queen. Bulwer is there, a dandy-poet and a philosophical novelist, remarkable for his large nose and small foot. His conversation is bright, fresh, witty, and satirical; his voice "sweet and lover-like." Disraeli is there,

resplendent in a splendidly embroidered waistcoat, gorgeous with gold flowers, wearing a profusion of chains about his neck, and carrying a white stick with a black cord. No person could have foreseen, at that time, the future pre-eminence of this dazzling drawing-room hero, that, without family, fortune, birth, faith, he would become the ruler of one of the greatest nations on earth. Bryan Procter is present, a small man, very quiet and timid, with a fine white forehead. Tom Moore, who was in love with Lady Blessington when she was sixteen (she inspired some of his sweetest songs), enters, as Willis, who was a frequent visitor at Lady Blessington's, says, "with his glass at his eye, tumbling over an ottoman between his nearsightedness and the darkness of the room." The little poet, who has the head of Bacchus and the voice of an angel, is perfectly at home in a drawing room; and at the close of the evening the company gather around the piano, while Moore sings two or three songs selected by Lady Blessington; then, after rambling over the keys a moment or two, he sings, "When first I met thee," with an indescribable pathos. As the last sad words are sung he rises, and taking Lady Blessington's hand he says good night, and is gone before a word is spoken.

Those were some of the most celebrated men who contributed to the *éclat* of Lady Blessington's salon. She was the queen of that brilliant circle; admired and loved by all; but while reigning over all hearts she remained mistress of her own. Lady Blessington will not be remembered by her literary works, but as the beautiful and accomplished mistress of Gore House, as the friend of the most gifted men of her time, and as the patroness of many artists and men-of-letters, who, but for her assistance, might have remained comparatively unknown.

THE GRADUATE.

BY FRANK W. WOODBRIDGE.

Lo, ere he turns and goes the victor's ways,
The hard won triumphs of his toil he reaps :
While in her quiet seat, too glad for praise,
A gray-haired mother weeps.

Woman's Council Table.



Trail leading to the top of Nevada Fall.

A CAMPING TRIP TO THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

BY MRS. W. C. SAWYER.

ON the twenty-eighth of June, 1892, a camping party left San José, California, for a visit to the Yosemite Valley. Of the three wagons in their train, two carried seven passengers each; the third was occupied by a family of five persons, including the writer of this sketch. The baggage, in addition to the people, made the wagons full and heavy, and as there were but two horses in each team, slow progress was the rule.

If we could have taken a bee line, we should have journeyed one hundred and fifty miles due east, but the nature of the country necessitated at least one hundred miles further travel. We started about noon, and drove thirty miles southeast, over the smooth roads and between the fertile fields of the beautiful Santa Clara Valley, to the town of Gilroy, where we spent the night. The next day's journey of forty miles to the east brought us through the Coast Range by the

Woman's Council Table.

A CAMPING TRIP TO THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

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Pacheco Pass, whose romantic scenery more than repaid us for the trip thus far.

We had intended to cross directly over the broad San Joaquin Valley to the Sierra Nevada Mountains, but as some of the intervening lowlands were overflowed, we were obliged first to make a long drive up the valley. Our new route followed a canal that brings water from the San Joaquin River through an otherwise desert land. The most of this section seemed abandoned to the multitudinous jack rabbits. Mirages added to the impression that we were traveling over a desert. We encamped one night beside the canal.

From the town of Firebaugh, which we reached the next morning, we again turned toward the Sierras. The San Joaquin River was here within its banks, but the alkali in the dust of this region evidenced itself in our bloodshot eyes, cracked lips, and burning faces. Though snow was in sight on the distant mountains, we found it worth while to wear wet towels on our heads, the heat was so intense.

We reached the town of Madera for the night. Judging from the sound of the name one might expect vineyards to abound here. This name, however, proved to be the Spanish word for lumber. Still, trees were as scarce as grape-vines about Madera. The consistency of the name was shown the next day, when we drove out of town beside a V-shaped flume, filled with boards floating down from a sawmill far away in the mountains.

The ground was now slightly rolling, but was treeless except along the Fresno River, whose course we followed for some distance. Its tempting shade drew us out of the burning heat for a long nooning.

In the afternoon we passed through the Adobe Ranch, which is historic ground; for, during the Mariposa Indian War of 1851-52, this was set apart as a reservation for friendly Indians and was also used as a place of rendezvous for the white soldiers. It was during this same war that soldiers in following the Indians into their fastnesses discovered the Yosemite Valley.

We were well in the foot-hills by camping time that Saturday night. It was fortunate for man and beast that we rested on the Sabbath, for it was the hottest day yet. On Monday mountain climbing began. We passed through two mining settlements that

day and found them decorated with flags, and the miners enjoying a holiday, for it was the Fourth of July. We prepared our supper at night on large rocks full of mortar-like holes, where generations of Indian women had ground their food with pestles of stone.

We had supposed that our belongings were tied upon the horses securely, but the next day as we rattled down the mountain side into the village of Fresno Flats, a number of our most needful wraps were jolted off. We did not miss them until we had toiled six miles up the steep hills beyond the village. We then sent back a horse and rider, who returned with the lost garments, after an absence of about two hours. Next, two members of the family got lost trying to take a "short cut" on foot; but a kind rancher brought them eight miles with his team, and restored them to their anxious friends. Lastly we lost a pail and a lantern which were not regained.

We went into night quarters at Fish Camp. This little settlement has a fine trout stream, and is a favorite resort for anglers. Not far beyond Fish Camp is Wawona, where our road joined the stage route connecting Yosemite with the Southern Pacific Railroad at Raymond, a distance of sixty miles. A toll was paid here, which entitled us to the use of the turnpike the rest of the way. The spacious Wawona hotel seemed well patronized by tourists. The surroundings of the village were picturesque, but the greatest attraction of the place to us was the studio of Mr. Thomas Hill, containing some of his celebrated paintings of Yosemite scenery.

Leaving Wawona, we rode for a short distance beside a beautiful river, clear as crystal, and rushing over many-colored stones. On its banks was a military camp, where were quartered the soldiers having the Yosemite Reservation in charge.

We made many a long and steep grade that day, reaching the highest station on the Yosemite road for the night. This was six thousand feet above sea level, and went by the name of Chinquapin Flat. A deserted stage barn and an empty hut were the only buildings here. A signboard told us that a road diverging at this place led to Glacier Point, a precipice remarkable for its views of Yosemite and the mountains beyond.

We all wished to visit Glacier Point, and had to choose whether to make the trip in our wagons now, or to go on to the valley

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and climb from there later, either on foot or horseback, by a long and narrow trail. Either way would consume a day's time. Our family decided to try the road, but the rest of the party, finding their horses too much fatigued for extra travel, went on, reaching Yosemite a day before us.

The Glacier Point road was a succession of hard grades; but beautiful cascades, exquisite wild flowers, and especially the bright red "snow plants" were compensating sources of delight. We had not gone far when we met some campers who told us to look out for a big cinnamon bear that had frightened their mules almost into running away. We scanned the forest aisles for Bruin, but saw no trace of him. We found, however, something equally rare, namely, great patches of snow in shaded places. We played at snowballing on that eighth day of July.

Another diversion occurred when we met two men on horseback, followed by a pack mule. We stationed ourselves dangerously near the outside edge of the narrow road, and waited for them to pass, not knowing that a packmule with its protruding bundles was a terror to horses. One of the men called to us to change our position, but before we could do so our horses were prancing about in fright. Seeing our predicament, the rear horseman turned and drove the mule down the steep bank, where it made a circuit of our wagon, reascending at the call, "Come on, Nettie."

We had left Chinquapin Flat that morning at eight o'clock, expecting to drive the fourteen miles to Glacier Point by noon, but it was after two o'clock when we caught our first glimpse of the purplish cliffs that encompass the Yosemite Valley. When we reached the abyss we were not yet at the end of our road, which continued along the edge of the rocky wall; but we paused here to feast our eyes. We could not see much of the valley below, but the cliffs opposite us rose in striking domes and peaks, while behind them rolled a sea of mountain tops, covered with dazzling snow fields and glaciers. Three waterfalls were in sight—the Toloolweack, Vernal, and Nevada Falls.

Following our road to its terminus we found there a plain white house called the Glacier Point Hotel. There still remained a short walk over protruding rocks, before we came to the flagstaff that marked our long-

sought goal. Here an iron fence enabled us to stand in safety, though with shrinking hearts, on the brink of the precipice, and look down into the Yosemite Valley, over three thousand feet below. The floor of the valley looked like green velvet, and the Merced River, running through it, like a satin ribbon. In a dark ravine, between North and South Domes, was a bright spot, said to be Mirror Lake. The trees and buildings in the valley seemed mere toys. Opposite us rose a stupendous wall of granite, lavender in hue, but striped with black where spring torrents had run. Leaping over this wall was the highest waterfall of the world—the renowned Yosemite Fall. We made but a brief stay at Glacier Point on account of the long drive between us and our camp at Chinquapin Flat, which we did not reach until after dark.

The next morning, after driving about ten miles through beautiful mountain scenery, we reached Inspiration Point, where our entrance to the valley began. From Glacier Point we had seen the upper end of the seven-mile-long valley; now the lower part came into view. Its southern wall, for the valley runs nearly east and west, is broken by three peaks called the Three Graces, near which the Bridal Veil Fall stripes the rocky background with silver. The most prominent feature of the northern wall is El Capitan, a mass of granite whose height of thirty-three hundred feet is equal to the width of the valley at its foot. Though the view from Inspiration Point is not so inspiring as that from Glacier Point, it is nevertheless well worthy of the raptures it usually occasions.

In making the descent to the floor of the valley, our road made several zigzags on the face of the cliff, here fifteen hundred feet high, and then sloped rapidly downward. We drove up the valley in the shadow of its southern wall. The Bridal Veil was in full view for some time, and in passing it we were near enough to feel its spray. This fall is about forty feet wide at the top, but has a slender appearance on account of its great height of nine hundred feet. As the water plunges over the precipice, it seems full of rockets that dart downward and explode into mist. A cloud of mist rises also from the rocks below. Seen thus, enveloped in a semblance of gauze undulating in the wind, this fall needs no guidebook to tell its name.

Continuing our drive, we were soon in the presence of two rock-towers, resembling the

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spires of an ancient cathedral, and named accordingly Cathedral Spires. On the opposite side of the valley were three sharp peaks, called the Three Brothers. Hidden by these, but gradually revealed as we advanced, was the Yosemite Fall. Opposite this fall, the valley expands to its greatest width,—two and a half miles. At our distance from the fall, its three leaps were plainly seen. The middle leap is concealed from many stand-points by the rocks through which it has worn a deep bed. At first we were somewhat disappointed in this fall, for, in the company of higher cliffs, its altitude of twenty-six hundred feet is not appreciated at once, while its width of only thirty-four feet, in connection with such a stupendous height, gives it a decidedly spindling appearance. But the Yosemite Fall, like many other features of the valley, grows in grandeur and beauty with a longer acquaintance.

The first building we came to was the little church, donated to the valley by the State Sunday School Association. Its spire, in comparison with the Sentinel, a natural rock-tower three thousand feet high directly back of the church, furnishes a fitting example of the work of man contrasted with that of the Creator.

It was a long stretch from the chapel to the group of buildings where the guardian of the valley has his office. We learned here that the rest of our party had located nearly two miles farther up the river and on its northern bank. We continued on the southern side of the valley, passing the iron bridge near Barnard's comfortable looking hotel. We were now beneath the Glacier Point wall. By close scanning we discerned the fluttering flag where we had stood the day before. Turning toward the river, we passed the Stoneman House, a first-class hotel, where the post office is located, together with the express and telegraph offices. This building stands alone except for a small store where liquors as well as the necessities of life are for sale.

Crossing the river on a strong wooden bridge, we came to extensive livery stables, and then turned into the road running parallel with the northern wall of the valley. The Royal Arches now came into view, these half circles deeply sculptured by nature's artists into the face of the cliffs. Surmounting these, and partly resting upon Washington Tower, was the great North Dome. Apparently contiguous with these cliffs, but really

separated from them by a narrow canyon, rose the South or Half Dome, which seems to have been split vertically and to have lost its northern half.

We passed many camps before we came to the pleasant grove occupied by our own party. It was Saturday afternoon when we entered the camp, and the rest of the day was spent in getting settled.

The next morning our party was well represented at church, where we enjoyed a hearty song service and a sermon appropriate to the surroundings. The pulpit is supplied by visitors to the valley. As we walked home through meadow paths, we had the Yosemite Fall before us most of the way. There was a strong wind blowing, which several times lifted the upper sheet of water and bore it far to one side.

With Monday's first sunbeam, a goodly company left our camp to climb the Glacier Point trail. They returned at night tired and dusty, but enthusiastic over the views from the trail and from the Point. Let us hope that someday an elevator, plying three times the height of the Eiffel Tower, will make easy the ascent to Glacier Point.

Those of us who did not attempt the trail spent the morning driving about the valley. We first visited Mirror Lake, driving a mile and a half by a beautifully shaded road to the foot of South Dome, where the lakelet nestles. The eye scans a distance of nearly two perpendicular miles in looking from the top of South Dome to its reflected top in the water below. From some positions, we could see reflected at the same time both side walls of Tenieya Canyon, and also the scenery at the head of the lake, where Mt. Watkins and Cloud's Rest were the most conspicuous summits. It was hard to tell which was more real in appearance, the rocks and trees themselves, or their reflections.

We tarried to see the sun rise, for though we left it shining on our camp, it was fully an hour after our arrival at the lake before it surmounted the five thousand vertical feet of granite bordering the water's southern shore. The pine trees on the crest of Half Dome were insignificant except against the coming light, where they shone like dainty ferns of brightest silver. When the blazing orb at last appeared, it seemed as though two electric lights had been kindled, one in the sky and one in the water. After the sunshine had flooded the lake, we withdrew to

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visit other points of interest in the valley.

Our next halt was made at some Indian wigwams in the neighborhood of Yosemite Fall. The only occupants were squaws and children, seated on the ground, apparently shiftless and hopeless. They looked so miserable, and their home was so cluttered with rags and dirt, that we were glad to cut our call short.

Nearer the fall, was a little cemetery where a few former residents of the valley have been buried. The log cabin in this vicinity is the home of Mr. J. M. Hutchings, a Yosemite pioneer. We called at the house, but its owner was spending the summer in San Francisco. We should have been glad to tell him how useful and entertaining we had found his book, "In the Heart of the Sierras." It had served us as a guidebook ever since we had left Madera, and was our accepted authority on all questions pertaining to Yosemite.

We found a road soon after leaving the cabin, that brought us near enough to the Yosemite Fall to feel its spray. Deserting the carriage, we clambered over huge rocks as far as we could go without being drenched. For a little while we sat there listening to the tremendous roar of the water and watching its giant strides down the cliff, half a mile high. It rolled past our feet in tumultuous haste, but was soon converted into a quiet creek. If the fall had been disappointing at first, it was more than satisfying now. At noon we turned our faces homeward, content to spend the rest of the day in camp.

The next day we made an excursion to the Bridal Veil Fall, to see it at its best, or when adorned with rainbows by the afternoon sun. Our visit was well rewarded with a beautiful display of prismatic colors.

The program for the following day was a trip to the Vernal and Nevada Falls, participated in by seventeen members of our party. These falls are not visible from the floor of the valley, being too far up the Merced River Canyon. They are reached by a trail about three miles long, which, though steep in places, is delightfully shaded by trees and rocky walls. Six quadrupeds assisted our party on this expedition, and the mules furnished much amusement. They knew the trail so well that they would stop of their own accord at the most scenic points, but no amount of coaxing could bring them out of their accustomed way. So cautious were they too, when descending the steepest grades,

stepping but a few inches at a time, and very slowly, that their riders were sometimes in doubt of their beasts' being awake. We had not gone far up the trail when the Tololoweck Fall came into view, far off at our right. This has a height of four hundred feet. Its volume had perceptibly diminished since we saw it from the Glacier Point road, proving that its snow supplies were rapidly failing. The Vernal and Nevada Falls maintain their average stage of water best of all the Yosemite cataracts, since the Merced River which forms them springs from perpetual glaciers. Some falls of considerable note in the springtime had dwindled into insignificance before our arrival.

From a rustic bridge, crossing the now turbulent Merced, we obtained a beautiful though distant view of the Vernal Fall, with the Liberty Cap (a bold mass of granite) in the background. The trail became more difficult as we advanced, till, after endless windings back and forth, we reached an impressive spot where both the Vernal and the Nevada Falls came into view. The latter was still beyond us, while the former was a little below us. We descended to the nearly level floor of rock beside the water, where we found some earlier arrivals discussing the origin of the Yosemite chasm. A young scientist claimed that glaciers had been the chief agents, and found support for his theory in the appearance of the granite under our feet.

We had heard that a little girl was to be baptized at the Vernal Fall that morning, so we waited to witness the ceremony. Other parties coming up did likewise, till a company of about fifty people had assembled. Taking the two-year-old child in his arms, the officiating clergyman stepped into the edge of the stream, and sprinkling the child gave her the name of Vernal.

A more magnificent temple for such a service could hardly be found. South Dome, Glacier Point, Grizzly Peak, and Liberty Cap were conspicuous among the surrounding cliffs. Near the Liberty Cap, the river was plunging over a precipice six hundred feet high, forming thus the Nevada Fall. Then on the waters came in a series of sparkling cascades, sliding down the Silver Apron, pausing in the Emerald Pool, then on again in stately flow to the Vernal Fall precipice, three hundred and fifty feet high. The water has not worn itself a narrow channel here as at the other falls, but rolls over the

brink a silvery sheet eighty feet broad. Thus the Vernal has the greatest breadth and the least height of the famous cataracts of Yosemite; and yet it has twice the height of Niagara.

Leaning against a natural parapet close to the Vernal Fall, we watched the waters as they fell to the mossy depths below and rolled on over a boulder-strewn pathway till lost to sight under the distant bridge. There was a crevice in the rocks that led under the fall. Into this a few persons at a time entered, and looking up into the falling water beheld "a shower of diamonds," as the Indian name for this fall has been interpreted.

We continued our climbing so as to reach the foot of the Nevada Fall for lunch. After lunch, about half of our party climbed to the top of the fall. The trail ascended through such a narrow canyon that it necessarily made many sharp turns. At one time, six of these zigzags were in sight, one above the other. When we reached the top we were about six thousand feet above sea level.

On the way back to camp, the pedestrians sought out a short cut which included the ladders. We descended this long wooden staircase very cautiously, for the steps were steep, and it was a dizzy abyss below us. We landed in the so-called Fern Grotto, and then followed a narrow path wet with spray. Though our footing needed constant attention we enjoyed many a glance down at the angry river and back to the rainbow-wreathed fall.

We were so tired after this expedition that we devoted the next day to rest. The day after that was spent principally on the Yosemite Fall trail. This trail also was quite steep, but its views of the opposite cliffs and of the peaceful valley below were well worth climbing for. Some of our party persevered to the top of the fall, but the rest of us stopped at

the foot of the upper leap, content to gaze up the remaining fifteen hundred feet. A rough path wet with spray brought us close to the sheet of water. Behind this was a shallow cave, into which two of our number ventured.

On returning to the valley we made a short call at the Big Tree Room, connected with Barnard's Hotel. Here a live Sequoia was inclosed when the room was built. The tree passes through the roof and spreads its crown far above the house.

The next day was Saturday, and as it was our last week day in the valley, it was given to packing our effects.

Early Monday morning we bade a reluctant adieu to our comfortable camping place. We left Yosemite by the Big Oak Flat road, which scales the northern wall of the valley directly opposite the Mariposa road, by which we had entered. Above the valley, we traversed a fine timber region, memorable for magnificent trees, rushing streams, beautiful flowers, and views of snowy mountain tops.

For three days our route wound through hills bearing the ugly scars of hydraulic mining. Piping, broken machinery, and numerous prospect holes further attested the former presence of gold hunters. We saw a few of these still at work; some washing the sands of the Tuolumne River, and others blasting a tunnel in the mountain side.

Leaving the Sierras behind us, we launched out upon the San Joaquin Valley, which we were two days in crossing. This time we passed through fertile land, where great harvesters, drawn by long lines of horses, moved slowly across the fields, cutting, threshing, and sacking the grain as they went.

We drove through the Coast Range by the Livermore Pass, and were soon at home, having occupied four weeks with our trip.

THE OUTING FROM THE RECTORY.

BY MRS. L. E. CHITTENDEN.

THE council was sitting.

It consisted of the Dominie and the Silent Partner.

The Dominie had been reading his newspaper, while the Silent Partner darned stockings.

Both were pale, and felt weak and languorous, with strong symptoms of nervous prostration.

"But what is the use of these symptoms if there is no accompaniment of railroad tickets to the seashore or the Rocky Mountains?" was asked by the Silent Partner.

"True enough," replied the Dominie, "but it is well for us that it is so, for it calls genius to the front. If there are no railroad tickets, perforce we must have an outing with-

out railroad tickets. Let us, my dear, move outdoors, where moth and rust are forgotten, and where the pure air of heaven shall do us more good than a siege at the seashore, for I have always noticed that if the aforesaid tickets are forthcoming, they are hedged about with so much previous sewing, and so much after scrubbing, and hunting for the little busy moth, which, alas! never takes a vacation, but stays at home galore, that it is not all one's fancy paints it, in the matter of curing nervous prostration. So, as I said in my firstly, my dear, let us move out of doors."

This motion, after some demurs and sinking of heart as to the neighbors' criticisms upon this scheme, was carried unanimously. The council moved into summer quarters, and great have been the results thereof.

The parlor, sitting room, library, and lounging room are merged into one; and this is found beneath the branches of a great haw tree, that stands like a gigantic unfurled umbrella, with its branches drooping almost to the ground.

Twice a year the haw tree decks its ugly, gnarly limbs in beautiful raiment. In the early spring, it is as white as a bridal veil, with its richness and profusion of blossoms, then, later on, after it has tossed all this beauty aside, as the bride her veil, it displays a blushing, and, it must be confessed, verdant appearance, that may not be a lovely combination in a bride, but is a charming one in the tree. The small boys of the neighborhood are undoubtedly of the same opinion, for they swarm, like bees around a honey pot, for red haws.

But this is a digression. From the haw tree to a neighboring elm or two, are swung the hammocks. And, O weary one, trying to sleep indoors, behind screens and blinds, forty winks of sleep in the open air are worth more than a whole afternoon's siesta in a darkened room, though there should be some one near by, to keep the prospecting and ambitious fly off from your sleeping countenance. Try this prescription and see if it does not prove a veritable elixir of life.

There is a rocking chair on which swings the darning bag,—the stockings have almost mended themselves, the Silent Partner thinks, for they mend so much more easily when there is a red bird or robin solo in boughs just overhead.

There is a table, containing magazines, papers, and books, anchored from the frisky

zephyr's freaks, with a paper weight of Amazon stone, which also constitutes the only bric-a-brac. The drawer of the table contains writing materials. The Dominie's arm chair stands near the table, and it supports him easily as he relaxes from theology to reread "Lorna Doone," and dips into Warner's and Field's fascinating travels with a keen satisfaction.

The Silent Partner devours novels contentedly, thrills over Ebers, loses her breath over Crawford's versatility, admires Miss Wilkins' dainty bits, laughs over Stockton's absurdities, and revels in Howells' character studies, all this by the way of whetting her appetite, and she watches the wrens keeping house just overhead, and studies light and shade through the interlacing branches and shifting leaves over her hammock.

When vigorous exercise is needed, the Dominie plays an overture on the lawn mower, with a haymaker's accompaniment on the rake by the Silent Partner, after which there is a long rest, with an interlude of a cold luncheon, brought out by the hand-maiden, and vigorously demolished by the outdoor appetites.

After luncheon comes the siesta. "All hands turn in," is commanded, and the infantry and commanders take their delicious snooze, from which comes the restful waking.

There is a monumental haycock—the fruit of the Dominie's labor—standing near the haw tree. On this the children, dogs, and kittens, and—it must be told—oftentimes the Dominie himself, roll, tumble, and turn summersaults, while the Silent Partner reflects upon Mrs. Grundy's horror at this spectacle, and is truly thankful that the good dame is away at the inaccessible seashore, and that this display is in the back yard.

After the sun is low there is a mild dissipation in the shape of a game of croquet, by way of "recreative exercise," as the Dominie, mindful of his prunes and prisms, calls it occasionally.

Then comes a good dinner at 5 p. m., seasoned by that admirable sauce, appetite. After this, perhaps all take a walk into the country, where the children scream with delight over the black-eyed Susans and feathery golden rod.

The lying down at night is in the house, because the Silent Partner has a horror of snakes and malaria, and imagines them in partnership, like unto two roaring lions,

seeking whom they may devour during the night watches. Then there is no tent, and indoors there are good soft spring beds that frequently are thrown out to sun all day long, now the family are out of town.

And there are the baths, and various "toot ensembles" as the Dominie, quoting Artemus Ward, calls them, that call the council houseward at night. But in the deep, healthful sleep that follows, there is an utter rout of nervous prostration, and all other ills that flesh is heir to.

The council again sits.

This time the respective faces are sunburned and contented looking. The Silent Partner gazes upon the North American Indian complexion of her *confrère*, and reflects upon her own similar tint. And then she recalls to mind the fact that this rich hue is much cultivated at Long Branch, and a calm feeling of satisfaction takes possession of her soul.

The children, too, are painted in nature's choicest tints, and while they take a roll on the much betumbled haycock, the Dominie asks, "Well, my dear, how is the experiment succeeding?"

Across the Silent Partner's mind flits a vision of a pent-up sewing room, a flying needle, and a galloping sewing machine, a brain-distract-

ing study of styles, a rampage after bargains, of trips to the dry goods store for six yards of cambric, three spools of twist, or some other equally important item, with the mercury at ninety in the shade, and the hour the grilling one of noon; then later on, with aching back, trying to squeeze a gallon of contents into a pint of trunk room; of flying over a dusty railroad, with the children cross and grimy; with the Dominie's conscience pricking him over the remembrance of his closed church and shepherdless flock, and the Silent Partner's distraction over the idea that everything has been left undone that ought to have been done, and the equally dead certainty that everything that has been done would much better have been left undone, and of wondering if it will be possible to save the expenses of this trip next winter, for it is surely going to cost five times as much as the first estimate; of the terminus of the journey, and the stuffy rooms, impossible beds, with bath arrangements as scarce as dust and mosquitoes are plentiful.

All these things, panorama-like, pass through the Silent Partner's mind, as she answers with fervor and unction, "Yes, indeed! better a summer in our dooryard than a scrippy season at the seashore."

A MODEL PLANT ROOM.

BY MARION ALCOTT-PRENTICE.

THERE is scarcely a housewife in the country who is fond of plants and flowers, who has not longed for a plant room in which to care for her floral treasures during the winter. Oftentimes there are so many things to contend with when plants are grown in the living room that the results are far from satisfactory. The dust, coal gas, and extreme variations of temperature ordinarily found in the living room are not conducive to plant growth.

Last summer I succeeded in getting a plant room which was satisfactory. I had an alcove or bay window facing the south with a double window in the middle and a full size single one on either side. This room—practically a small wing about eight by ten feet—was separated from the sitting room by sliding doors, the upper half of which was glass. I had a carpenter fit an ordinary hotbed sash

three feet wide by six feet long into the roof, which being shingled and having a decided slope was not difficult to do, so as to avoid all leakage. The following winter my plants grew rapidly and best of all they made the growth that we so much admire in the greenhouse-grown plants, strong, bushy, and straight. No necessity to turn them around every day or two to prevent that leaning twisted appearance so familiar in plants grown in rooms lighted only from the sides.

The floor of my plant room was first covered with the paper sheathing used by builders and over this was spread a heavy oilcloth; this kept the floor warm and I did not need to exercise much care in watering, for there was no carpet to be spoiled. Around the three sides next the window was fastened a bench six inches deep and eighteen inches wide covered half an inch or more deep with

moss such as is used by florists for packing plants. The pots were set on this moss, which absorbed all of the water that dripped off the plants when they were watered, and kept the roots of the plants moist as well. The room is heated by the same stove which warms the sitting room. One of the panes of glass in my roof window I had hinged and so arranged that it may be fastened open at every inch up to its full width, twelve inches; this enables me to secure needed ventilation and in the same manner as in a greenhouse.

In my plant room I grow successfully many fine specimens of geraniums, heliotropes, primulas, cannas, pansies, petunias, a nice specimen of the palm *Cocos Weddelliana*, a few ferns, and a general assortment of flowering plants. While I have been quite successful in growing plants in the window of the living room, my plant room as now arranged is so much more what the plants require, needing less care and attention.

I have had much pleasure in growing some greenhouse plants from seed, having experimented mainly with geraniums; and while only a few of my specimens thus raised may be designated as choice varieties it is worth all the care required to watch the young plant through the months between the first sight of its seedling leaves and its first bloom. Of course I would not advise one to attempt getting a stock of plants by this slow process, but to try it as a pleasing study of plant life.

While all lovers of flowers are more or less familiar with the classes and varieties of plants used for window gardening and which are classed as greenhouse plants, all do not know that many of our most charming annuals may be made to bloom in the window during winter and early spring by sowing the seed at the proper time. There is more or less trouble in raising this class of plants, but where is the woman who loves the beautiful faces of the pansy and the varied shades and markings of the petunia who will not willingly take the trouble?

I have an abundance of fine pansy blossoms in my window every winter during February, March, and April by sowing the seed in August and September, the later sown seed bringing, of course, later blooming plants. Buy seed of the best strains, for they produce plants worth much more than those coming from cheap seed. The soil in which they are sown is made rich and pulverized fine. Sow the seed over the surface and cover with a

light sprinkling of fine soil. When the young plants are half an inch high transplant in other boxes or pots as desired. Pansy plants are gross feeders, hence the soil must be made rich for the best results; give plenty of water and never allow the soil to become dry. Petunias are favorites in my window garden, and by sowing the seed at intervals from August to January we have plants in constant bloom throughout the winter and spring. They are of the easiest culture, requiring only ordinary soil and the light of an ordinary window to bloom profusely. Sow the seed and transplant as with pansies. The double sorts give the best satisfaction as pot plants, though I have had splendid specimens from seed of the best single mixed. The class known as "inimitable dwarf" of mixed colors seems peculiarly suited for pot culture.

Any one can grow the dainty sweet alyssum as readily indoors as in the garden. Sow the seed in August in pots and when the plants are an inch high pull up all inferior ones, allowing the others to grow and bloom.

Last winter for the first time I grew in the window, plants of the new race of carnation pink called carnation Marguerite, and found them most desirable. For window culture I like them much better than the popular florist's carnation for I had less trouble adapting them to the variations of the living room. They will bloom in January and February from seed sown in August and September. Sow the seed in shallow boxes containing moderately rich soil and when the plants are two inches high transplant into pots using two plants to a five-inch pot. They grow freely, do not seem so sensitive to moisture as the florist's carnation, and their bloom is exquisite in form, color, and fragrance. The half dwarf give me the best satisfaction.

Plants of mignonette for winter blooming may be readily had from seed sown at intervals in July and August. The class is too well known to need description. Machel dwarf and Gabrielle are the best varieties for pot culture. This list is by no means complete for we may add among others phlox, nemophila, Godetia, and Browallia, annuals which make desirable winter-blooming plants from seed sown in the summer, but it will suffice for the beginner and another season she will be very apt to test for herself many of the annuals of the garden which are being cut off by the frost long before she cares to lose their brightness and fragrance.

Woman's Council Table.

INDEPENDENCE; LET OTHERS DO AS THEY WILL.

BY HARRIET CARTER.

WHEN Gwendolen Harleth in George Eliot's "Daniel Deronda" asked, as was her wont, what other girls would do under certain conditions if they were in her place, and then proceeded on receiving an answer to do just the opposite, she was only acting out in her exaggerated manner a common natural impulse of resistance against conventional demands. All persons feel at times as rebellious regarding these expected actions as did poor Gwendolen, but few have the moral courage to make even such a flimsy attempt toward defying them as did she. Most follow along in a routine course which they apparently believe to be established by some strange arbiter of their destiny, always spoken of as "others." Superstitious or unquestioning or else accepting the requirements as a matter of self-discipline or even of duty, mankind pays this general obeisance.

In our imitative way of living, human nature has altogether too little opportunity for individual development. "When you are in Rome do as the Romans do," may be good advice to travelers or guests; but what right have any "Romans" as to a decision of matters in the separate well-meaning homes of an independent land? And above all things, why should any fictitious power be delegated here to such a phantom body of rulers?

How one woman disregarded the thwarting influences rising from these false ideas of life is shown in the following sketch:

Her neighbors on either side shook their heads. Such queer, slack ways of managing were new to them and could betoken only rueful consequences.

The woman at the right hand was not much past middle life, but her face was furrowed with heavy lines of care and it habitually wore an anxious expression. There was so much to be done in order to keep her house as others did and dress her children like theirs, that she had almost unconsciously fallen into much the same condition of life as a slave, and was driven from morning till night in the accomplishment of her tasks. Extremely limited as to means and not being honest enough to accept the situation frankly, she

had resorted to all possible dissimulating devices for keeping up appearances.

The left hand neighbor yielded to the same spirit of ambition. Desirous of getting on faster than her husband's slowly increasing business would allow, and of having things as others did, she turned to account her skill in fine needlework and embroidery. With the money thus earned she added to the decorations of her house. Of a naturally nervous temperament, the strain was too much and frequent racking headaches were the penalty paid for the overwork.

Between these two in a modest unpretentious little home lived the one concerning whom they had shaken their heads. Everything about the domains of this third woman was as plain and simple as could be, and apparently selected with a view to keeping itself in order as far as possible without her watchful care. Only the articles needed for present use were to be found in any place from pantry to garret. There were no stored away things kept for possible future wants, which always levy a tax on the present, in the way of care, so heavy as to be out of all proportion to their eventual realizations. Books, magazines, and pictures represented all these unnecessary accumulations and decorations.

One morning Mrs. Right-hand, suffering from a lame back caused by overwork the day before, painfully wended her way across the back yards, carrying a bowl of herb tea to Mrs. Left-hand, who was down with one of her excruciating headaches. Commiserating one another they wondered why life was so uneven in its gifts. It seemed to them as if some folks never had any afflictions at all, the neighbor between them for example. Trouble of all kinds apparently fled away from before her. She was "a queer piece though, and uncommonly independent."

"Coming by just now," said Mrs. Right-hand, "I stopped at the porch where she was ironing and singing away like a lark. But you never saw such a way of ironing! The aprons and the handkerchiefs and her child's dresses looked well enough, but the sheets she says she only folds smoothly and rubs the iron over the top! Her common

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towels are handled in the same way and so with the other unimportant things, as she calls them. For my part I never know any unimportant things in my ironing. I always go carefully over every square inch of cloth. Other folks will never have a chance to say I slighted my work. I stood over the ironing table yesterday from early morning till four o'clock in the afternoon, all the time I could spare from my other work.

"It was a holiday in school and she took my two little girls with hers and went over to the lake to spend the day. She carried her lunch basket along and they had dinner in the woods and no end of fun, the children said. She quite insisted on my going too. 'Just pack away your basket of clothes as I have mine,' she said, 'and let 's have a good time with the children.' But, bless you! I can't let fun interfere with my regular work or else I should always be behind hand and others would notice it.

"But I was telling you about her way of ironing. I suppose she must have noticed my surprise, for she said without the least thought of hiding the matter, 'It 's all the time they're worth, and they're just exactly as healthy as if I rubbed them all over. I have discovered too that it doesn't cause my husband, my child, or myself the least bit of discomfort to use many articles of clothing put up after this fashion, and it saves me from those horrid backaches and all that tired feeling,' she said, looking at me in a pitying sort of a way. Of course we all have a right to our opinion; but I do hope it won't get out about her slack way of doing work. She is a good-hearted, well-meaning little body and I should hate to have others talking about her."

Five years later and we find the former mid-way neighbor installed as mistress of a much larger home. All her surroundings bear evidence of the prosperity of her husband's calling. A stout maid in the kitchen now relieves her of that work, which accounts for the appearance in her rooms of several things in the line of decoration which she formerly tabooed. She has time now to gratify her taste in this direction without doing it at the expense of her health. Her daughter has grown to be a large, healthful, merry school girl, and a sturdy three-year-old boy takes her former place in the mother's thoughts about the house all day.

The practice of her common sense theory of

life has left its stamp upon this woman's bearing. She makes a restful atmosphere all about her and impresses everyone as having great reserve power and strength. One other incident from her life will sufficiently illustrate her methods of independent individual action.

About a year previous to the time of which we are now writing, her husband thought he saw an opportunity for making a good investment. In order to profit by it he would have to cramp his family and himself for some time. It was a great temptation. Remembering his wife's knack at housekeeping and her former ability to do all her own work, he proposed as one way of adding to his financial resources, a dismissal of their servant and a return for a time to their former way of living. His wife wisely demurred. A strict necessity in the case would have found no one more willing to make sacrifices than was she; but for great visionary increase in the future she was averse to yielding present opportunity for the improvement, comfort, and happiness of herself and her family.

Her husband's short-sighted argument that it would be no harder now than formerly, she silenced forever by her answering plea. She showed him that just as his law practice had grown since those days, making different and wider demands upon him, so had life grown for her. Each added responsibility it had been her aim to discharge well. In church societies, in her woman's club, her home entertainment, her social duties, her superintendence of her daughter's education, her care for the symmetrical development of her children, physically, mentally, and morally, her efforts to keep pace with her husband in intellectual growth so that in the oncoming years it should not prove that he had out-stripped her until they were found unequally yoked in their respective spheres—in all of these ways she needed the time and strength formerly given to her housework far more than they together needed the money gains which might accrue from his problematic investment.

"Besides," she added laughingly, "I am well and strong and happy now, and there is no reason why I should not always keep so. I do not doubt but that for a long time, perhaps much longer than you would ask me to do so, I could keep up with the present demands and carry on the old methods too without any immediately visible effects for the

worse ; but at the same time it is true that it would have to be done at the cost of more or less wear and tear of mind and muscle, and we cannot afford to run the risk. I do not wish to take the slightest chance of inflicting upon you in your future possession of wealth a cross invalid wife. No, we would better go more slowly and be found perfectly ready for new possessions as they come to us in the natural order of things."

"But other men," persisted the husband, fully convinced of the true businesslike principle—to call it nothing higher—of his wife's way of looking at things, but, man-like, hating to drop an argument as the beaten party, "other men not as well off as I am are going into this speculation,

and of course their wives must help them."

"You care no more than I do for the opinion of others in such particulars," she said, looking into the honest admiring face of her husband. "We both know perfectly well that when we are true to ourselves the only 'others' whom we ought to care about at all, sanction our course. So it can only be in investments which can be made without drawing on our future health, happiness, or well-being that our joint hearty consent can be given."

Thus utterly regardless of that ridiculous bugbear, the chimerical "others," which entices so many persons out of their honest course in life, this woman walks fearlessly and regally in her chosen way, a blessing to herself and to the real "others."

NEGRO WOMEN IN THE SOUTH.

BY OLIVE RUTH JEFFERSON.

I HAVE observed and become somewhat acquainted with multitudes of negro women of every age, occupation, and degree of mental and social ability that throng the daily pathway of anybody who has anything of importance to do "down South," and have been impressed with the absolute absurdity of the ordinary huddling together of four millions of negro women and girls in the one sweeping designation, "the negro woman." The Anglo-Saxon's habit in estimating all peoples outside the charmed circle of his own race nobility, is to call all of one nationality, color, or previous condition by a nickname, generally contemptuous and insulting, and to close his mind to any suggestion of modifications by class, culture, or character. The Irish of every sort, from the proud scion of an old-time lord to humble Bridget, are all "Paddy"; the Canadian-French, high and low, are "Canuck"; the Germans are "Dutch"; and so on.

More than thirty years ago, during the Lincoln presidential campaign, when Mr. Stephen A. Douglas went about the country talking of "niggers," Mr. Seward sent his respects to his senatorial colleague with the remark, "Please tell Mr. Douglas that no man will ever be president of the United States who spells negro with two g's."

We ought to protest against this including of one eighth the American people in a dis-

paraging epithet. The plain fact is that the eight millions of our people who have a dash of African blood in their veins probably represent a diversity of origin as great as any equal number of Americans of European heritage. Certainly neither our Irish, French, nor recent German populations are in any degree so modified by intermixture with "native American" blood in our country as this same people. Nobody dares to guess what proportion of the "first families" of the country are represented in the strange twilight region that hovers between the "superior" and the rejected race. I never looked upon a hundred negro school children without being aware of the presence of several boys and girls on whom none but an expert would fix the stigma of race inferiority.

There is no reason why, as time goes on, these eight millions should not vindicate their right to be estimated according to the Christian ideal, each according to actual condition.

Already there are among these four million southern women, wholly or in part of negro descent, as marked varieties of class, culture, character, and achievement in all American occupations—with a fair ground for hopeful prophecy of the future—as among the descendants of any nationality, not excepting the Anglo-Saxon. That the superior class of negro women, in proportion to the entire

number, is small and, from the obstinate refusal of society to acknowledge its superiority, forced into a more demoralizing contact with its inferiors than in other cases, is the penalty of social childhood which the race must expect to endure for several generations to come. But childhood and youth, in races and individuals, is an infirmity that passing years and generations are sure to modify. And how anybody, with his senses about him and a moderate outfit of accurate observation, can fail to notice the rapid development of the negro women of the better sort, since the days of '65, is past my comprehension.

A visitor among the southern people is often amazed at the apparent ignorance of this fact; especially among excellent women who sincerely deplore what they call "the degeneracy of the present negro womanhood"; unable to rise above the most dismal pessimism in their expectations for their future. I do not believe the majority of the intelligent Christian white women of the South intentionally do injustice to their colored sisters. Indeed, their most destructive error seems to us a sort of resigned, half-despairing habit of submission to the exasperating deficiencies of ignorance and the more aggravating outbreaks of viciousness with which they are brought in contact every hour in the trying relation of mistress and servant. A little more of wholesome discipline, along with the training of white girls in skilled house-keeping and the corresponding industrial drill in woman's work in the schools for colored girls, would in due time cure many of the well-nigh hopeless habits of the serving class.

Our friends do not seem to understand that the trials of which they complain are but an exaggerated form of the great friction of a transition period in the relations of mistress and servant. This old-world relation is undermined at home, and, practically, no longer exists in this republic.

Many housekeepers seem to forget that the old-time admirable negro cook no longer exists in this capacity. The excellent colored women who served the plantation lady or city madam a generation ago are now wives, mothers, members of churches, moving in a society of their own; a class as distinctly marked as the "upper four hundred" in Manhattan. To require them or their daughters, educated in good schools, growing up with good morals and gentle manners, to turn

to the occupation of the ordinary American servant girl, is as preposterous as to ask the same of a similar class developed from any nationality of our recent European population. Yet we find many housekeepers who insist on knowing no negro woman except the tramp of the kitchen; usually of the class of field-workers in the old times; often from the slums of the town; poor creatures, who have come up with "no one to care for their souls"; no barrier of Christian womanhood to stand between them and the fearful life amid which their childhood has been passed.

The sharp social boycott that turns its back on the negro woman in proportion as she has made herself worthy of recognition by improving character, intelligence, and manners, has a reverse action on the whole, more dangerous to the Anglo-American than the Afro-American department of society. It may not be a permanent injury to themselves that the many thousands of excellent negro women in every state of the Union are shut out from "good society." If it puts these young women on their character and dignity, turns them betimes away from the temptation that their reception in society as a new "fad" would certainly be, and persuades them that, as daughters of God, they are called to the noblest service in His church; the lifting up of the millions of the less-favored of their own blood, their very grievance will twine a new wreath in the crown of every faithful girl in the day sure to come.

But nothing can repay to the white Christian women of our land, of any station, the irreparable loss that comes to them from the ignoring of the mighty work of educating this race and the belittling effect of such lack of love and wisdom as is sure to come from their present habit of dismissing all sorts and conditions of these women, as the pariahs of American society. I know that this fact is becoming apparent to thousands of the best women of the South and, out of this conviction, will come a growing habit of estimating the negro women according to the only Christian judgment; i. e., by the intelligence, character, and capacity of each person of the class.

Was there ever a sisterhood so numerous who, in so short a time, had come farther out from the shadow of the original brutality, stupidity, and tyranny of their own men, and the even more destructive enslavement to the

whims and vices of civilized society, than our colored womenfolk in the last thirty years? To deny this wonderful uplift in all the characteristics of a Christian womanhood is simply to shut one's eyes to what is going on everywhere in these states, or to insist on a provincial theory of human nature in the face of all impartial judgment, the world over.

We know well enough the regulation reply to the statement of these facts: "The negro women are still the almost helpless victims of a race infirmity of untruthfulness, dishonesty, and unchastity, which no amount or degree of culture, even religious culture, can eradicate from their nature." It is high time that our Christian people were cured of the bad habit of this general disparagement of the character of our colored women, on the superficial testimony of a careless and prejudiced common report. The ratio of illegitimate births in the black belt of Alabama is the same as in the kingdom of Bavaria, a civilized country. The people who know the most about our young negro women of the better sort are the women who for thirty years past have been placed in the most intimate and responsible relations, as teachers and matrons in the great schools where many thousands of these girls have been educated. They know them, not only as pupils; but they pass their lives with them, are deep in their confidence, and are able to judge of

what they see and know. These competent persons declare, without hesitation, that the most encouraging feature in their work is the steady increase of reliable women in all grades of negro society. As these people go forward in the common ways of a slowly prospering community, the same results are observed as in every other sort of people. But one thing they also tell us: that few of our good women, north or south, have any comprehension of the fire of temptation through which every colored girl, distinguished by any superiority of personal comeliness, manner, or culture, walks. If our own daughters were threatened with similar persecution, the sleepest church would wake up and the religious public would resolve itself into a grand army of guardian angels. If our sister in the Southland comes out of her trial even scotched, there would seem to be a loud call for the charity manifested by the Christ.

The upshot of what I say is this:—The eight millions of our new American citizens of African descent, including the four millions of negro women, have certainly come far enough out of their Egypt to be entitled to that "righteous judgment,"—the being estimated according to their personal intelligence, character, capacity, acquirements, and actual service, under the circumstances in which they live. This claim acknowledged, everything else follows in due order.

THE AIM OF SOCIETY FRUSTRATED.

Translated from the German "Frauenberuf" for "The Chautauquan."

A REFORM is needed in one special condition of our social life which so far as I know is the rule, with the exception of the centers of intellectual life, in all the cities great and small of Germany and Switzerland; that is the separation of the sexes in so-called society. Even in the few hours that are supposed to be devoted to their mutual sociability, men and women in wonderful contradiction to the purpose of their meeting together separate and amuse themselves apart in different rooms.

I have only the cultured classes in mind, since among the lower classes, so far as they have any social intercourse, it does not occur. Among them men and women stand very

nearly on a level of culture; among them usually the wife is her husband's fellow-laborer in the struggle to make a living for the family, and what naturally forms the gist of their conversation is equally interesting to husband and wife. Equal obligation in regard to the same interests leads them to equality in thought and speech; consequently there is no cause why they should gravitate apart, and no occasion for doing so ever occurs.

Not so in the cultured classes of citizens.

Let us try to find out in what respect woman herself is responsible for this condition. She has finished the higher ladies' school education and in most cases that is the end of her

studies. What she reads after marriage consists of modern romances and light, shallow family papers; from political newspapers she gleanes only a bit of local news, sometimes light criticisms and stories. Other matters such as relate to the intellectual affairs of the nation, not being found in newspapers and family journals but in scientific books and deep technical works, are utterly unknown to her. Moreover in the superficial schooling of our daughters there is not enough earnestness and persistence inculcated to enable her to read such a book. Besides, our learned jargon with its confusing constructions, its technical terms misleading in their forms, and its twisting of words and of meanings, makes the acquirement of such knowledge very hard if not impossible to one ignorant of Latin and Greek.

Who therefore believes that such reading as she does, contains any intellectual suggestions of value, who believes that with its tendency to sensationalism such reading possesses a value as imparting any intellectual culture whatever, that it is anything more than a mere pastime, which slides off again, leaving no particular impression? Indeed are not these conclusions corroborated by inquiring how educative such reading has proved even on subjects about which the "educated" woman has heard and read most? Inquire into her opinions on literary works; whether, when occasionally a celebrated drama or intellectual novel falls into her hands, she is able to understand it and would not much prefer a Birch-Pfeiffer drama or one by Anzengruber or by Ibsen, and whether according to her mind, the humorous Heimbürg did not write better and more charmingly than, for instance, Ossip Schubin, who in her witty and vivid style, always new, always sparkling and surprising, made us clearly see and know the world so thoroughly seen and known by her? Indeed, all the intellectual culture of the so-called "educated" woman amounts to only a trifle; hence the better surroundings in which she lives and not her education, must be contrasted against that necessity for a business pursuit which lifts the woman of the lower classes from the narrow round of her household duties, the daily care about eating, drinking, and apparel, and makes her enjoy the same privileges as her husband.

On the other hand what a rich life, moved by a hundred interests, the man of the edu-

cated classes leads! When there was imminent danger that the constantly growing division of labor might pin him down to a narrow existence, our public life of the present time most fortunately engaged him in the interests of the state and community, and in the many offices which were incumbent upon him as duties of honor—as juryman, church warden, etc., acting as a safeguard to every calling of humanity and making possible his development to a fuller personality. In all these things, as we know, the wife did not participate with him. Is it then a wonder, men and women being separated by such widely different interests and now, too, by a radically different culture, that when they meet in society, the men do not know how to touch upon anything of interest to the women, and the women for their part, feel uncomfortable and vexed, and consequently that the bad habit has gained ground of their separating in social as in intellectual life, so that each sex must entertain itself in conversation? Of course no explanation can, at the time, be offered for this separation, which might have been occasioned by many other causes, but it is certain that the colossal ignorance of woman's sex puts a seal upon her and that we who work for the removal of it, must begin to work against a further separation.

But how? We wish to build girls' gymnasiums, we wish to get the universities open to women, and we wish to enter upon many other things from which we have been shoved aside or expelled; shall we let everything slide in procrastination? Certainly not! we must begin work at once; we must persist in telling women again and again wherein they are deficient; we must open their eyes to what they have not but ought to have, so that they may awake from their indifference and come to a realization of what they must work for and fight for; but we must also open their eyes to their surrounding conditions wherein they have permitted themselves to suffer unnecessary injury, and are yet suffering unnecessary injury, and wherein they could better themselves without needing to go with a petition to the *Reichstag*.

Already we have a tolerable number of bright, intellectual women prepared in this as in all other respects to exert on their sex an educative and reformatory influence and as leaders to break a new path and smooth it for others. Fortunately there are among them

a few of superior insight who, neither through those limitations publicly recognized as law and custom, nor through the prejudices of individuals, nor through the stupidity and obtuseness of the masses, allow themselves to be diverted from their high missions. Alas, that they are only a few and not the whole number.

Among these "bright, intellectual" women there are some who are a great honor to us. There are others who step out of the contest with their fellow-sisters for their mutual higher culture and intelligence and join the men in their scorn for woman's intellect, in laughing and joking about the "uprising in wretchedness," a natural consequence of a seclusion lasting for centuries, and who rejoice that the joking and ridicule do not hit them. Shame on those women who thus betray their sex because of those annoyances

which by cringing to the scoffers they are able to ward off from themselves!

Assuredly as there is no grander spectacle than a human being, a race, a nation in its ascendancy, lifting itself from its lower and ruder condition and stepping forth into a richer and more intellectual life, just as surely we have no reason to deny our sex, which is about to take this grand upward step. Therefore let all women who have brains and courage and are able to work, work for our uplifting and by influencing customs and practices, bring about intellectual equality, to the lack of which I have attributed the separation of the sexes in society. Many women of to-day are not qualified to participate in the conversation of their husbands, but they may at least listen and learn; and the time will come when they may participate both in their husbands' conversation and interests.



WILD BALM.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

NOW August rules and blazons all the blue,
 Parches the mead and dries the hasting stream
 Until it crawls beneath noon's fervid beam
 The melancholy wraith of that we knew.
 Yet nature leaves us solaces a few
 To ease our hearts, and make the sere days seem
 Less like the mirage of a fevered dream,
 Springtime reminders, sweet and fair of hue.

Breathe but this balm, and you will catch again
 The odor of pale lilacs in the lane;
 The golden blur will melt like mist away;
 The breeze will rouse from out its languorous swoon,
 And with the old love-passion in their tune
 Robins will carol to the ear of May.

EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

SIDE LIGHTS ON THE WORLD'S FAIR.

WE have now had nearly three months of the Columbian Exposition. Chicago people have treated the public generously. The recent failure of the Columbian bank with the other banking institutions connected with it, and the collapse of certain business houses in and about Chicago were in danger of unsettling public confidence in the financial situation at Chicago; but business has assumed its normal condition, confidence has been restored, and the Exposition will not for this reason be injured in its finances.

The Duke of Veragua with his suite has been the guest of the nation as the representative of the family of Columbus at the Exposition. He has been dined, saluted by the military, society people have made obeisance to him, wealth has contributed luxuries to his entertainment. His coming, his staying, and his going away will make an interesting chapter in our history. The Princess Eulalia with her husband and other representatives gave a Spanish flavor for a few days to Chicago life and then she hastened back to Spain. This visit will also make an interesting chapter in the Fair's history.

But a question of more vital importance to the law-abiding people of this country has been, "Shall the gates of the Exposition be open on the Sabbath Day?" Who had charge of the churches' side of this question? who was the exponent of Christian sentiment? and who managed the case from its incipency till the middle of June, when it was decided against the Christian Sabbath? If the gentlemen who pretended to champion this side of the cause had gone back a few years and read how the gates were closed, and kept closed, at the Philadelphia Exposition, they would have found a precedent for their cause, together with many valuable suggestions as to management. This was a piece of work for the National Sabbath Association. Where were its officers and all the machinery of its organization? Did they not have money to employ lawyers to give counsel on legal points? They could have won their case in the beginning by looking after the appointments that were made on the commissions and the committees who managed the Expo-

sition and who finally decided to have open gates. But, alas! it shall be written against the National Sabbath Association that they were not as sagacious or capable as the enemies of the Lord's day, and therefore they suffered defeat, and the Christian church must blush at the desecration of the Sabbath during the existence of the Exposition.

It is the general opinion that it was local influence that caused the gates to be kept open, Chicago people forgetting that it is a World's Fair, and that in no sense is it designed to be a Chicago Fair. Chicago happens to be the place where it is held, and it would have been wise in Chicago people to consult Christian sentiment before manipulating the authorities to keep the gates open on Sunday. However, now that the question has been decided, we should be wise and make the best of it. Bishop Fowler made a wise suggestion to the people of his church when he said, "Do not withdraw the Methodist exhibit, but on Sunday cover it up with a blanket and put the inscription on the blanket, 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.'" That is the best we can do under the circumstances. We are glad to see that a preacher is to deliver a sermon in Music Hall every Sunday with good musicians to render the hymns. If the audience is too large, then they will probably have preaching in Festival Hall. This will be quite as good a plan for observing the Christian Sabbath at the World's Fair as to keep the gates open and have no preaching. It affords a fine opportunity for each religious denomination to use its pulpit and choir power in reaching the masses with the Gospel when they congregate on Sunday on the Exposition grounds. And certainly the managers of the Fair would not deny to the churches this privilege, since they have won the victory in keeping the gates open. On the other hand the church would manifest an intelligent zeal by going right into the camp of the nations holding up the truth in good American fashion. It would be the American religious Sunday exhibition. Mr. Moody preaching in the circus tent in Chicago with the cages of the animals open on the Lord's day, as the newspapers describe, is a good ex-

ample for the enterprising spirits who desire yet to win the day for the American Sabbath.

The indications are good that we shall be saved from the cholera, thanks to the National Board of Health and good quarantine regulations on our seaboard; and we should remember that the improved sanitary condition of our towns and cities is a large contribution to the preservation of national health in this year of danger.

There has been much complaint in certain newspapers about the prices at restaurants and hotels, but visitors to Chicago from towns and cities all over the land are sending back faithful reports in their private letters to the effect that entertainment can be had at any price one may choose. Luxuries at high prices, moderate living at reasonable cost, poor living at beggarly rates. It is in Chicago as in other places; these matters regulate themselves and one's entertainment is in accordance with the size of one's purse.

The "windy city" was the title for Chicago during the campaign for the honor of entertaining the Exposition, but in the hot days of July and August the breezes from Lake Michigan will be welcomed by the visitors to the Fair. No city in the land could be a better geographical center, while its cool breezes for the comfort of visitors become a joy to life. Great ideas are seen in the amount of land set apart for the Exposition, the magnificence of the buildings constructed, and in the marvelous variety of exhibits. It is the greatest show of its kind the world has yet produced,—the eighth wonder of the world. We ought to bring Queen Victoria and all the crowned heads with all the great official uncrowned heads of the Old World over here to make the Exposition complete.

WHAT IS SENSATIONAL FICTION?

AN honest thinker is often surprised at the use made of the adjective "sensational" in current criticism of fiction. It is the rule that to call a novel or story sensational is equal to condemning it without limit, and here is disclosed another Alexandrinism of the day; for upon examination we find that what is meant by "sensational" applies to style more than to substance. Indeed it would appear that we are fast drifting into a taste for varnish, to the utter neglect of the solid oak beneath it, if by chance the oak is there.

The fallacy wrapped up in a phrase like this: "It is not so much what is said as how it is said that constitutes the value of literature," is not obvious; but like all lurking things it is dangerous. True enough, literature viewed as mere diction, rhetoric, or verbal art, depends for its force upon style; but behind style there must be taste and the apprehension of what is in the broadest sense good for the human soul.

A critic who in one breath will inform us that Ouida's novels are "sensational," and in the next that Daudet's *Sapho* is a novel to be highly recommended must mean simply that the former are inartistically written while the latter is most artfully finished; for here alone can the distinction be drawn. Indeed on the score of immoral appeal to the human senses Daudet's novels surpass Ouida's. The style of Ouida is *flamboyant* and her diction often falls into a sort of tropical bombast; but she never quite reaches Daudet's delight in depicting the fascinations of forbidden things. She is dubbed a "sensational novelist," while he is lauded as a master of fiction. In substance her novels are far less sensational than his.

Another imaginary line between sensational fiction and fiction not sensational seems to circumscribe melodrama. Realism so-called, which forbids the recognition of the heroic in human life, snarls at everything as melodramatic which does not conform to the common average of simple everyday experience. A hero like Sheridan or Stonewall Jackson would be a sensational and melodramatic character in a novel, according to current criticism. The story of Lieutenant Cushing's achievement is all very well in prosy history; but in a fiction it would be condemned as too remarkable and sensational for even the novel reader's credence. Scott and Dickens thought differently when writing "Ivanhoe" and "A Tale of Two Cities"; but critics are beginning the laugh at these masters and already "A Tale of Two Cities" has been condemned by an American realist as ludicrously melodramatic. Doubtless this same realist regards the French Revolution and the battle of Waterloo with scorn and prefers a prize fight on account of its "truthfulness to life"!

Balzac, they say, is a great novelist and not in the least sensational; but Alexandre Dumas is sensational. Why? It would be hard to say on any particular line of logic.

Never did a story writer invent more unusual or absurdly improbable characters than are to be found in Balzac's most famous fictions. No more can be said of Dumas' strongest melodramas. Reduced to its final terms this distinction between the sensational in Balzac and that in Dumas rests upon appreciation of details. Balzac dressed his weird skeletons of pessimism in a patiently wrought stuff very like absolute yet terrible life, while Dumas, careless in artistic minutiae, dashed his brave figures of optimism into the glare of open day. These are truer to living human nature than those, more at heart like men and women; yet they, while less exceptional, seem more unusual and romantic. Balzac's exaggerations, caricatures, and sheer inventions do not at first strike us as overdrawn, because they are so fortified by patiently accumulated minor details; but how preposterously unreal and sensational they become when subjected to cold analysis! We all know that in fact there are more Monte Cristos than Marnefs in real life, so far as aspiration goes, and that truly there are in actual operation neither Marnefs nor Monte Cristos in the world as we see it.

Is it sound and safe to let our delight in artisanship, that is the mere management of details, carry us away to such an extreme that we condemn good substance plainly kneaded and praise poison substance cleverly wrought out? We like to think that a novel is not necessarily sensational in an objectionable way merely because it is a melodrama, and we are sure that no amount of clever attention to details nor any degree of style-finish ought to make a thing of evil acceptable. In other words literary art is not an antiseptic for the preservation of filthy subjects. Style is the chief thing in art; but it is not the chief thing in measuring the value of a creation. Gold is gold whether in a

rough nugget or carved into divinest form of expression. It is only when substances are equal that artisanship can be compared as a factor in ultimate value; but this equality of substance is a moral one as we would understand it. The marble is not the artistic substance of the statue; the sculptor's aspiration is what stands there. If this aspiration is evil or unprofitable to the imagination of what value is a bit of cleverly chiseled stone? In its power to arouse sensations art finds its way over all obstacles, and there is no great art that is not vigorously sensational in the best meaning of the word.

We are far from recommending unclean novels and stories, they have no place in our discussion; we kick them out of the way. What we would like to do is to discriminate between vigorous, strongly imaginative, and thoroughly dramatic fiction and the sensational yet charmingly written novels with which American bookstalls are now-a-days filled to breaking. Why, we would ask, shall we overlook the sensational features of the "History of David Grieve" if we must persist in running away from Dumas and Dickens?

At last this glance at the sensational in fiction pierces down to the truth and we discover that what is sensational to-day is to be a classic to-morrow, and that what we admire so much just now will oxidize presently and show how poor and destructible it is. We are so apt to let a momentary enthusiasm overcloud our permanent judgment. Unquestionably we are reading and praising novels to-day which, when a clear perspective is gained, will make us wonder at our critical folly. And the preposterous part of it all is that, measured by the current criterion in criticism, all of Shakespeare's best plays, all of Scott's greatest novels, and all of the classical epics are atrociously sensational!

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE presence of the Viking ship in one of our ports and her subsequent visit to New-
port and New York and the trip up the Hudson, through the Erie Canal down the Great Lakes to Chicago and the "White City" marks a historical event of no small importance. In this Columbian year we should not

forget that the Norsemen touched on our shores long before the time of Columbus. The Viking ship manned by a crew of twelve experienced sailors crossed the north Atlantic with but a single sail. This odd craft is modeled after the old Viking boat found in 1880 in the mound at Gokstad near Sandefjord and

now preserved in a museum in Christiania. Several liberal Norsemen projected the idea for this exhibit at the World's Fair and the reception which has already been accorded the fearless captain and crew who braved the storms of the Atlantic in almost an open boat built after a fashion singularly primitive, is an evidence of that American sentiment which loves novelty and pluck. It is a pleasure to be reminded of the part which the Norsemen played in the discovery of this continent. They probably touched our distant shores long before Columbus, and Iceland may have been the stepping stone across the Atlantic where Columbus himself was able to gather some knowledge of the new world which subsequently stood him in good stead.

THE coroner's investigation of the collapse of the old Ford's Theater building in Washington brought forth some sad facts which do not improve with contemplation. Colonel Ainsworth, Contractor Dant, Superintendent Covert, and Engineer Sasse, according to the verdict of the coroner's jury, were responsible for the deaths of the government employees by reason of their criminal negligence in the premises. The testimony of the government clerks on the witness stand, given after all fear of their chief had been removed by the prompt action of Secretary Lamont, points to a serious defect in our administrative system. It appears that the appeals for protection sent periodically to Chief Ainsworth were ignored and then suppressed. It is difficult to imagine how a chief of a department in the government service can be permitted to inspire fear of his power among an army of subordinates. Moreover it shows an alarming condition of things when a government official such as Colonel Ainsworth can follow for years without interference, a practice of relentless oppression. In a technical sense the jury may have placed the guilt where it belongs but in the nature of things moral and just the catastrophe must be attributed to the niggardly policy of Congress, which permitted government employees to live in hourly peril while the various appropriations were drawn upon to place work and money where constituents needed bolstering up. The whole affair appears to be inexcusable, but it is to be hoped the awful lesson will stir the coming Congress and government officials generally to look well to their duties and business.

IN the death of Edwin Booth the American stage has lost a man who for thirty years was the most eminent tragedian of this country. He was the constant companion and pupil of his father in early years, from whom he inherited much of the fire which gave to his genius that peculiar charm and brilliancy. A strange fatality seemed to overshadow his life, and his disappointments and experiences were keen and bitter. It was with a sense of shame and grief almost indescribable that he learned, about the time of his first success on the stage, of the death of President Lincoln by the hand of his brother. The news came to him first in the nature of a personal sorrow, and that coupled with his patriotic love of country inspired him to leave the stage, as he thought, forever. He was recalled to public life and permitted to follow a professional course which has contributed so largely to the elevation of the stage and the dramatic profession. Edwin Booth stood unrivaled for twenty-five years as a tragedian and beyond the limits of his art he will be known as a man whose character and honor stood the test of a life filled with misfortune and temptation. His was a life of wonderful achievement, and he passed away widely esteemed for his worth as a man and his genius as an actor.

IT is extremely improbable that the attempt to form a new party in France will be successful. The Socialists have been striving to increase their power by absorbing the loose elements of other parties and forming a combination with the radical and extreme Liberal factions. Fortunately for the cause of good government the French Socialists have no leader, and chiefly for that reason their work will be carried on by individual enterprise, without the help of a vigorous party organization. It is proposed that the new party shall be called Progressivistic in order to disarm criticism and quiet the fears of recruits who are well meaning enough to look with fear upon anything which is avowedly Socialistic. There is something in a name after all. It was not long ago that Edward Bellamy launched his industrial scheme, which has sailed along under the name of Nationalism, but which in truth might more properly be called Socialism pure and simple. Socialism is incompatible with the American spirit, and but few persons are being deceived by the new name

which the Bellamy agitators have given an old theory and it is doubtful if the new Socialist plan will be any more successful in France under cover of the party name, Progressivistic.

THE trial of Dr. Briggs by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church excited widespread interest during its progress, and while there seems to be little cause for alarm as to the effect of the decision on the church there is abundant evidence that the end is not yet. Dr. Briggs not only entertained new and strange notions as to Presbyterian doctrine but he taught as he believed and thereby forfeited his position in the ministry. He was supposed to be teaching the accepted and authorized doctrines of Presbyterianism for the Presbyterian church, and when it was found that he was advocating ideas contrary to the doctrinal code of his church he was brought before the proper tribunal and dismissed from the ministry, on the evidence brought out in the case. The conflict was between the Presbyterian church and one of her official teachers who refused to adhere to the standards of the church in giving public instruction. It is not to be presumed that Dr. Briggs' trial and the verdict of the Assembly will materially affect the belief or change the methods of teaching which have obtained. There may be some dissensions in the church on his account, and meantime the liberal interpretation of Bible records will be pursued by the scholars of various denominations, the church, all along, standing firm in the faith undisturbed by the conflict.

MR. GLADSTONE has been accepting amendments to his Home Rule bill with a grace that the Tory obstructionists approve and the Irish members of the British Parliament disapprove with vehemence. The Liberals have been for a long time standing guard over the measure resisting every obstacle in the way of its passage and the Irish members have steadily become exasperated over the delays occasioned by the Tories who have pursued a unique policy of filibustering. Undoubtedly the bill has been improved as a result of the constant fire made upon it, a fact which Mr. Gladstone has not been slow to see and accept for what it is worth, but the filibustering tactics of the Tory members were dictated by no such desire. How long both parties can endure the physical strain of the struggle which is likely

to be prolonged for some time yet is a question which no one can answer. Thus far Mr. Gladstone's majority has held together better than was expected. It is possible that the Liberal party will not be harassed much longer by the Tory leaders whom the country will allure away from debate during the summer; and in that event the bill will be left to its fate in the House of Lords.

No act of President Cleveland since his inauguration has called forth more general approval than his proclamation calling an extra session of Congress to meet early in August for action on the financial situation. It had been expected that Congress would not be convened until September but the gravity of the situation demanded an earlier session. It was superior wisdom which directed the action of the president. The repeal of the Sherman Silver Purchase act is expected of the new Congress notwithstanding the notice already served by the silver advocates to the effect that the strongest kind of a campaign will be waged in and out of Congress against unconditional repeal. It is reasonably sure that the repeal of the Silver Purchase act will start the free flow of gold to this country again. Altogether the threatening character of the financial situation is disappearing, public confidence in the safety of our finances has not been greatly disturbed, and the outlook for the next few weeks preceding the extra session of Congress is hopeful. In times of financial distress, great or small, the good sense of the people can do much to lessen the panicky prospect, and it is encouraging to note the security of the American public at this time, founded as it is on the accurate knowledge that our national assets are greatly in excess of our liabilities.

JUSTICE in France appears to be as fickle as the people. The four principals in the Panama scandal, MM. Ferdinand and Charles de Lesseps, Eiffel, Cottu, and Fontane, all of whom were fined and sentenced some months ago to terms of imprisonment, have escaped the penalty of their misdeeds with one exception, M. Charles de Lesseps being held on another charge of bribery. The sentences have been quashed by the French Court of Cassation, the prisoners having taken advantage of a legal technicality,—the statute of limitations—to arrest the order of the first court. In so far as the guilt of these men is concerned it matters little whether they are at liberty or not. They were tried and convicted

of a crime which attracted the attention of the world, and they can never be released from the moral condemnation which attaches to their guilt in the eyes of their countrymen.

By his action in pardoning the Chicago anarchists, Governor Altgeld of Illinois proclaimed himself to be in sympathy with one of the most dangerous elements of our population. It can hardly be conceived that the governor of the third state in the American Union could perform an act so opposed to the dictates of reason and good sense. There was no need for any man to pass judgment upon the verdict of the jury which condemned the perpetrators of the Haymarket outrage, some to death and others to long terms of imprisonment. The highest courts of this land affirmed that verdict and for seven years it has practically received the sanction of the chief executive of Illinois, besides the commendation of the whole people. In a brief of 17,000 words Governor Altgeld impugns the methods of the trial, stamps it as an outrage,—a conspiracy of judges, jury, witnesses, and state attorneys,—and defames the administration of justice in this free land in a vain endeavor to justify his own action. The American people have already registered their emphatic condemnation of this wanton abuse of power, on the part of the Illinois governor. Of all the forces which are at work to undermine the present civilization, anarchy is among the worst and most to be feared; it is foreign to our life and institutions. Well may the encouragement given it by Mr. Altgeld be repudiated and condemned in positive terms.

THE seventeenth commencement exercises of Johns Hopkins University were unique in a way that reminds one of the English universities. President Gilman presided in his Cambridge gown and the sixty-six candidates for degrees appeared similarly attired, the post graduate men wearing black gowns with hoods of black silk lined with scarlet silk and edged with gold, and the undergraduate class black gowns with hoods of black stuff lined with white silk and edged with dark blue. The academic gown prescribed at Columbia College is similar to that of Johns Hopkins.

THE Peary expedition has sailed for the arctic regions. Lieut. R. E. Peary is in charge of the party which numbers in all eighteen persons. Lieut. Peary's yacht, the *Falcon*, J-Aug.

which has been especially fitted up for this expedition, has double timbers throughout, her bow being protected with iron so that it may ram the ice. The ship weighs 311 tons net and is 162 feet long. The *Falcon* is curiously fitted out and her cargo in an interesting one. The house which the party are to use for winter quarters is packed away in the hold. Its dimensions will be 14 x 33 feet with a height of 7½ feet. The walls are 12 inches thick and are to be lined on the inside with red flannel. The house will have two bathrooms and a separate sleeping apartment for Lieut. Peary, who is accompanied by his wife. The stores of the party are to be piled in boxes around the house to the height of five feet, an extension of the corrugated roof furnishing them protection. Windows of heavy glass placed in the roof will furnish light and air will be supplied by large ventilators projecting far above the top of the house. Several members of the party accompanied Lieut. Peary on his former expedition. From Portland, Maine, the *Falcon* sailed to St. Johns, via New York, and from there it will proceed to the winter camp above Whale's Sound, Greenland. The exploring party will remain in the arctic regions about two and one half years. The expedition will probably cost \$25,000, all of which Lieut. Peary raised himself.

INTELLIGENCE is fast coming to be recognized as a necessary qualification for the exercise of the right of suffrage. In 1890 the state of Mississippi in its new Constitution which went into effect one year ago granted the privileges of the ballot only to men who can read and understand the Constitution. A new amendment to the Constitution in Maine provides, without excluding illiterates who have voted legitimately heretofore, that no man shall vote who cannot read and write. In California a voter is now required to write his name and read any section of the Constitution in the English language. The law passed at the last session of the Michigan Legislature differs from those of other states but recognizes the same educational principle. In this case the right of voting in all municipal, township, and village elections is granted to women who can read. These laws which are now in force in four states of the Union show unmistakably the trend of sentiment on the question of the rights of citizenship in four extreme quarters of the coun-

try. Manifestly there is an improvement in the condition which promotes legislation, making intelligence a necessary requirement for the exercise of the right to vote.

THE death of Senator Leland Stanford removed from earth a man the record of whose career would have been startling and almost impossible of making in any land but America. He was what we commonly term a self-made man and one of the most successful in the country. He early adopted the law as his profession but subsequently became a merchant, a mining speculator, and a builder of railroads, ranking as one of the greatest by way of achievement in the country. He was elected governor of California during the Civil War, with which his pronounced anti-slavery views had much to do, and he was serving his state in the United States Senate for the second term at the time of his death. Leland Stanford will be remembered as a man of generosity. His greatest work, the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, a memorial to his only son, has the greatest endowment of any educational institution in this country. Senator Stanford had a benevolent spirit, and besides his educational enterprise he was actively interested in many charities and philanthropic movements. His wealth is said to have approached \$45,000,000, and as a mil-

lionaire he stood in marked contrast, it must be observed, to other men of vast resources whose records have been surveyed within a short time, especially as they related to public benefactions.

A CATASTROPHE which excited sympathy the world over was that occurring off the coast of Syria several weeks ago, when the *Victoria*, a 10,470 ton English battleship was sent to the bottom of the Mediterranean in fifteen minutes by the ram of a sister battleship, the *Camperdown*, during the maneuvering of the fleet. The ill-fated *Victoria* commanded by Vice Admiral Sir George Tryon was one of the best ships in the British navy, and carried down three hundred and sixty officers and sailors, among them the vice admiral, one of the distinguished leaders of the British navy and the officer who was directing the movements of the fleet. The value of the ship was \$4,000,000 but this is hardly thought of, so great was the loss of human life. Obviously there is much work yet to be done by naval experts in the matter of ship construction before anything like perfection is reached. The British government can well afford to inquire into the causes of the disaster, for an investigation may bring to light facts which will be of use in providing against any such frightful occurrence in the future.

THE C. L. S. C. CLASSES.

1882-1896.

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"Study to be what you wish to seem."

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CLASS EMBLEM—ACORN.

THE '93 emblem, the acorn, has been wrought

into an attractive badge, which can be secured at Chautauqua this summer by any "Athenian" who wishes it.

AT one of the western Assemblies, the busy superintendent of instruction has found time to follow the C. L. S. C. course of reading for the full four years and will pass the arches as a '93.

LIKE other C. L. S. C. classes, '93 includes in its ranks a fair share of college graduates. An active pastor in Maine sends his final report and adds, "I am a college man (Bowdoin) but I have found it very pleasant and profitable to renew my acquaintance with the classics in translations and also to some extent in the original languages. The C. L. S. C. is good for any and all graduates or nongraduates and is a noble institution."

ANOTHER writes, "I began this course only a few weeks before I completed my seventieth

year. I confess I had some misgivings lest I should not live to complete it, but I have been spared to finish and am glad I enlisted. My diploma from Dartmouth is dated July 27, 1843. I hope to receive the C. L. S. C. diploma, July, 1893, fifty years later."

A WORD from Indiana: "I am almost through with my final examination. I can never express the joy and benefit which I have derived from the four happy years in the C. L. S. C."

A PENNSYLVANIA '93 to whom Chautauqua work has opened up vistas of possible knowledge writes, "I have been elected secretary of our center in ——— for the extension of university teaching and only you can know of what value my four years of Chautauqua work will be."

CLASS OF 1894.—"THE PHILOMATHEANS."

"*Ubi mel, ibi apes.*"

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CLASS FLOWER—CLOVER.

THE Class of '94 has always been well represented at Chautauqua and although the third year of almost every class shows but a small attendance, we hope that the attractions of the Columbian Exposition will bring many a wearer of the "red clover" to the shores of old Chautauqua.

It is not strange that an enthusiastic '94 who hopes to graduate with her class, should feel that this last year has been the best of her course. The student who falls by the wayside gains some benefit assuredly from his efforts, futile though they seem, but he knows nothing of the joy of conquest which year after year greets the veteran who scales one height after another. We look for a generous harvest of the "red clover" at Chautauqua in '94.

CLASS OF 1895.—"THE PATHFINDERS."

"*The truth shall make you free.*"

OFFICERS.

President—Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, Pittsburg, Pa.

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CLASS FLOWER—NASTURTIUM.

CLASS EMBLEM—A BLUE RIBBON.

A LITTLE band of '95 at Alice, Cape of Good Hope, report encouraging progress. Their courage seems to be quite in proportion to their distance from America so that they bid fair to claim diplomas with their classmates on this side of the Atlantic. Some Chautauquans would possibly have grown faint-hearted while waiting for books to travel by sailing vessel from New York to Cape Town, but not so these '95's who are making up lost time and following the World's Fair through the columns of THE CHAUTAUQUAN with genuine enthusiasm.

CLASS OF 1896.—"TRUTH SEEKERS."

OFFICERS.

President—The Rev. Chas. C. Johnson, East Bloomfield, N. Y.

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Class Trustee—John A. Seaton, 20 Griswold St., Cleveland, Ohio.

CLASS FLOWER—FORGET-ME-NOT.

LET every '96 who can, attend some Assembly during the coming season. A year of genuine work has tested the real mettle of many of our classmates and some have suffered from the test. The summer Assembly brings a new breath of life to flagging Chautauqua spirits, and even those who have thus far striven somewhat unsuccessfully, may with new impetus hope to achieve the yet distant goal.

GRADUATE CLASSES.

MANY C. L. S. C. graduates who have never visited Chautauqua will have an opportunity to do so this summer as they journey to or from the World's Fair. At the various class "headquarters" which already form an attractive group of buildings not far from the Hall of Philosophy, these Chautauqua pilgrims will find a cordial welcome. Class gatherings and C. L. S. C. reunions of various kinds are prominent features of Chautauqua life.

THE class pin for '92 can now be secured through the Buffalo office. The sentiment in favor of a gold pin was so nearly unanimous that only the one style has been ordered. This promises to be very attractive.

A GRADUATE of '92 in Texas who has organized circles at different times in three communities and who proposes to read with her present circle "as long as they need a leader," adds, "I am a very busy woman, a teacher, editor, newspaper correspondent, housekeeper, and what not, but I have found the Chautauqua

work a great developer and am thankful for its existence."

THE Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle has lost its oldest graduate in the person of Mrs. Smith Jenks, whose death occurred June 10 of the present year. Mrs. Jenks was far in her ninetieth year, having completed the course at the age of eighty-five. Her diploma bears the crown seal. It had long been her habit to read the Bible through yearly and she had also made for herself an enviable reputation for keeping informed on current news.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

Fiction.

"Many Inventions"* is the appropriate title of a book of short tales by Rudyard Kipling. There floats before the mind of the reader as he recalls them a sort of visionary mental patent office in which there are rows of models serving to illustrate queer conceptions, which might be built into imposing constructions in the realm of fiction. Weird, blood-curdling, mystical, fairylike, these suggestions, drawn from earth, air, and sea, from the past, present, and future, from gloom, uncertainty, and light, are thrown out, and stand like skeletons waiting for a competent artificer to complete them. The wealth of fancy touching them, the rich diction in which they are clothed, the enduring material of which they are composed, all contribute to the conviction that in such masterly hands suggestions and finished productions are one and the same thing.

"A Literary Courtship,"† a romance by Anna Fuller, appears in a dainty little volume of which each chapter is beautifully illustrated with a vignette in keeping with its contents. The story, in lighter vein, is vigorous and facetious throughout. The characters, of the New England type, are well sustained, and the conversations, most of them by men, are managed admirably. Indeed the author goes about her story in such a gleesome, hearty way as to suggest that she is an intellectual tomboy. The argument of the story is whether a book will be more popular when bearing a woman's or a man's name as author.

"A Mere Cypher"‡ is the name of a novel

which having no strong types of character among its leading personages surprises one by its strong effects and intensity of interest. The author, Mary Angela Dickens, is the granddaughter of Charles Dickens. She does not dazzle the reader with sudden flashes of brilliancy but holds her fire in reserve to burn in the general impression. The theme in question is a dipsomaniac's restoration to his manhood effected by the wholesome influence of an utterly insignificant little woman and the innocent trust and hope she placed in him, the only man who had ever been kind to her.

Those who have enjoyed the Five Little Peppers series, will welcome "Little Paul and the Frisbie School,"* a story for boys just published by the same author. It abounds in exciting episodes, and even in tragedy. The book aims to encourage kindness to beasts and to teach the redeemability of all humanity.

A beautiful picture of rural life is presented in the short love tale "A Poppy-Garden."† Rugged types of New England life are here represented as becoming softened and beautified in the mellow glow of age, and the author shows how a ray of sunshine which a stern, lonely woman directs to the sad heart of a fellow-creature warms her own in passing. The story is full of pathos, and gracefully told. A number of choice half-tones by Ella Frances Hayden complete the volume.

A novel of great attraction and excellent moral tone is that entitled "Roland Graeme: Knight."‡ In the course of the story a number of lovely

* Many Inventions. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

† A Literary Courtship. By Anna Fuller. New York: G. F. Putnam's Sons.

‡ A Mere Cypher. A Novel. By Mary Angela Dickens. New York: Macmillan & Co.

* Little Paul and the Frisbie School. By Margaret Sidney. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. \$1.00.

† A Poppy-Garden. By Emily Malbone Morgan. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. 60 cts.

‡ Roland Graeme: Knight. By Agnes Maule Machar. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

characters are well portrayed. The hero is a bright, earnest editor who devotes himself to the task of solving the labor problem. When he speaks, quotations, like the fairy roses, fall from his lips. The scenes representing the aristocratic and the slums portions of a large manufacturing town are drawn with much spirit.

"Elizabeth, Christian Scientist,"* is a novel having for its aim the exposition of the principles of that form of religious belief indicated by its title. Its delineations of human character are exaggerated for the sake of substantiating the doctrines advocated—the good characters are too good and the bad ones too bad to be natural. The plot is commonplace, and the argument is evidently advanced by one holding the position of an observer rather than that of a believer; the book is written from the outside of the matter in hand. The story however is well told and possesses considerable force as a lesson in higher, nobler living.

"A Century Too Soon"† is the title of a historical novel projected on the scene of Bacon's Rebellion. The romance is wildly sensational, the plot being a medley of "Robinson Crusoe" and "Enoch Arden," but the historical parts, which cover one of the most interesting periods of the country's history, are told in a pleasing manner, and the book yields a vivid picture of the customs and manners, perils and heroisms of that adventuresome time.—"The Witch of Salem,"‡ by the same author, is characterized by the good qualities of the former volume, the romance being of good tone. Both volumes are adorned by fine half-tone illustrations by F. A. Carter.

Literary Studies. Lovers of rare books may find much to interest them in "Gossip in a Library."|| The author in free and easy manner represents himself as passing among his books and calling the attention of a group of friends to some of the most noteworthy of the volumes. The selections made are those of books so little known and so peculiar in their style, that only collectors and dilettanti will find genuine enjoyment in the production.

In a collection of essays and sketches bearing the title "Mental Life and Culture,"§ sev-

* Elizabeth, Christian Scientist. By Matt Crim. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co. \$1.00.

† A Century Too Soon. ‡ The Witch of Salem. By John R. Musick. New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company. \$1.50 each.

|| Gossip in a Library. By Edmund Gosse. New York: Lovell, Coryell & Company.

§ Mental Life and Culture. By Julia Duhring. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$1.25.

eral of the articles are devoted to literary criticism and reviews of the work of critics. They are keen, clear, honest studies which from their opening words provoke a lively interest. The volume contains, besides, many short sketches on moral, educational, and psychological topics. About all of them there is a certain quaintness, an impulsive outspokenness, which makes them peculiarly attractive.

Some one whose identity is not revealed has been searching through the field of literature for that class of characters known as schoolmasters and summoning these fictitious personages wherever found to appear as in a literary tribunal in order that their merits and faults may be estimated and they themselves classified. Falling far short of being an exhaustive work* on the subject, it is a very good one, presenting a forcible array of representative delineations. The discriminating compilation forms a series of fine object lessons from which all, teachers especially, may gain much profit.

Prominent among writers on literature is Mr. Gosse. A recent volume† composed of articles from his pen which have already appeared in various periodicals, presents his views regarding many writers and many productions. Sharp, clear, kindly, and discriminating the criticisms give fair information of the subjects treated and form entertaining reading.

A new edition of Dr. Harrison's "The Choice of Books"‡ presents a very dainty appearance. It stands as one of the most trustworthy guides to all seeking to form a correct taste in matters of literature.

A collection of specimen productions|| from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century shows in very efficacious manner the development of the prose branch of English literature. A clear and forcible introductory chapter prepares the way for the succeeding chronologically arranged studies. Short biographical notices written by different specialists in literature precede the selections taken from each author. The work forms an excellent handbook for all engaged in literary study.

A series of studies by M. Scherer on some of the prominent works by English writers is a fine model of literary criticism.§ Striking di-

* The Schoolmaster in Literature. With an Introduction by Edward Eggleston. New York: Cincinnati: Chicago: American Book Company. \$1.40.

† Questions at Issue. By Edmund Gosse. New York: D. Appleton and Company. \$2.50.

‡ The Choice of Books. By Frederic Harrison. [English Prose. Edited by Henry Craik. Vol. 1. New York: Macmillan and Co. \$1.10.

§ Essays on English Literature. By Edmond Scherer. Translated by George Saintsbury. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

rectly at the heart of the matter, each sketch sets forth to view at the outset the phase of the subject which is to be treated and the writer's position regarding it, and then proceeds to follow up the argument in a systematic manner. Mill, George Eliot, Milton, Shakespeare, Sterne, Carlyle, are among the writers ably discussed. The work is carefully and happily translated into English from the French.

A study of literature not so much as an art but as the expression of the great life currents of nations and peoples is the aim of Mr. Mabie's "Essays in Literary Interpretation."* He claims that the tendencies and impulses revealed in literature point unerringly back to human experiences and purposes and desires. A true critic, he observes "the law of growth behind all art and the interdependence and unity of all human development." After preparing the way thus at length and taking this standpoint, he presents in his clear and charming manner, able studies of Rossetti, Keats, Browning, and Dante.

A new departure has been made by Professor Pancoast in his text-book on English Literature.† He has prepared the work to suit the demands of the new methods of teaching. There is given much less of the personal history of the writers to be studied, and much more of their work. Great care has been taken, however, not to separate the productions from their proper historical setting. In well-arranged outlines, and in terse and plain explanations, the way leading up to each one of the many complete sections is paved. The work is a marked improvement on the old plan of arrangement.

From another of the many view-points from which the study of the world's great writers is to be approached, Prof. McLaughlin has prepared his "Literary Criticism."‡ Holding that the power to perceive beauty exerts a refining influence over human lives which elevates and ennobles them, and also that the essence of literature is beauty, he has endeavored, with the spirit of a true philanthropist, to help transmute the essence of the latter into the power of the former. His numerous apt selections from standard authors are preceded by brief explanatory notes directing the reader how to proceed in order to gain the benefit of such a result.

Still another suggestive work, different in treatment from that usually given to the teaching of literature, is the "Analytics of Litera-

ture."* As the old methods of instruction in the sciences have now been abandoned and the students themselves are set to work in laboratories and elsewhere to make their own discoveries and draw their own conclusions, so certain tasks are to be assigned to students of literature and they are to secure results by personal work in a library. Short, explicit chapters, to be supplemented by the direction of a teacher, point out the essential characteristics of the different divisions of literature, such, for instance, as suggestive words, force, tone, quality, use of figures. The students are then to put these instructions into practice by finding examples embodying the principles learned.

Religious. With the clear tones of an inspired prophet rings out Dr. Hepworth's message of immortal life.† Strong, reassuring, his argument is based so entirely on a reasonable basis as to give doubt to the winds and to rise on the wings of faith to a certainty regarding this question of such vital interest to all. The work is a beautiful delineation of Christian character embodied in its two leading personages, the Master and the pupil.

Plain directions simply and lovingly given regarding the true location of Heaven and how to reach its shelter, are to be found in "How To Begin To Live Forever."‡ The spiritual realm is to be seen now and here with the spiritual eyes. The book is an inspiration toward nobler and higher living.

A full account of the recent discovery of the Gospel attributed to St. Peter § is happily given by Dr. Harris, together with the full text of the recovered Gospel. A very close and critical examination of the work is made showing conclusive reasons for classing it among works not genuine. The find and the history connected with it are full of a deep interest.

"Verbum Dei" || is a helpful book for all seeking a living religion, a belief which will constantly bear in upon the soul the conviction of a living Christ risen for each. It stoutly denies that the days in which the word of the Lord was made known directly to men lie all in the past. Everywhere and at all times the Father

* Analytics of Literature. By L. A. Sherman. Boston: Ginn and Company.

† The Life Beyond. By George Hepworth.—‡ How To Begin to Live Forever. By Joseph Merlin Hodson. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Company. 60 cts.

§ The Newly-Recovered Gospel of St. Peter. By J. Rendel Harris. New York: James Pott & Company.

|| Verbum Dei. The Yale Lectures on Preaching, 1893. By Robert F. Horton, M. A. New York: Macmillan and Co.

*Essays in Literary Interpretation. By Hamilton Wright Mabie. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.25.

† Representative English Literature. By Henry S. Pancoast.—‡ Literary Criticism for Students. By Edward T. McLaughlin. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

is speaking to all of His children who will hear His voice. In his efforts to garner up all these revelations and to distribute them to others, the author disregards some orthodox limitations.

In "The History of Dogma,"* Dr. Harnack, the great German church historian, traces the rise and development of the various articles of faith found in connection with the Christian religion. From the Apostolic days on through the time of the contact of Christianity with Grecian and Roman philosophy, through the times of the fathers of the church down to the days of Luther, expositions and doctrines, controversies and scholasticism are passed in critical review, and from the study is built up in clear and concise form the history of dogmatic belief.

A volume of Phillips Brooks' addresses bears the title "Perfect Freedom."† It is a choice collection of the thoughts of that earnest man. The burning words of love entreat all to enter on the life which alone can make humanity truly free.

Miscellaneous. One of the most noteworthy of recent books is "The Making of a Man."‡ It is a full and well-rounded study of individual development and the conditions under which in its highest form it is best attained. The ground is taken that through social relations mankind reaches the highest type. All effort directed to mere individual advancement in any line is dwarfing in its effect on true manhood. Only as social life is permeated by lofty aspirations and noble resolutions can there blossom out of it individuals of a pre-eminent type. Great men have always while giving their lives to others gathered from others into their own being all the life they had to give out again. This argument is well supported and is advanced in most pleasing and convincing manner.

A book that seems to annihilate the lapse of years, bringing one face to face with such personages as George Washington and the leading men and women of his time cannot be other than charming. Such a one is "Through Colonial Doorways"|| by Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. This work bearing the stamp of a care-

ful and thorough preparation, inspires confidence in its accuracy; it reveals the human ties and sympathies of those men and women of earlier days, from whose characters the pruning knife of time has lopped all but the sternest, most resisting qualities, and its perusal lends to history a new zest and a lifelike reality. A number of the characteristic letters are quoted verbatim.

One of the best witnesses for future days to the greatness and magnificence of the Columbian Exposition will be "The World's Fair Book,"* now being published in separate parts. When completed the work will consist of twenty-five of these parts of forty folio pages each. The plan is to represent each class of exhibits by pictorial illustrations and descriptive sketches of the chief displays belonging to it. In the first number, now ready, a large space is devoted to the history of the previous World's Fairs, one chapter to a historical sketch of Chicago, and one to the evolution of the Columbian Exposition.

A book † containing the latest information on Alaska and the Northwest Coast, and of use to those studying, as well as to those about to journey through these regions, is found in Appleton's "Guide-Book to Alaska and the Northwest Coast." The author has preserved a bright, interesting style in the text, and has carefully arranged the work with maps and illustrations for the convenience of travelers. The book has a handy cover pocket for carrying a large map.

A complete prospectus of ‡ "A Standard Dictionary of the English Language" is now ready for the public. The distinguishing features of this great work are pointed out as follows: the systematic compounding of words; the arrangement of the definitions in the order of usage instead of the historical order; the simplification of the spelling of words; the adoption of the scientific alphabet in the pronunciation of words; the discrimination between common and proper nouns; and the placing of the entire appendix under one alphabet. Eminent educational authorities speak in terms of highest praise of the work. It is remarkably clear and concise in its definitions, paying marked attention in its explanation of synonyms. When completed the work will be a mammoth one, containing two thousand two hundred pages, over four thousand illustrations, and two hundred and eighty thousand words.

* Outlines of the History of Dogma. By Dr. Adolf Harnack. Translated by Edwin Knox Mitchell. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

† Phillips Brooks' Addresses. With Introduction by Rev. Julius H. Ward. Boston: Charles E. Brown & Co.

‡ The Making of a Man. By the Rev. J. W. Lee, D.D. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

|| Through Colonial Doorways. By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$1.25.

* The Book of the Fair. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. Part I. \$1.00. Chicago and San Francisco: The Bancroft Company.

† Appleton's Guide-Book to Alaska and the Northwest Coast. By Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

‡ Funk & Wagnall's Standard Dictionary of the English Language. New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company.

and words, said to be fifty thousand more than any other dictionary contains.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- Men and Morals.** By the Rev. James Stalker, D.D.—**New Concepts of Old Dogmas.** By the Rev. James E. Odlin.—**Princeton Sermons.** Chiefly by the Professors in Princeton Theological Seminary. Chicago and New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.
- Bright Nook.** By Glance Gaylord.—**The Pathway of Victory.** By Robert B. Girdlestone, M.A. 30 cts. Cincinnati: Cranston & Curtis. New York: Hunt & Eaton.
- The First Millennial Faith.** By the author of *Not on Calvary*. New York: Saalfeld & Fitch.
- Madonnas of the Smoke.** By Emily Malbone Morgan. 25 cts.—**Vobiscum Deus.** By William Frederic Faber. \$1.00. Anson D. F. Randolph & Company.
- Marcus Aurelius.** Edited by Edwin Ginn.—**Gods and Heroes.** By R. E. Francillon.—**Hume's Treatise of Morals.** With an Introduction by James H. Hyslop. Ph.D. A Reader in Botany. Part II. Flower and Fruit. By Jane H. Newell. Boston: Ginn & Company.
- Lessons from the World of Matter and the World of Man.** By Theodore Parker. 50 cts.—**The Gospel of Matthew in Greek.** Edited by Alexander Kerr and Herbert Cushing Tolman. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr and Company.
- The People's Bible: Discourses upon Holy Scripture.** By Joseph Parker, D.D. Vol. XXI. Mark—Luke. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. \$1.50.
- Tales from Spenser.** By Sophia M. Macle hose. 50 cts.—**The Aesthetic Element in Morality.** By Frank Chapman Sharp, Ph.D. New York: Macmillan & Co. 75 cts.
- Phillips Brooks in Boston.** Five Years' Editorial Estimates. By M. C. Ayres. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis. 50 cts.
- Fifty Lessons in Wood Working.** By Arthur A. Upham. New York and Chicago: E. L. Kellogg & Co. 50 cts.
- The Century.** Vol. XLV. New York: The Century Co.
- Joys Beyond the Threshold.** By Louis Figuier. Translated by Abby Langdon Alger. Boston: Roberts Brothers. \$1.25.
- Theology of the Old Testament.** By Ch. Piepenbring. Translated from the French by H. G. Mitchell. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell. \$1.75.
- A Marriage of Reason.** By Maurice Francis Egan. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.
- A History of Syracuse Schools.** By Edward Smith. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen. \$3.00.
- Suggestions for Instruction in Color.** By Louis Frank, Mary Dana Hicks, John S. Clark. Boston, New York, Chicago: The Prang Educational Company.
- Histoire d'un Paysan. Par Erckmann-Chatrian.** Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 25 cts.
- Figure Drawing for Children.** By Caroline Hunt Rimmer. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. \$1.25.

SUMMARY OF IMPORTANT NEWS FOR JUNE, 1893.

HOME NEWS.—June 1. Rev. Dr. Briggs suspended from the ministry by the Presbyterian General Assembly by a vote of 383 to 116.—Appointment of L. A. Thurston as minister from Hawaii to the United States to succeed Dr. Mott Smith.

June 2. Raising of the Italian Legation at Washington to the rank of an embassy; Baron Fava the first ambassador.

June 5. Opening of the Temperance Congress at Chicago.

June 6. Arrival of the Infanta Eulalia in Chicago.—The Russian extradition treaty officially promulgated by President Cleveland.

June 7. Death of Edwin Booth.—A \$3,000,000 fire at Fargo, S. D., and 2,200 people rendered homeless.—The statue erected to the memory of Nathan Hale by the Sons of the Revolution, unveiled in City Hall Park, New York.

June 9. Falling of Ford's Theater, in Washington, the scene of the assassination of Lincoln in 1865; twenty-one persons killed and sixty-eight wounded.

June 12. Meeting in Chicago of the International Congress of Charities, Corrections, and Philanthropy.

June 15. The Federal Court of Appeals decides that the World's Fair Corporation has the right to open the gates on Sunday.—The anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill observed throughout New England.—Arrival of the Viking ship in the Hudson River.

June 21. Death of Senator Leland Stanford.

FOREIGN NEWS.—June 1. President Saca-sa of Nicaragua signs a treaty of peace with the revolutionists.

June 4. Mr. Runyon presents to Emperor William his credentials as United States minister to Germany and Mr. Phelps his letter of recall.

June 5. Cholera raging in Asiatic Turkey.—Sinking of the North German Lloyd steamer *Kaiser William II.* at Genoa.

June 6. Suez Canal stockholders at a meeting in Paris, re-elect Ferdinand and Charles de Lesseps members of the Board of Directors.

June 10. Arrival of Thomas F. Bayard, American ambassador to Great Britain, at Southampton; addresses of welcome by the municipal authorities and other bodies.

June 15. The sentence against Charles de Lesseps and other Panama defendants, convicted of fraud, quashed by the French Court of Cassation and all released from prison except De Lesseps, who was convicted at another trial and sentenced to one year's imprisonment.

June 16. The House of Commons passes a resolution favoring the settlement of international disputes by arbitration.

June 19. The pope expresses his approval of Monsignor Satolli's attitude on the United States school question.

June 23. Sinking of the British warship *Victoria* in a collision with the battleship *Camp-erdown* off Tripoli, Syria; about 400 men drowned.

